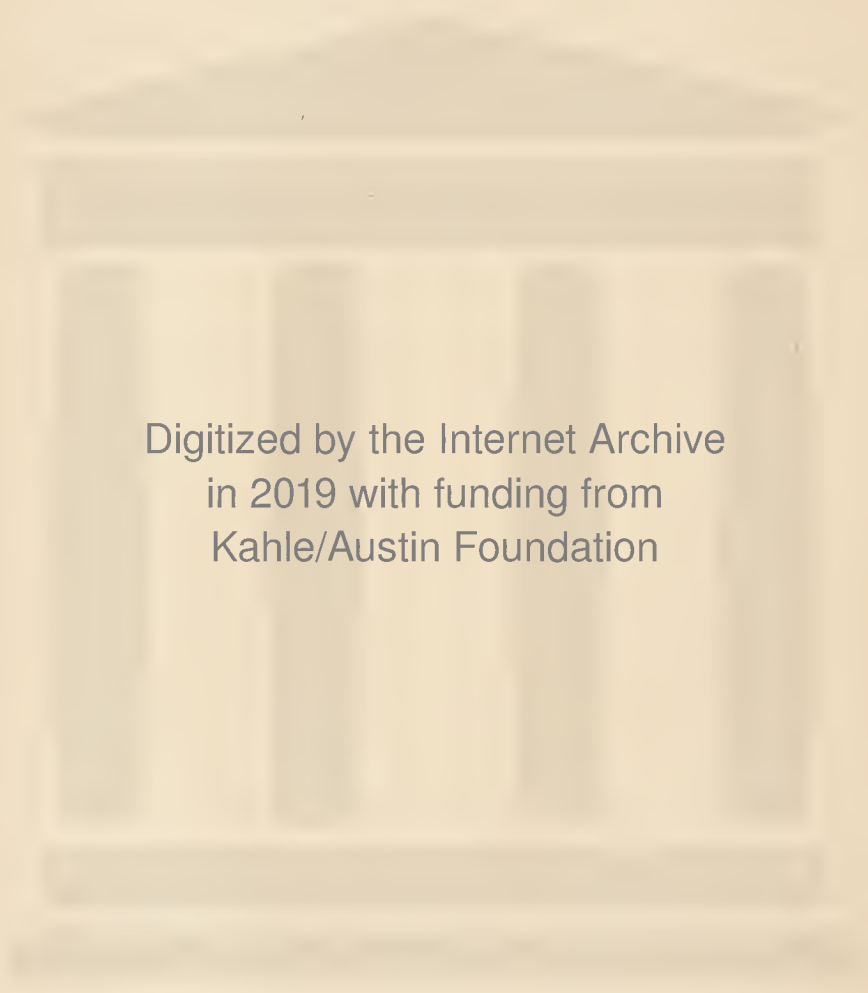


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DIARY AND LETTERS
OF
MADAME D'ARBLAY.



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DIARY AND LETTERS
OF
MADAME D'ARBLAY

AS EDITED BY HER NIECE
CHARLOTTE BARRETT

VOL. I.—1778 to 1784



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INTRODUCTORY MEMOIR.

It has been asserted that if any person, however "unknown to fame," should write a journalizing memoir of his own life, in which every thought and feeling should be faithfully portrayed, such a narrative could not fail of being curious and interesting. Yet, considering the satisfaction which most people find in speaking of themselves, it is singular how few specimens of such autobiography exist.

Perhaps their scarcity may arise from a consciousness of the rare assemblage of qualities necessary to their successful production; for the writer should be endowed with candour that shall prompt him to "extenuate nothing,"—honestly setting down his own foibles and mistakes, which are sometimes more mortifying to self-love than graver faults. He should have acumen and penetration, enabling him to unravel his own secret feelings and motives, and to trace each sentiment and action to its source. He should be gifted with "the pen of a ready writer," in order to arrest thoughts and impressions which fade almost as fast as they arise;—and, what is most rare of all, he should possess, however alloyed by human weakness and infirmities, such a predominance of sound principles and virtuous dispositions, as may render it safe to sympathize in his feelings; otherwise his memoir must either corrupt or disgust the reader, by showing

"That hideous sight, a naked human heart."

To ensure a full and free narration, it might also be desirable

for the memorialist to believe that his pages will meet no eye but that of indulgent friendship; since those who expect their portraits will be handed down to posterity can scarcely resist dressing them in holiday suits.

May we not, however, venture to affirm that all these supposed requisites were united in the case of MADAME D'ARBLAY, whose journals and letters are now offered to the public? As an author she has long been known to the world, and the high place which her works have held in public estimation for more than sixty years¹ renders criticism and comment superfluous.

Her long and virtuous life is now closed, and those who have derived pleasure and instruction from her publications may feel interested in reading her private journals, and thus becoming acquainted with the merits and peculiarities of her individual character; more especially as the timidity which made her always shrink from observation, confined to the circle of her chosen friends that knowledge of her intimate feelings and real excellence which won in no common degree their respect and love. We would also hope there may be a moral use in presenting the example of one who, being early exalted to fame and literary distinction, yet found her chief happiness in the discharge of domestic duties, and in the friendships and attachments of private life.

FRANCES BURNEY, the second daughter and third child of Dr. Burney, was born at Lynn Regis in Norfolk, on the 13th of June, 1752. Her father had in the preceding year accepted the office of Organist to that royal borough, having been obliged by ill health to quit London, and to relinquish more advantageous prospects.

The most remarkable features of Frances Burney's childhood were, her extreme shyness, and her backwardness at learning; at eight years of age, she did not even know her letters, and her elder brother used to amuse himself by pretending to teach her to read, and presenting the book to her, turned upside down—

[¹ This was published in the year 1841.]

which he declared she never found out. Her mother's friends generally gave her the name of "the little dunce;" but her mother, more discerning as well as more indulgent, always replied that "*she had no fear about Fanny.*"

In fact, beneath an appearance so unpromising to cursory observers, there was an under-current, not only of deep feeling and affection, but of shrewd observation and lively invention; though the feelings were rarely called forth in the happy careless course of childish life, and the intellectual powers were concealed by shyness, except when her own individuality was forgotten in the zest with which she would enact other personages, in the little sports and gambols she invented. Her father relates, that "she used, after having seen a play in Mrs. Garrick's box, to take the actors off and *compose* speeches for their characters, for she could not read them." But in company, or before strangers, she was silent, backward, and timid, even to sheepishness; and, from her shyness, had such profound gravity and composure of features, that those of Dr. Burney's friends who went often to his house, and entered into the different humours of the children never called Fanny by any other name, from the time she had reached her eleventh year, than "the old lady."

Dr. Burney adds, "she had always a great affection for me; had an excellent heart, and a natural simplicity and probity about her that wanted no teaching. In her plays with her sisters and some neighbours' children, this straightforward morality operated to an uncommon degree in one so young. There lived next door to me at that time in Poland Street, and in a private house, a capital hair-merchant, who furnished perukes to the judges and gentlemen of the law. The hair-merchant's female children and mine used to play together in the little garden behind the house, and unfortunately, one day, the door of the wig-magazine being left open, they each of them put on one of those dignified ornaments of the head, and danced and jumped about in a thousand antics, laughing till they screamed, at their

own ridiculous figures. Unfortunately, in their vagaries, one of the flaxen wigs, said by the proprietor to be worth upwards of ten guineas [in those days an enormous price], fell into a tub of water placed for shrubs in the little garden, and lost all its gorgon buckle, and was declared by the owner to be totally spoilt. He was extremely angry, and chid very severely his own children; when my little daughter, 'the old lady,' then ten years of age, advancing to him, as I was informed, with great gravity and composure, sedately said, 'What signifies talking so much about an accident? The wig is wet, to be sure; and the wig was a good wig, to be sure; but 'tis of no use to speak of it any more, because *what's done can't be undone.*'

"Whether these stoical sentiments appeased the enraged per-ruquier, I know not; but the youngers were stript of their honours, and my little monkeys were obliged to retreat without beat of drum or colours flying."

Mrs. Burney was well qualified to instruct and train her numerous family; but they lost her early, and her chief attention appears to have been bestowed on the education of her eldest daughter, Esther, with whom she read all Pope's works, and Pitt's *Æneid*; while the silent, observant Fanny learnt by heart passages from Pope, merely from hearing her sister recite them, and long before she cared for reading them herself.

In the year 1760, Dr. Burney returned to London with his wife and children, and took a house in Poland-street, where he renewed, under happy auspices, the acquaintance which, during his former residence in London, he had made with several of the most distinguished literary characters of his day. At this period, his eldest son James, afterwards Admiral Burney, had been sent to sea as a midshipman, in the ship of Admiral Montagu; his second son, Charles, afterwards the celebrated Greek scholar, was still quite a child; and his fourth daughter, Charlotte, was an infant.

From this young family, for whom maternal care appeared so necessary, their affectionate mother was removed by death in the

autumn of 1761. During the latter period of her illness, Frances, and her sister, Susanna, had been placed in a boarding-school in Queen-square, that they might be out of the way; and when the sad intelligence of their loss was brought to them, the agony of Frances's grief was so great, though she was not more than nine years old, that her governess declared she had never met with a child of such intense and acute feelings.

The bereaved father soon recalled his children home, and their education carried itself on, rather than owed its progress to any regular instruction. Dr. Burney was too much occupied by his professional engagements to teach them, except by his own example of industry and perseverance. These were so great that he actually studied and acquired the French and Italian languages on horseback, having for that purpose written out a pocket grammar and vocabulary of each.

His son Charles was, at a proper age, sent to the Charter-house School, but his daughters remained at home; they had no governess, and though the eldest and the third, Esther and Susanna, were subsequently taken to France, and placed for two years in a Parisian seminary, Frances shared not this advantage. Dr. Burney afterwards acknowledged that one reason which decided him against carrying her to France was her strong attachment to her maternal grandmother, who was a Roman Catholic. "He feared she might be induced to follow the religion of one whom she so much loved and honoured, if she should fall so early into the hands of any zealots who should attempt her conversion." She was, therefore, literally self-educated, and to use her own words, "Her sole emulation for improvement, and sole spur for exertion were her unbounded veneration and affection for her father, who, nevertheless, had not at the time a moment to spare for giving her any personal instruction, or even for directing her pursuits."

At ten years of age she could read, and with the occasional assistance of her eldest sister she had taught herself to write;

and no sooner had she acquired the latter accomplishment than she began to scribble, almost incessantly, little poems and works of invention, though in a character that was illegible to every one but herself. Her love of reading did not display itself till two or three years later, thus practically reversing the axiom that

“Authors before they write should read.”

But although the education of Dr. Burney's daughters was not conducted according to the elaborate systems of the present day, they yet enjoyed some advantages which more than compensated for the absence of regular and salaried instructors. The sentiments and example of their father excited them to love whatever was upright, virtuous, and amiable; while, from not being secluded in a school-room, they also shared the conversation of their father's guests; and, in London, Dr. Burney's miscellaneous but agreeable society included some of those most eminent for literature in our own country, together with many accomplished foreigners, whose observations and criticisms were in themselves lessons. Perhaps the taste of Frances Burney was formed much in the same way as that of her celebrated contemporary, Madame de Staël, who relates that she used to sit with her work, on a little stool at her mother's knee, and listen to the conversation of all Monsieur Necker's enlightened visitors; thus gathering notions on literature and politics long ere it was suspected that she knew the meaning of the words.

If, however, the above methods were of themselves sufficient for education, all good conversers might offer a “royal road” to learning. But the benefit here obtained was chiefly that of directing the attention to intellectual pursuits, enlightening the judgment, and exciting a thirst for knowledge which led the youthful Frances to diligent and laborious application. By the time she was fourteen she had carefully studied many of the best authors in her father's library, of which she had the uncontrolled range. She began, also, to make extracts, keeping a *catalogue*

raisonné of the books she read ; and some of her early remarks were such as would not have disgraced a maturer judgment.

Thus passed, not idly nor unprofitably, nearly six years after the death of that mother who would have been her best instructress. Dr. Burney then made another journey to Paris, for the purpose of conducting home his daughters, Esther and Susanna, whose allotted two years of education in that capital had expired. Their improvement had kept pace with their father's hopes and wishes ; but he gave up his original plan of carrying Frances and Charlotte abroad on the return of their sisters : Susanna volunteered to instruct Fanny in French ; and they were all so enchanted to meet again, that perhaps Dr. Burney's parental kindness withheld him from proposing a new separation.

On the first return of the youthful travellers, Susanna, who was then scarcely fourteen, wrote a sort of comparison between her two elder sisters, which, as it happens to have been preserved, and may in some measure illustrate their early characters, we will give *verbatim*.

" Hetty seems a good deal more lively than she used to appear at Paris ; whether it is that her spirits are better, or that the great liveliness of the inhabitants made her appear grave there by comparison, I know not : but she was there remarkable for being *sérieuse*, and is here for being gay and lively. She is a most sweet girl. My sister Fanny is unlike her in almost everything, yet both are very amiable, and love each other as sincerely as ever sisters did. The characteristics of Hetty seem to be wit, generosity, and openness of heart :—Fanny's,—sense, sensibility, and bashfulness, and even a degree of prudery. Her understanding is superior, but her diffidence gives her a bashfulness before company with whom she is not intimate, which is a disadvantage to her. My eldest sister shines in conversation, because, though very modest, she is totally free from any *mauvaise honte* : were Fanny equally so, I am persuaded she would shine no less. I am afraid that my eldest sister is too communicative,

and that my sister Fanny is too reserved. They are both charming girls—*des filles comme il y en a peu.*”

Very soon after his return from Paris¹ an important change took place in Dr. Burney's domestic circle, by his forming a second matrimonial connexion, and bringing home to his family as their mother-in-law, Mrs. Stephen Allen, the widow of a Lynn merchant, and herself the parent of several children who had been friends and playmates of the young Burneys. Both families were pleased at this re-union; a larger house was taken in Queen-square, that they might all reside under the same roof,—although this dwelling was afterwards exchanged for a house in St. Martin's-street; and the new Mrs. Burney, who was herself highly intellectual, entered with intelligent delight into the literary circle which formed the solace and refreshment of her husband.

Among those friends who were accustomed to assemble round their tea-table, or to enliven their simple early supper, were, SIR ROBERT and LADY STRANGE,—the former so well known for his admirable engravings, and his lady for her strong sense and original humour; DR. HAWKESWORTH, the worthy and learned Editor of Byron's and Cook's First Voyages; GARRICK, and his amiable wife, the friend of Hannah More; BARRY, the Painter, whose works still adorn the Adelphi; MR. TWINING, the Translator of Aristotle; MASON, the Poet; MR. GREVILLE and his lady, the latter celebrated as the authoress of the beautiful “*Ode to Indifference*”; DR. ARMSTRONG; ARTHUR YOUNG, the agriculturist, who had married a sister of [the second] Mrs. Burney's; JAMES HUTTON, the Moravian; the musical and clever LA TROBES, and NOLLEKENS the sculptor. To these might be added many others of equal or superior celebrity, who formed part of Dr. Burney's society, as time and circumstances brought them within his reach.

But the companion and counsellor who was dearest to himself, and most loved and honoured by his youthful group, was MR.

[¹ Namely in Oct. 1767.]

CRISP. This gentleman, several years older than Dr. Burney, had been to him a "Guide, Philosopher, and Friend" in early life; they had then been separated in consequence of Mr. Crisp's residing on the continent during several years, but when they again met, their intimacy was renewed with a cordiality and delight that only ended with life.

At this time Mr. Crisp had given up the world, in consequence of various losses, diminished fortune, and disappointed hopes; and he had fixed his dwelling in an old-fashioned country-house, called Chesington Hall, not far from Kingston in Surrey, and within a few miles of Hampton. This mansion stood upon a large and nearly desolate common, and not a road or even a track led to it from Epsom, which was the nearest town. It was encircled by ploughed fields, and one-half of the building was inhabited by a farmer; while, in the remaining portion dwelt the proprietor, Christopher Hamilton, Esq., with whom Mr. Crisp had adopted some *pic-nic* plan, which enabled him to consider Chesington as his decided residence. At the death of Mr. Hamilton, the house, which was then his only property, devolved to his maiden sister, Mrs. Hamilton, who, with her niece, Miss Kitty Cooke, continued to receive Mr. Crisp as an inmate, and to admit other persons as occasional boarders.

This independent method of visiting his friend, and of obtaining country air and exercise for his children, exactly suited the views of Dr. Burney, and they all in turn, or in groups, enjoyed the society of their Chesington *Daddy*, as they familiarly called Mr. Crisp; while he was indulgent to all their youthful vagaries, and amused with observing their different characters.

Among those who most frequently availed themselves of Mrs. Hamilton's arrangement, was MRS. GAST, the sister of Mr. Crisp, who, whenever she quitted her house at Burford, in order to visit her brother, failed not to enhance the pleasure of the Chesington meetings by her good sense and kind nature, added to a considerable degree of cultivation.

But whatever might offer itself of occupation or amusement, Fanny continued secretly, yet perseveringly, her own literary attempts. When in London, she used to write in a little play-room up two pair of stairs, which contained the toys of the younger children. At Lynn, to which place the Doctor's family paid annual visits, she would shut herself up in a summer-house which they called *The Cabin*, and there unburden her mind, by writing the tales and compositions with which her fancy abounded.

To none but her sister Susanna was the secret of this authorship confided; and even she could seldom hear or read these productions, for want of private opportunities by which she might avoid betraying them to others.

Notwithstanding all these precautions, the vigilant eye of their mother-in-law was not long in discovering Fanny's love of seclusion, her scraps of writing, and other tokens of her favourite employment, which excited no small alarm in her.

Perhaps if she had desired to see the little manuscripts she might have perceived in them traces of genius worth encouraging; but while her delicacy prevented such investigation, her good sense, acting upon general principles, led her to inveigh very frequently and seriously against the evil of a scribbling turn in young ladies—the loss of time, the waste of thought, in idle, crude inventions—and the (at that time) utter discredit of being known as a female writer of novels and romances.

Whatever conviction these strictures may have produced, they at least so wrought upon Fanny's sense of duty and obedience, that she resolved to make an *auto da fé* of all her manuscripts, and, if possible, to throw away her pen. Seizing, therefore, an opportunity when Dr. and Mrs. Burney were from home, she made over to a bonfire, in a paved play-court, her whole stock of prose compositions, while her faithful Susanna stood by, weeping at the conflagration. Among the works thus immolated was one tale of considerable length, the "History of Caroline Evelyn," the mother of *Evelina*.

This sacrifice was made in the young authoress's fifteenth year, and for some weeks she probably adhered to her resolution of composing no more works of fiction, and began, perhaps as a less objectionable employment, the JOURNAL which she continued during so many years. But the perennial fountain could not be restrained; her imagination was haunted by the singular situations "to which Caroline Evelyn's infant daughter might be exposed, from the unequal birth by which she hung suspended between the elegant connexions of her mother, and the vulgar ones of her grandmother; thus presenting contrasts and mixtures of society so unusual, yet, under the supposed circumstances, so natural, that irresistibly, and almost unconsciously, the whole story of 'EVELINA; or a Young Lady's Entrance into the World,' was pent up in the inventor's memory, ere a paragraph was committed to paper."

Writing was to her always more difficult than composing, because her time and her pen found ample employment in transcribing for her father, who was occupied at every spare moment with preparations for his great work, "THE GENERAL HISTORY OF MUSIC."

In the summer of 1770, Fanny obtained several months of leisure for her own studies and compositions, as Dr. Burney then set out on a solitary tour through France and Italy, for the purpose of collecting materials for his "History;" but, on his return in the spring of 1771¹ she was employed as his principal amanuensis, in preparing the minutes of his tour for the press. All his daughters, however, shared in this service, copying his numerous manuscripts, tracing over and over again the same page when his nicety of judgment suggested fresh alterations; while their patient and affectionate assiduity brought its own reward, in the extension of knowledge and improvement of taste which accrued from such labours.

Dr. Burney's "Italian Tour" was no sooner published than he set out on another journey, for the same purpose of musical

[¹ He returned in January. See Early Diary, i. p. 104.]

research, in Germany and the Low Countries. His family resided during his absence at Lynn and at Chesington, where Fanny gradually arranged and connected the disjointed scraps and fragments in which "Evelina" had been originally written, whenever a quarter of an hour's leisure and solitude had allowed her thus to preserve the creations of her fancy. She mentions, with great *naïveté*, in her "Lynn Journal," that she never indulged herself with writing or reading except in the afternoon; always scrupulously devoting her time to needle-work till after dinner. As, however, the hours of repast were somewhat earlier in those days than at present, this notable self-denial may only have sent her to her favourite pursuits with fresh vigour.

The arrival of her father from Germany turned her thoughts into another channel; as a long and painful illness, which Dr. Burney owed to the fatigues and difficulties of a hurried journey, "called for the incessant assiduity of his fondly-attached wife and daughters to nurse him through it." Even then, when confined to his bed by spasmodic rheumatism, he generally kept one of his daughters seated near him, pen in hand, that, during the intervals of suffering, he might dictate the ideas which occurred to him for his musical work; and perhaps the example of such literary perseverance was a stimulus that amply compensated for the hindrance it occasioned.

After the Doctor's recovery, some years still elapsed before he was able to execute his plan; and it was not till the year 1776 that he brought out the first volume of his "History of Music." During all this period of literary occupation and anxiety, it is not surprising that his daughter, gifted, though unconsciously, with equal powers, should, even in sympathy with her father's feelings, be seized with a wish to see a work of her own also in print; though she was far from desiring the public suffrage which he coveted; on the contrary, she fully intended always to remain unknown.

She communicated this idea to her sisters, under promise of

inviolable secrecy; and, in furtherance of the project, she now transcribed the manuscript of "Evelina," in an upright feigned hand; for, as she was her father's amanuensis, she feared lest her common writing might accidentally be seen by some compositor employed in printing the "History of Music," and so lead to detection.

Growing weary, however, of this manual labour, after she had thus prepared the first and second volumes, she wrote a letter, without signature, offering the unfinished work to Mr. Dodsley, and promising to send the sequel in the following year. This letter was forwarded by the post, with a request that the answer might be directed to a coffee-house.

Her younger brother, Charles, though without reading a word of the manuscript, accepted a share in the frolic, and undertook to be her agent at the coffee-house and with the bookseller. But Mr. Dodsley declined looking at anything anonymous; and the young group, "after sitting in committee on this lofty reply," next fixed upon Mr. Lowndes, a bookseller in the city—who desired to see the manuscript; and shortly after it had been conveyed to him, signified in a letter to the unknown author, that he could not publish an unfinished book, though he liked the work; but he should be ready to purchase and print it when it should be completed.

Disappointed at this stipulation, reasonable as it was, the inexperienced authoress was on the point of giving up the scheme altogether; and yet, as she has herself observed, "*to be thwarted on the score of our inclination, acts more frequently as a spur than as a bridle;*" so that, ere another year could pass away, she had almost involuntarily completed and transcribed her third volume.

But, during the hesitation occasioned by the demand of Mr. Lowndes, another difficulty occurred, for she felt a conscientious scruple whether it would be right to allow herself such an amusement unknown to her father. She had never taken any

important step without his sanction, and had now refrained from asking it through confusion at acknowledging her authorship and dread of his desiring to see her performance. However, in this, as in every instance during her life, she no sooner saw what was her duty, than she honestly performed it. Seizing, therefore, an opportunity when her father was bidding her a kind farewell, preparatory to a Chesington visit, she avowed to him, with many blushes, "her secret little work, and her odd inclination to see it in print;" adding, that her brother Charles would transact the affair with a bookseller at a distance, so that her name could never transpire, and only entreating that he would not himself ask to see the manuscript. "His amazement was even surpassed by his amusement; and his laugh was so gay, that, revived by its cheering sound, she lost all her fears and embarrassment, and heartily joined in it, though somewhat at the expense of her new author-like dignity."

Dr. Burney thought her project as innocent as it was whimsical, and kindly embracing her, enjoined her to be careful in guarding her own *incognita*, and then dropped the subject without even asking the name of her book.

With heightened spirits she now forwarded the packet to Mr Lowndes, who, in a few days, signified his approbation, and sent an offer of twenty pounds for the manuscript:—"An offer which was accepted with alacrity, and boundless surprise at its magnificence!"

In the ensuing January, 1778, "EVELINA" was published; a fact which only became known to its writer from her hearing the newspaper advertisement read accidentally at breakfast-time, by her mother-in-law, Mrs. Burney.

And here we gladly suspend this attempt at introducing to the public the Memoirs of MADAME D'ARBLAY. From this period till her marriage, her JOURNAL contains a minute and animated narrative of all that the reader can wish to know concerning her.

He is entreated to bear in mind that it was originally intended for no eye but her own, though she afterwards extended the privilege to her sisters, to Mr. Crisp, and to Mrs. Locke; making, for these trusted friends, as she has herself expressed it, "a window in her breast," yet disclosing, in the simplicity of her ingenuous confidence such undeviating uprightness of character, such unhackneyed nobleness of feeling, that now, when she is removed far above the reach of embarrassment or pain from this publication, it cannot be derogatory to her beloved memory to make known her inmost thoughts, as far as she has left them recorded; while it might be unjust to withhold the lessons conveyed incidentally, not only by traits of filial duty and generous self-denial in the historian herself, but by the picture she exhibits of domestic virtues in the most exalted rank, and of sound discretion, united with humble faith and pious resignation, under the most painful and trying circumstances,—such as she witnessed and deeply venerated in her august ROYAL MISTRESS.

To those personal friends of Madame D'Arblay whose affection for her may render them jealous of any apparent deviation from her intentions, it may be satisfactory to state, that in her latter years, when all her juvenile adventures seemed to her "as a tale that is told," and when she could dwell, sadly yet submissively, on recollections of deeper interest, she herself arranged these Journals and Papers with the most scrupulous care; affixing to them such explanations as would make them intelligible to her successors—avowing a hope that some instruction might be derived from them—and finally, in her last hours, consigning them to the editor, with full permission to publish whatever might be judged desirable for that purpose, and with no negative injunction, except ONE, which has been scrupulously obeyed, viz: that whatever might be effaced or omitted, NOTHING should in any wise be altered or added to her records.

THE AUTHOR'S INTRODUCTION.

To have some account of my thoughts, manners, acquaintance, and actions, when the hour arrives at which time is more nimble than memory, is the reason which induces me to keep a Journal—a Journal in which I must confess my *every* thought, must open my whole heart.

But a thing of the kind ought to be addressed to somebody—I must imagine myself to be talking—talking to the most intimate of friends—to one in whom I should take delight in confiding, and feel remorse in concealment: but who must this friend be? To make choice of one in whom I can but *half* rely, would be to frustrate entirely the intention of my plan. The only one I could wholly, totally confide in, lives in the same house with me, and not only never *has*, but never *will*, leave me one secret to tell her. To *whom* then *must* I dedicate my wonderful, surprising, and interesting adventures?—to *whom* dare I reveal my private opinion of my nearest relations? my secret thoughts of my dearest friends? my own hopes, fears, reflections, and dislikes?—Nobody.

To NOBODY, then, will I write my Journal!—since to Nobody can I be wholly unreserved, to Nobody can I reveal every thought, every wish of my heart, with the most unlimited confidence, the most unremitting sincerity, to the end of my life! For what chance, what accident, can end my connexions with Nobody? No secret *can* I conceal from Nobody, and to Nobody can I be ever unreserved. Disagreement cannot stop our affection—time

itself has no power to end our friendship. The love, the esteem I entertain for Nobody, Nobody's self has not power to destroy. From Nobody I have nothing to fear. The secrets sacred to friendship Nobody will not reveal; when the affair is doubtful, Nobody will not look towards the side least favourable.

[The above are the opening passages of Miss Burney's Diary, which she commenced at the age of fifteen years. They are given because they express in the writer's own words her design and objects in undertaking a task the results of which are now laid before the world.

That portion of the Diary which intervenes between the above-named period and the publication of "Evelina" (in 1778) it has been thought right to withhold—for though it is, to the family and friends of the writer, quite as full of interest as the subsequent portions, the interest is of a more private and personal nature than that which attaches to the Journal after its writer became universally known, as the authoress of "Evelina," "Cecilia," &c.¹

In the meantime, it should be mentioned that after Miss Burney had for some years addressed her Journal as above (to "Nobody")—when its topics began to assume a more general and public interest, she changed this rather embarrassing feature of her plan, and addressed these records of her life and thoughts to her beloved sister, Miss Susan Burney (afterwards Mrs. Phillips), and occasionally to her accomplished and venerated friend, Mr. Crisp, of Chesington,—to whom the packets were forwarded respectively, from time to time, as opportunities offered.]

[¹ The portion here referred to has since been published under the editorship of Mrs. A. R. Ellis, as *The Early Diary of Frances Burney*.]

DIARY AND LETTERS

OF

MADAME D'ARBLAY.

CHAPTER I.

1778.

The Publication of "Evelina"—Its Design and Objects—Secrecy of its Publication—Alarm of the Writer at being known—Awkward Predicament—Mr. Crisp—"Evelina" read by Dr. Burney—His Discovery of the Authorship of "Evelina"—Dr. Johnson—Letters from Miss Burney to her Father—Mrs. Thrale—Astonishing Success of "Evelina"—Mrs. Cholmondeley—Mrs. Thrale—Letters from Miss Burney to her sister—Dr. Johnson—Miss Burney's Feelings on her unlooked-for Success as an Authoress—Diary resumed—Dr. Burney acquaints Mrs. Thrale with the Secret—Singular Position of the Writer—Letter of Mrs. Thrale—Madame Riccoboni—Dr. Johnson reads "Evelina"—His Opinion of it—Invitation to Streatham—The Author's Alarm at meeting the Literary Circle there—Great Profits of the Publisher—First Visit to Streatham—Her Reception by the Thrales—Mrs. Thrale's admiration of "Evelina"—She describes Dr. Johnson imitating Characters in "Evelina"—Mr. Seward—First Introduction to Dr. Johnson—His Conversation—Garriek—His Prologue and Epilogues—Garriek and Wilkes—Wear and Tear of the Face—Sir John Hawkins—An "Unclubbable Man"—A Mean Couple—Sir Joshua Reynolds—He sits up all night to read "Evelina"—Miss Burney visits Mr. Lowndes—His Account of the Author of "Evelina"—Secret History—Letters from Mr. Crisp—Anecdote of Quin the Actor.

THIS year was ushered in by a grand and most important event! At the latter end of January, the literary world was favoured with the first publication of the ingenious, learned, and most profound Fanny Burney! I doubt not but this memorable affair will, in future times, mark the period whence chronologers will date the zenith of the polite arts in this island!

This admirable authoress has named her most elaborate performance, *EVELINA*; or, *a Young Lady's Entrance into the World*.

Perhaps this may seem a rather bold attempt and title for a female whose knowledge of the world is very confined, and whose inclinations, as well as situation, incline her to a private and domestic life. All I can urge is, that I have only presumed to trace the accidents and adventures to which a "young woman" is liable; I have not pretended to show the world what it actually *is*, but what it *appears* to a girl of seventeen: and so far as that, surely any girl who is past seventeen may safely do? The motto of my excuse shall be taken from Pope's "Temple of Fame:"

"In every work, regard the writer's end;
None e'er can compass more than they intend."

A thousand little odd incidents happened about this time, but I am not in a humour to recollect them; however, they were none of them productive of a discovery either to my father or mother.

My aunt Anne and Miss Humphries being settled at this time at Brompton, I was going thither with Susan to tea, when Charlotte acquainted me that they were then employed in reading "*Evelina*" to the invalid, my cousin Richard.

This intelligence gave me the utmost uneasiness—I foresaw a thousand dangers of a discovery—I dreaded the indiscreet warmth of all my confidants. In truth, I was quite sick with apprehension, and was too uncomfortable to go to Brompton, and Susan carried my excuses.

Upon her return, I was somewhat tranquillised, for she assured me that there was not the smallest suspicion of the author, and that they had concluded it to be the work of a *man*!

Finding myself more safe than I had apprehended, I ventured to go to Brompton next day. On my way upstairs, I heard Miss Humphries in the midst of Mr. Villars' letter of consolation upon Sir John Belmont's rejection of his daughter; and

just as I entered the room, she cried out, "How pretty that is!"

How much in luck would she have thought herself, had she known *who* heard her!

In a private confabulation which I had with my aunt Anne, she told me a thousand things that had been said in its praise, and assured me they had not for a moment doubted that the work was a *man's*.

I must own I suffered great difficulty in refraining from laughing upon several occasions,—and several times, when they praised what they read, I was on the point of saying, "You are very good!" and so forth, and I could scarcely keep myself from making acknowledgments, and bowing my head involuntarily. However, I got off perfectly safe.

It seems, to my utter amazement, Miss Humphries has guessed the author to be Anstey,* who wrote the "Bath Guide!" How improbable and how extraordinary a supposition! But they have both of them done it so much honour, that, but for Richard's anger at Evelina's bashfulness, I never could believe they did not suspect me.

Chesington, June 18th.

Here I am, and here I have been this age; though too weak to think of journalising; however, as I never had so many curious anecdotes to record, I will not, at least this year, the first of my appearing in public—give up my favourite old hobby-horse.

I came hither the first week in May. My recovery, from that time to this, has been slow and sure; but as I could walk hardly three yards in a day at first, I found so much time to spare, that I could not resist treating myself with a little private sport with "Evelina," a young lady whom I think I have some right to make free with. I had promised *Hetty* that *she* should

* Christopher Anstey was the son of the Rev. Dr. Anstey. He published several poems after "The New Bath Guide," none of which attained any celebrity. He died at Bath in 1805.

read it to Mr. Crisp, at her own particular request; but I wrote my excuses, and introduced it myself.

I told him it was a book which Hetty had taken to Brompton, to divert my cousin Richard during his confinement. He was so indifferent about it, that I thought he would not give himself the trouble to read it, and often embarrassed me by unlucky questions, such as, "If it was reckoned clever?" and "What I thought of it?" and "Whether folks laughed at it?" I always evaded any direct or satisfactory answer; but he was so totally free from any idea of suspicion, that my perplexity escaped his notice.

At length, he desired me to begin reading to him. I dared not trust my voice with the little introductory ode, for as *that* is no romance, but the sincere effusion of my heart, I could as soon read aloud my own letters, written in my own name and character: I therefore skipped it, and have so kept the book out of his sight, that, to this day, he knows not it is there. Indeed, I have, since, heartily repented that I read *any* of the book to him, for I found it a much more awkward thing than I had expected: my voice quite faltered when I began it, which, however, I passed off for the effect of remaining weakness of lungs; and, in short, from an invincible embarrassment, which I could not for a page together repress, the book, by my reading, lost all manner of spirit.

Nevertheless, though he has by no means treated it with the praise so lavishly bestowed upon it from other quarters, I had the satisfaction to observe that he was even greedily eager to go on with it; so that I flatter myself the *story* caught his attention: and, indeed, allowing for my *mauling* reading, he gave it quite as much credit as I had any reason to expect. But, now that I was sensible of my error in being my own mistress of the ceremonies, I determined to leave to Hetty the third volume, and therefore pretended I had not brought it. He was in a delightful ill-humour about it, and I enjoyed his impatience far more than I should have done his forbearance. Hetty, therefore, when she comes, has undertaken to bring it.

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I have had a visit from my beloved Susy, who, with my mother and little Sally,* spent a day here, to my no small satisfaction; and yet I was put into an embarrassment, of which I even yet know not what will be the end, during their short stay; for Mr. Crisp, before my mother, very innocently said to Susan, "O, pray Susette, do send me the third volume of 'Evelina;' Fanny brought me the first two on purpose, I believe, to tantalise me."

I felt myself in a ferment; and Susan, too, looked foolish, and knew not what to answer. As I sat on the same sofa with him, I gave him a gentle shove, as a token, which he could not but understand, that he had said something wrong—though I believe he could not imagine *what*. Indeed, how should he?

My mother instantly darted forward, and repeated "*Evelina*—what's that, pray?"

Again I *jolted* Mr. Crisp, who, very much perplexed, said, in a boggling manner, that it was a novel—he supposed from the circulating library—"only a trumpery novel."

Ah, my dear daddy! thought I, you would have devised some other sort of speech, if you knew all!—but he was really, as he well might be, quite at a loss for what I *wanted* him to say.

Two days after, I received from Charlotte a letter, the most interesting that could be written to me, for it acquainted me that my dear father was at length reading my book, which has now been published six months.

How this has come to pass, I am yet in the dark; but, it seems, the very moment almost that my mother and Susan and Sally left the house, he desired Charlotte to bring him the *Monthly Review*; she contrived to look over his shoulder as he opened it, which he did at the account of "*Evelina; or, a Young Lady's Entrance into the World.*" He read it with great earnestness, then put it down; and presently after snatched it up, and read it again. Doubtless his paternal heart felt some agitation for his girl in reading a review of her publication!—how he got at the name I cannot imagine.

* Dr. Burney's daughter by his second wife.

Soon after, he turned to Charlotte, and bidding her come close to him, he put his finger on the word "Evelina," and saying, *she knew what it was*, bade her write down the name, and send the man to Lowndes', as if for herself. This she did, and away went William.

When William returned, he took the book from him, and the moment he was gone, opened the first volume—and opened it upon the *ode*!

How great must have been his astonishment at seeing himself so addressed! Indeed, Charlotte says, he looked all amazement, read a line or two with great eagerness, and then, stopping short, he seemed quite affected, and the tears started into his eyes: dear soul! I am sure they did into mine; nay, I even sobbed as I read the account.

I believe he was obliged to go out before he advanced much further. But the next day I had a letter from Susan, in which I heard that he had begun reading it with Lady Hales and Miss Coussmaker, and that they liked it vastly! Lady Hales spoke of it very innocently, in the highest terms, declaring she was sure it was written by somebody in high life, and that it had all the marks of real genius! She added, "he must be a man of great abilities!"

They little think how well they are already acquainted with the writer they so much honour! Susan begged to have, then, my father's *real* and *final* opinion;—and it is such as I almost blush to write, even for my own private reading; but yet is such as I can by no means suffer to pass unrecorded, as my whole journal contains nothing so grateful to me. I will copy his own words, according to Susan's solemn declaration of their authenticity.

"Upon my word I think it is the best novel I know excepting Fielding's, and, in some respects, *better* than his! I have been excessively pleased with it; there are, perhaps, a few things that might have been otherwise. Mirvan's trick upon Lovel is, I think, carried too far,—there is something even disgusting in it: however, this instance excepted, I protest I think it will scarce bear an improvement. The language is as

good as anybody need write—I declare as good as I would *wish* to read. Lord Orville's character is just what it should be; perfectly benevolent and upright; and there is a *boldness* in it that struck me mightily, for he is a man not *ashamed* of being better than the rest of mankind. Evelina is in a new style, too, so perfectly innocent and natural; and the scene between her and her father, Sir John Belmont, is a scene for a tragedy! I blubbered at it, and Lady Hales and Miss Coussmaker are not yet recovered from hearing it; it made them quite ill: it is, indeed, wrought up in a most extraordinary manner!"

This account delighted me more than I can express. How little did I dream of ever being so much honoured! But the approbation of all the world put together would not bear any competition, in my estimation, with that of my beloved father.

What will all this come to?—where will it end? and when and how shall I wake from the vision of such splendid success? for I hardly know how to believe it real.

Well, I cannot but rejoice that I published the book, little as I ever imagined how it would fare; for hitherto it has occasioned me no small diversion, and *nothing* of the disagreeable sort. But I often think a change *will* happen, for I am by no means so sanguine as to suppose such success will be uninterrupted. Indeed, in the midst of the greatest satisfaction that I feel, an inward *something* which I cannot account for, prepares me to expect a reverse; for the more the book is drawn into notice, the more exposed it becomes to criticism and remark.

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Miss F. Burney to Dr. Burney.

Chesington, Friday, July 25, 1778.

MY DEAR AND MOST KIND FATHER,

The request you have condescended to make me, I meant to anticipate in my last letter. How good you are to pave the way for my secrets being favourably received, by

sparing your *own* time and breath to gain the book attention and partiality! I can't express a third part of either the gratitude or pleasure I feel upon hearing from Susy, that you are reading it aloud to my mother; because I well know nothing can give it so good a chance with her.

Will you tell, or shall I write to my mother? I believe she will not be *all* surprise, for I fancy she is not totally without suspicion; but pray be so kind as to tell her, that it was not want of confidence in *her*, but in *myself*, that occasioned my reserve and privacy. She knows how severe a critic I think her, and therefore I am sure cannot wonder I should dread a lash which I had no other hope of escaping from, but flight or disguise. Indeed, the thoughts of "hot rolls and butter in July" could not have a more indelicate effect on my Lord Ogleby, than those had upon me which followed the news of "Evelina's" visit to St. Martin's Street.

However, Susan comforts me with assurances that things are in a pretty good way; and therefore I am willing to flatter myself that, hearing who is the writer will rather serve to blunt than to sharpen the edge of criticism. I am sure it does with *you*, or your patience and precious time could never wade through three volumes of that sort; and I encourage myself, in regard to my mother, with the knowledge that no person's feelings will be so likely to prove infectious to her as yours. She must not be angry if I own I heartily hope she will not escape the contagion.

My mother will the sooner pardon my privacy, when she hears that even from *you* I used every method in my power to keep my trash concealed, and that I even yet know not in what manner you got at the name of it. Indeed, I only proposed, like my friends the Miss *Branghtons*, a little "private tun," and never once dreamt of extending my confidence beyond my sisters.

As to Mrs. Thrale—your wish of telling *her* quite *unmans* me; I shook so, when I read it, that, had anybody been present, I must have betrayed myself; and, indeed, many of my late letters have given me such extreme surprise and perturbation,

that I believe nothing could have saved me from Mr. Crisp's discernment, had he seen me during my first reading. However, he has not an idea of the kind.

But if you do tell Mrs. Thrale, won't she think it strange where I can have kept company, to describe such a family as the Branghtons, Mr. Brown, and some others? Indeed (thank Heaven!), I don't myself recollect ever passing half-an-hour at a time with any *one* person *quite* so bad! so that, I am afraid she will conclude I must have an innate vulgarity of ideas, to assist me with such coarse colouring for the objects of my imagination. Not that I suppose the book would be better received by her, for having characters very pretty, and all alike. My only fear, in regard to that particular, is for poor Miss Bayes!—If I were able to “insinuate the plot into the boxes,” I should build my defence upon Swift's maxim, that “a nice man is a man of nasty ideas.” I should certainly have been more finical, had I foreseen what has happened, or had the most remote notion of being known by Mrs. Thrale for the scribe. However, 'tis perhaps as well as it is; for these kind of compositions lose all their spirit if they are too scrupulously corrected: besides, if I had been very nice, I must have cleared away so much, that, like poor Mr. Twiss after his friends had been so obliging as to give his book a scourge, nothing but hum-drum matter of fact would be left.

Adieu, my dearest sir. Pray give my duty to my mother, and pray let her know, after the *great gun* is gone off, that I shall anxiously wait to hear her opinion: and believe me ever
and ever

Your dutiful and most affectionate

FRANCESCA SCRIBLERUS.

Journal resumed.

JULY 25.—Mrs. Cholmondeley has been reading and praising “Evelina,” and my father is quite delighted at her approbation, and told Susan that I could not have had a greater compliment than making two such women my friends as Mrs. Thrale and

Mrs. Cholmondeley, for they were severe and knowing, and afraid of praising *à tort et à travers*, as their opinions are liable to be quoted.

Mrs. Thrale said she had only to complain it was too short. She recommended it to my mother to read!—how droll!—and she told her she would be much entertained with it, for there was a great deal of human life in it, and of the manners of the present times, and added that it was written “by somebody who knows the top and the bottom, the highest and the lowest of mankind.” She has even lent her set to my mother, who brought it home with her!

By the way, I have again resumed my correspondence with my friend Mr. Lowndes. When I sent the errata I desired to have a set, directed to Mr. Grafton, at the Orange Coffee-house; for I had no copy but the one he sent me to make the errata from, which was incomplete and unbound. However, I heard nothing at all from him; and therefore, after some consideration, and much demur, I determined to make an attempt once more; for my father told me it was a shame that I, the author, should not have even one set of my own work; I ought, he said, to have had six: and indeed, he is often quite enraged that Lowndes gave no more for the MS.—but I was satisfied,—and that sufficed.

I therefore wrote him word, that I supposed, in the hurry of his business, and variety of his concerns, he had forgotten my request, which I now repeated.

I received an immediate answer, and intelligence from my sisters, that he had sent a set of “Evelina” most elegantly bound.

Miss F. Burney to Miss S. Burney.

Chesington, July 5, 1778.

MY DEAREST SUSY,

Don't you think there must be some wager depending among the little curled imps who hover over us mortals, of how much flummery goes to turn the head of an authoress? Your

last communication very near did my business, for, meeting Mr. Crisp ere I had composed myself, I “tipt him such a touch of the heroics” as he has not seen since the time when I was so much celebrated for dancing “Nancy Dawson.” I absolutely longed to treat him with one of Captain Mirvan’s frolics, and to fling his wig out of the window. I restrained myself, however, from the apprehension that they would imagine I had a universal spite to that harmless piece of goods, which I have already been known to treat with no little indignity. He would fain have discovered the reason of my skittishness; but as I could not tell it him, I was obliged to assure him it would be lost time to inquire further into my flights, since “true no meaning puzzles more than wit,” and therefore, begging the favour of him to “set me down an *ass*,” I suddenly retreated.

My dear, dear Dr. Johnson! what a charming man you are! Mrs. Cholmondeley,* too, I am not merely prepared but determined to admire; for really she has shown so much penetration and sound sense of late, that I think she will bring about a union between Wit and Judgment, though their separation has been so long, and though their meetings have been so few.

But, Mrs. Thrale! she—she is the goddess of my idolatry!—What an *éloge* is hers!—an *éloge* that not only delights at first, but proves more and more flattering every time it is considered!

I often think, when I am counting my laurels, what a pity it would have been had I popped off in my last illness, without knowing what a person of consequence I was!—and I sometimes think that, were I now to have a relapse, I could never go off with so much *éclat*! I am now at the summit of a high hill; my prospects on one side are bright, glowing, and invitingly beautiful; but when I turn round, I perceive, on the other side, sundry caverns, gulfs, pits, and precipices, that, to look at, make my head giddy and my heart sick. I see about me, indeed, many hills of far greater height and sublimity; but I have not the strength to attempt climbing them; if I move, it must be downwards. I have already, I fear, reached the

* Mrs. Cholmondeley was wife of the Hon. and Rev. Robert Cholmondeley, and sister of the celebrated Mrs. Margaret [Peg] Woffington.

pinnacle of my abilities, and therefore to stand still will be my best policy.

But there is nothing under heaven so difficult to do. Creatures who are formed for motion *must* move, however great their inducements to forbear. The wisest course I could take, would be to bid an eternal adieu to writing; then would the cry be, " 'Tis pity she does not go on!—she might do something better by-and-by," &c., &c. "Evelina," as a first and a youthful publication, has been received with the utmost favour and lenity; but would a future attempt be treated with the same mercy?—no, my dear Susy, quite the contrary; there would not, indeed, be the same plea to save it; it would no longer be a young lady's *first* appearance in public; those who have met with less indulgence would all peck at any second work; and even those who most encouraged the first offspring, might prove enemies to the second, by receiving it with expectations which it could not answer: and so, between either the friends or the foes of the eldest, the second would stand an equally bad chance, and a million of flaws which were overlooked in the former, would be ridiculed as villanous and intolerable blunders in the latter.

But, though my eyes ache as I strain them to look forward, the temptations before me are almost irresistible; and what you have transcribed from Mrs. Thrale may, perhaps, prove my destruction.

So you wish to have some of the sayings of the folks *here* about *the book*? I am sure I owe you all the communications I can possibly give you; but I have nothing new to offer, for the same strain prevails here as in town; and no one will be so obliging to me as to put in a little abuse: so that I fear you will be satiated with the sameness of people's remarks. Yet, what can I do? If they *will* be so disagreeable and tiresome as to be all of one mind, how is it to be helped? I can only advise you to follow my example, which is, to accommodate my philosophy to their insipidity; and in this I have so wonderfully succeeded, that I hear their commendations not merely with patience, but even with a degree of pleasure! Such, my dear Susy, is the effect of true philosophy.

You desire Kitty Cooke's remarks in particular. I have none to give you, for none can I get. To the serious part she indeed listens, and seems to think it may possibly be very fine; but she is quite lost when the Branghtons and Madame Duval are mentioned;—she hears their speeches very composedly, and as words of course; but when she hears them followed by loud bursts of laughter from Hetty, Mr. Crisp, Mrs. Gast, and Mr. Burney, she stares with the gravest amazement, and looks so aghast, and so distressed to know where the joke can be, that I never dare trust myself to look at her for more than an instant. Were she to speak her thoughts, I am sure she would ask why such common things, that pass every day, should be printed? And all the derision with which the party in general treat the Branghtons, I can see she feels herself, with a plentiful addition of astonishment, for the *author*!

By the way, not a human being here has the most remote suspicion of the fact; I could not be more secure, were I literally unknown to them. And there is no end to the ridiculous speeches perpetually made to me, by all of them in turn, though quite by accident.

"An't you sorry this sweet book is done?" said Mrs. Gast.

A silly little laugh was the answer.

"Ah!" said Patty, "'tis the sweetest book!—don't you think so, Miss Burney?"

N.B.—Answer as above.

"Pray, Miss Fan," says Mrs. Hamilton, "who wrote it?"

"Really I never heard."

'Cute enough that, Miss Sukey!

I desired Hetty to miss the verses; for I can't sit them: and I have been obliged to hide the first volume ever since, for fear of a discovery. But I don't know how it will end; for Mrs. Gast has declared she shall buy it, to take to Burford with her.

Miss F. Burney to Miss S. Burney.

Chesington, Sunday, July 6, 1778.

Your letter, my dearest Susan, and the inclosed one from Lowndes, have flung me into such a vehement perturbation,

that I hardly can tell whether I wake or dream, and it is even with difficulty that I can fetch my breath. I have been strolling round the garden three or four times, in hopes of regaining a little quietness. However, I am not very angry at my inward disturbance, though it even exceeds what I experienced from the *Monthly Review*.

My dear Susy, what a wonderful affair has this been, and how extraordinary is this torrent of success, which sweeps down all before it! I often think it too much—nay, almost wish it would happen to some other person, who had more ambition, whose hopes were more sanguine, and who could less have borne to be buried in the oblivion which I even sought. But though it might have been better bestowed, it could by no one be more gratefully received.

Indeed I can't help being grave upon the subject; for a success so really unexpected almost overpowers me. I wonder at myself that my spirits are not more elated. I believe half the flattery I have had would have made me madly merry; but *all* serves only to almost depress me by the fulness of heart it occasions.

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I have been serving Daddy Crisp a pretty trick this morning. How he would rail if he found it all out! I had a fancy to dive pretty deeply into the real rank in which he held my book; so I told him that your last letter acquainted me who was reported to be the author of "Evelina." I added that it was a profound secret, and he must by no means mention it to a human being. He bid me tell him directly, according to his usual style of command—but I insisted upon his guessing.

"I can't guess," said he; "may be it is *you*!"

Oddso! thought I, what do you mean by that?

"Pooh, nonsense!" cried I, "what should make you think of me?"

"Why, you look guilty," answered he.

This was a horrible home stroke. Deuce take my looks! thought I—I shall owe them a grudge for this! however, I

found it was a mere random shot, and, without much difficulty, I laughed it to scorn.

And who do you think he guessed next?—My father!—there's for you!—and several questions he asked me, whether he had lately been shut up much—and so on. And this was not all—for he afterwards guessed Mrs. Thrale and Mrs. Greville.

There's honour and glory for you!—I assure you I grinned prodigiously.

He then would guess no more. So I served him another trick for his laziness. I read a paragraph in your last letter (which, perhaps, you may not perfectly remember), in which you say the private report is, that the author is a son of the late Dr. Friend, my likeness.

Now this son is a darling of my daddy's, who reckons him the most sensible and intelligent young man of his acquaintance; so I trembled *a few*, for I thought, ten to one but he'd say: "He?—not he—I promise you!" But no such thing; his immediate answer was: "Well, he's very capable of that or anything else."

I grinned broader than before.

And here the matter rests. I shan't undeceive him, at least till he has finished the book.

Journal resumed.

JULY 20.—I have had a letter from my beloved father—the kindest, sweetest letter in the world! He tells me, too, that he found Mrs. Thrale full of *Ma foi's* jokes, the Captain's brutality, Squire Smith's gentility, Sir Clement's audaciousness, the Branghtons' vulgarity, and Mother Selwyn's sharp knife, &c., &c. He then says, that he wishes to tell Lady Hales, though she cannot be made more fond of the book by a personal partiality for the author. He concludes with: "I never heard of a novel writer's statue—yet, who knows?—but above all things take care of your head; if that should be at all turned out of its place by all this intoxicating success, what a figure would you cut upon a pedestal—*prenez y bien garde!*"

Well may he caution me!—but, as I have told him in answer, if I were to make so ungrateful, so sinful a return for the favours of fortune, as to be ridiculously vain, I should think all this success, charming as it is, bought much too dear.

I have also had a letter from Susanne. She informs me that my father, when he took the books back to Streatham, actually acquainted Mrs. Thrale with my secret. He took an opportunity, when they were alone together, of saying that, upon her recommendation, he had himself, as well as my mother, been reading “Evelina.”

“Well!” cried she, “and is it not a very pretty book? and a very clever book? and a very comical book?”

“Why,” answered he, “’tis well enough; but I have something to tell you about it.”

“Well? what?” cried she; “has Mrs. Cholmondeley found out the author?”

“No,” returned he, “not that I know of; but I believe I have, though but very lately.”

“Well, pray let’s hear!” cried she, eagerly; “I want to know him of all things.”

How my father must laugh at the *him*!—He then, however, undeceived her in regard to that particular, by telling her it was “*our Fanny*!” for she knows all about all our family, as my father talks to her of his domestic concerns without any reserve.

A hundred handsome things, of course, followed; and she afterwards read some of the comic parts to Dr. Johnson, Mr. Thrale, and whoever came near her. How I should have quivered had I been there! but they tell me that Dr. Johnson laughed as heartily as my father himself did.

Nothing can be more ridiculous than the scenes in which I am almost perpetually engaged. Mr. Crisp, who is totally without suspicion, says, almost daily, something that has double the meaning he intends to convey; for, as I am often writing, either letters, Italian, or some of my own vagaries, he commonly calls me the scribe, and the authoress; asks when I shall print; says he will have all my works on royal paper, &c.; and the

other day, Mrs. Gast, who frequently lectures me about studying too hard, and injuring my health, said—

“Pray, Miss Burney, now you write so much, when do you intend to publish?”

“Publish?” cried Mr. Crisp, “why she *has* published; she brought out a book the other day that has made a great noise—‘*Evelina*,’—and she bribed the reviewers to speak well of it, and set it a going.”

I was almost ready to run out of the room; but, though the hit was so palpable in regard to the book, what he said of the reviewers was so much the contrary, that it checked my alarm: indeed, had he the most remote idea of the truth, he would be the last man to have hinted at it before a roomful of people.

AUGUST 3.—I have an immensity to write. Susan has copied me a letter which Mrs. Thrale has written to my father, upon the occasion of returning my mother two novels by Madame Riccoboni. It is so honourable to me, and so sweet in her, that I must copy it for my faithful journal.

“Streatham, July 22.

“DEAR SIR,

“I forgot to give you the novels in your carriage, which I now send. ‘*Evelina*’ certainly excels them far enough, both in probability of story, elegance of sentiment, and general power over the mind, whether exerted in humour or pathos; add to this that Riccoboni is a veteran author, and all she ever can be; but I cannot tell what might not be expected from ‘*Evelina*,’ were she to try her genius at comedy.

“So far had I written of my letter, when Mr. Johnson returned home, full of the praises of the book I had lent him, and protesting there were passages in it which might do honour to Richardson. We talk of it for ever, and he feels ardent after the *dénouement*; he ‘could not get rid of the rogue,’ he said. I lent him the second volume, and he is now busy with the other.

“You must be more a philosopher, and less a father, than I wish you, not to be pleased with this letter; and the giving such pleasure yields to nothing but receiving it. Long, my dear sir,

may you live to enjoy the just praises of your children ! and long may they live to deserve and delight such a parent ! These are things that you would say in verse ; but poetry implies fiction, and all this is naked truth.

“My compliments to Mrs. Burney, and kindest wishes to all your flock, &c.”

But Dr. Johnson’s approbation !—it almost crazed me with agreeable surprise—it gave me such a flight of spirits, that I danced a jig to Mr. Crisp, without any preparation, music, or explanation—to his no small amazement and diversion. I left him, however, to make his own comments upon my friskiness, without affording him the smallest assistance.

Susan also writes me word, that when my father went last to Streatham, Dr. Johnson was not there, but Mrs. Thrale told him, that when he gave her the first volume of “*Evelina*,” which she had lent him, he said, “Why, madam, why, what a charming book you lent me !” and eagerly inquired for the rest. He was particularly pleased with the snow-hill scenes, and said that Mr. Smith’s vulgar gentility was admirably pourtrayed ; and when Sir Clement joins them, he said there was a shade of character prodigiously well marked. Well may it be said, that the greatest minds are ever the most candid to the inferior set ! I think I should love Dr. Johnson for such lenity to a poor mere worm in literature, even if I were not myself the identical grub he has obliged.

Susan has sent me a little note which has really been less pleasant to me, because it has alarmed me for my future concealment. It is from Mrs. Williams, an exceeding pretty poetess, who has the misfortune to be blind, but who has, to make some amends, the honour of residing in the house of Dr. Johnson ; for though he lives almost wholly at Streatham, he always keeps his apartments in town, and this lady acts as mistress of his house.*

“July 25.

“Mrs. Williams sends compliments to Dr. Burney, and begs he

* Anna Williams was the daughter of a Welsh physician. She was, at the time referred to, a widow, blind, and in reduced circumstances, and Dr. Johnson gave her an apartment in his house, where she resided till her death.

will intercede with Miss Burney to do her the favour to lend her the reading of 'Evelina.'"

Though I am frightened at this affair, I am by no means insensible to the honour which I receive from the certainty that Dr. Johnson must have spoken very well of the book, to have induced Mrs. Williams to send to our house for it.

I now come to last Saturday evening, when my beloved father came to Chesington, in full health, charming spirits, and all kindness, openness, and entertainment.

In his way hither he had stopped at Streatham, and he settled with Mrs. Thrale that he would call on her again in his way to town, and carry me with him! and Mrs. Thrale said, "We all long to know her."

I have been in a kind of twitter ever since, for there seems something very formidable in the idea of appearing as an authoress! I ever dreaded it, as it is a title which must raise more expectations than I have any chance of answering. Yet I am highly flattered by her invitation, and highly delighted in the prospect of being introduced to the Streatham society.

She sent me some very serious advice to write for the theatre, as, she says, I so naturally run into conversations, that "Evelina" absolutely and plainly points out that path to me; and she hinted how much she should be pleased to be "honoured with my confidence."

My dear father communicated this intelligence, and a great deal more, with a pleasure that almost surpassed that with which I heard it, and he seems quite eager for me to make another attempt. He desired to take upon himself the communication to my Daddy Crisp, and as it is now in so many hands that it is possible accident might discover it to him, I readily consented.

Sunday evening, as I was going into my father's room, I heard him say, "The variety of characters—the variety of scenes—and the language—why she has had very little education but what she has given herself—less than any of the others!" and Mr. Crisp exclaimed, "Wonderful!—it's wonderful!"

I now found what was going forward, and therefore deemed it most fitting to decamp.

About an hour after, as I was passing through the hall, I met my daddy (Crisp). His face was all animation and archness; he doubled his fist at me, and would have stopped me, but I ran past him into the parlour.

Before supper, however, I again met him, and he would not suffer me to escape; he caught both my hands, and looked as if he would have looked me through, and then exclaimed, "Why you little hussy—you young devil!—an't you ashamed to look me in the face, you *Evelina*, you! Why, what a dance have you led me about it! Young friend, indeed! O you little hussy, what tricks have you served me!"

I was obliged to allow of his running on with these gentle appellations for I know not how long, ere he could sufficiently compose himself, after his great surprise, to ask or hear any particulars; and then, he broke out every three instants with exclamations of astonishment at how I had found time to write so much unsuspected, and how and where I had picked up such various materials; and not a few times did he, with me, as he had with my father, exclaim "Wonderful!"

He has since made me read him all my letters upon this subject. He said Lowndes would have made an estate, had he given me 1000*l.* for it, and that he ought not to have given less! "You have nothing to do now," continued he, "but to take your pen in hand, for your fame and reputation are made, and any bookseller will snap at what you write."

I then told him that I could not but really and unaffectedly regret that the affair was spread to Mrs. Williams and her friends.

"Pho," said he; "if those who are proper judges think it right that it should be known, why should you trouble yourself about it? You have not spread it, there can be no imputation of vanity fall to your share, and it cannot come out more to your honour than through such a channel as Mrs. Thrale."

LONDON, AUGUST.—I have now to write an account of the most consequential day I have spent since my birth; namely, my Streatham visit.

Our journey to Streatham was the least pleasant part of the day, for the roads were dreadfully dusty, and I was really in the fidgets from thinking what my reception might be, and from fearing they would expect a less awkward and backward kind of person than I was sure they would find.

Mr. Thrale's house is white, and very pleasantly situated, in a fine paddock. Mrs. Thrale was strolling about, and came to us as we got out of the chaise.

She then received me, taking both my hands, and with mixed politeness and cordiality welcoming me to Streatham. She led me into the house, and addressed herself almost wholly for a few minutes to my father, as if to give me an assurance she did not mean to regard me as a show, or to distress or frighten me by drawing me out. Afterwards she took me upstairs, and showed me the house, and said she had very much wished to see me at Streatham, and should always think herself much obliged to Dr. Burney for his goodness in bringing me, which she looked upon as a very great favour.

But though we were some time together, and though she was so very civil, she did not *hint* at my book, and I love her much more than ever for her delicacy in avoiding a subject which she could not but see would have greatly embarrassed me.

When we returned to the music-room, we found Miss Thrale was with my father. Miss Thrale is a very fine girl, about fourteen years of age, but cold and reserved, though full of knowledge and intelligence.

Soon after, Mrs. Thrale took me to the library; she talked a little while upon common topics, and then, at last, she mentioned "Evelina."

"Yesterday at supper," said she, "we talked it all over, and discussed all your characters; but Dr. Johnson's favourite is Mr. Smith. He declares the fine gentleman *manqué* was never better drawn, and he acted him all the evening, saying 'he was all for the ladies!' He repeated whole scenes by heart. I declare I was astonished at him. O, you can't imagine how much he is pleased with the book; he 'could not get rid of the rogue,' he told me. But was it not droll," said she, "that I should recommend to Dr. Burney? and tease him so innocently to read it?"

I now prevailed upon Mrs. Thrale to let me amuse myself, and she went to dress. I then prowled about to choose some book, and I saw, upon the reading-table, "Evelina"—I had just fixed upon a new translation of Cicero's *Lælius*, when the library-door was opened, and Mr. Seward* entered. I instantly put away my book, because I dreaded being thought studious and affected. He offered his service to find anything for me, and then, in the same breath, ran on to speak of the book with which I had myself "favoured the world!"

The exact words he began with I cannot recollect, for I was actually confounded by the attack; and his abrupt manner of letting me know he was *au fait* equally astonished and provoked me. How different from the delicacy of Mr. and Mrs. Thrale!

When we were summoned to dinner, Mrs. Thrale made my father and me sit on each side of her. I said that I hoped I did not take Dr. Johnson's place;—for he had not yet appeared.

"No," answered Mrs. Thrale, "he will sit by you, which I am sure will give him great pleasure."

Soon after we were seated, this great man entered. I have so true a veneration for him, that the very sight of him inspires me with delight and reverence, notwithstanding the cruel infirmities to which he is subject; for he has almost perpetual convulsive movements, either of his hands, lips, feet, or knees, and sometimes of all together.

Mrs. Thrale introduced me to him, and he took his place. We had a noble dinner, and a most elegant dessert. Dr. Johnson, in the middle of dinner, asked Mrs. Thrale what was in some little pies that were near him.

"Mutton," answered she, "so I don't ask you to eat any, because I know you despise it."

"No, madam, no," cried he; "I despise nothing that is good of its sort; but I am too proud now to eat of it. Sitting by Miss Burney makes me very proud to-day!"

"Miss Burney," said Mrs. Thrale, laughing, "you must take

* William Seward, author of "Anecdotes of Distinguished Persons," in 5 vols., and "Biographiana," a sequel to the same, in 2 vols.

great care of your heart if Dr. Johnson attacks it ; for I assure you he is not often successful."

"What's that you say, madam?" cried he; "are you making mischief between the young lady and me already?"

A little while after he drank Miss Thrale's health and mine, and then added:

"'Tis a terrible thing that we cannot wish young ladies well without wishing them to become old women!"

"But some people," said Mr. Seward, "are old and young at the same time, for they wear so well that they never look old."

"No, sir, no," cried the doctor, laughing; "that never yet was; you might as well say they are at the same time tall and short. I remember an epitaph to that purpose, which is in——"

(I have quite forgot what,—and also the name it was made upon, but the rest I recollect exactly:)

"————— lies buried here;
So early wise, so lasting fair,
That none, unless her years you told,
Thought her a child, or thought her old."

Mrs. Thrale then repeated some lines in French, and Dr. Johnson some more in Latin. An epilogue of Mr. Garrick's to "Bon-duca" was then mentioned, and Dr. Johnson said it was a miserable performance, and everybody agreed it was the worst he had ever made.

"And yet," said Mr. Seward, "it has been very much admired; but it is in praise of English valour, and so I suppose the subject made it popular."

"I don't know, sir," said Dr. Johnson, "anything about the subject, for I could not read on till I came to it; I got through half a dozen lines, but I could observe no other subject than eternal dulness. I don't know what is the matter with David; I am afraid he is grown superannuated, for his prologues and epilogues used to be incomparable."

"Nothing is so fatiguing," said Mrs. Thrale, "as the life of a wit; he and Wilkes are the two oldest men of their ages I know,

for they have both worn themselves out by being eternally on the rack to give entertainment to others."

"David, madam," said the doctor, "looks much older than he is; for his face has had double the business of any other man's; it is never at rest; when he speaks one minute, he has quite a different countenance to what he assumes the next; I don't believe he ever kept the same look for half an hour together in the whole course of his life; and such an eternal, restless, fatiguing play of the muscles must certainly wear out a man's face before its real time."

"O yes," cried Mrs. Thrale; "we must certainly make some allowance for such wear and tear of a man's face."

The next name that was started was that of Sir John Hawkins,* and Mrs. Thrale said,—

"Why now, Dr. Johnson, he is another of those whom you suffer nobody to abuse but yourself; Garriek is one, too; for if any other person speaks against him, you browbeat him in a minute!"

"Why, madam," answered he, "they don't know when to abuse him, and when to praise him; I will allow no man to speak ill of David that he does not deserve; and as to Sir John, why really I believe him to be an honest man at the bottom; but to be sure he is penurious, and he is mean, and it must be owned he has a degree of brutality, and a tendency to savageness, that cannot easily be defended."

We all laughed, as he meant we should, at this curious manner of speaking in his favour, and he then related an anecdote that he said he knew to be true in regard to his meanness. He said that Sir John and he once belonged to the same club, but that as he eat no supper after the first night of his admission, he desired to be excused paying his share.

"And was he excused?"

"O yes; for no man is angry at another for being inferior to himself! we all scorned him, and admitted his plea. For my

* A member of the celebrated Literary Club. Afterwards wrote a "Life of Johnson," also a "General History of Music," in 5 vols, "Probationary Odes for the Laureateship," and edited "Walton's Complete Angler."

part, I was such a fool as to pay my share for wine, though I never tasted any. But Sir John was a most *unclubbable* man!"

"And this," continued he, "reminds me of a gentleman and lady with whom I travelled once; I suppose I must call them gentleman and lady, according to form, because they travelled in their own coach and four horses. But at the first inn where we stopped, the lady called for—a pint of ale! and when it came quarrelled with the waiter for not giving full measure. Now, Madame Duval could not have done a grosser thing."

Oh, how everybody laughed! and to be sure I did not glow at all, nor munch fast, nor look on my plate, nor lose any part of my usual composure! But how grateful do I feel to this dear Dr. Johnson, for never naming me and the book as belonging one to the other, and yet making an allusion that showed his thoughts led to it, and, at the same time, that seemed to justify the character as being natural! But, indeed, the delicacy I met with from him, and from all the Thrales, was yet more flattering to me than the praise with which I have heard they have honoured my book.

After dinner, when Mrs. Thrale and I left the gentlemen, we had a conversation that to me could not but be delightful, as she was all good humour, spirits, sense, and *agreeability*. Surely I may make words, when at a loss, if Dr. Johnson does.

We left Streatham at about eight o'clock, and Mr. Seward, who handed me into the chaise, added his interest to the rest, that my father would not fail to bring me again next week to stay with them for some time. In short, I was loaded with civilities from them all. And my ride home was equally happy with the rest of the day, for my kind and most beloved father was so happy in *my* happiness, and congratulated me so sweetly, that he could, like myself, think on no other subject.

Yet my honours stopped not here; for Hetty, who, with her *sposo*, was here to receive us, told me she had lately met Mrs. Reynolds, sister of Sir Joshua; and that she talked very much and very highly of a new novel called "*Evelina*;" though without a shadow of suspicion as to the scribbler; and not contented with her own praise, she said that Sir Joshua, who began it one

day when he was too much engaged to go on with it, was so much caught, that he could think of nothing else, and was quite absent all the day, not knowing a word that was said to him: and, when he took it up again, found himself so much interested in it, that he sat up all night to finish it!

Sir Joshua, it seems, vows he would give fifty pounds to know the author! I have also heard, by the means of Charles, that other persons have declared they *will* find him out!

This intelligence determined me upon going myself to Mr. Lowndes, and discovering what sort of answers he made to such curious inquirers as I found were likely to address him. But as I did not dare trust myself to speak, for I felt that I should not be able to act my part well, I asked my mother to accompany me.

We introduced ourselves by buying the book, for which I had a commission from Mrs. G——. Fortunately Mr. Lowndes himself was in the shop; as we found by his air of consequence and authority, as well as his age; for I never saw him before.

The moment he had given my mother the book, she asked if he could tell her who wrote it.

"No," he answered; "I don't know myself."

"Pho, pho," said she; "you mayn't choose to tell, but you must know."

"I don't, indeed, ma'am," answered he; "I have no honour in keeping the secret, for I have never been trusted. All I know of the matter is, that it is a gentleman of the other end of the town."

My mother made a thousand other inquiries, to which his answers were to the following effect: that for a great while, he did not know if it was a man or a woman; but now, he knew that much, and that he was a master of his subject, and well versed in the manners of the times.

"For some time," continued he, "I thought it had been Horace Walpole's; for he once published a book in this snug manner; but I don't think it is now. I have often people come to inquire of me who it is; but I suppose he will come out soon, and then, when the rest of the world knows it, I shall.

Servants often come for it from the other end of the town, and I have asked them divers questions myself, to see if I could get at the author; but I never got any satisfaction."

Just before we came away, upon my mother's still further pressing him, he said, with a most important face:

"Why, to tell you the truth, madam, I have been informed that it is a piece of real secret history; and, in that case, it will never be known."

This was too much for me; I grinned irresistibly, and was obliged to look out at the shop-door till we came away.

* * * * *

From Mr. Crisp to Miss F. Burney.

Aug. 16.

MY DEAR FANNIKIN,

"*If I wish to hear the sequel of the day?*" the question is injurious—both because I warmly interest myself in whatever concerns a Fannikin, and likewise that I must else be

"—— duller than the fat weed
That rots itself at ease on Lethe's wharf."

The reception you met with at Streatham, though highly flattering, by no means surprises me; every article of it is most strictly your due. You have fairly earned it, and if your host and hostess had given you less, they had defrauded you. Flummery is a commodity I do not much deal in; but on this occasion I will subscribe with hand and heart to what I have now written.

After what I had heard of Mr. Seward, I should not, I own, have expected such an attack as you describe from him. What a contrast between him and Mrs. Thrale!

I was once in a situation somewhat like yours, when I supped with Quin* at Bath, a good many years ago. There was a *fade*, empty fellow at table with us, who thought to be

* A famous actor in the earlier half of the eighteenth century.

mighty civil to me. Quin observing I did not much relish his insipid trash, cried out, "Why, he is a grocer, man! Prithee, don't choke him with his own figs."

Mr. Seward certainly merited such a rebuff.

I desire you to be very minute in the remainder of the day, particularly with regard to Dr. Johnson, who, though single, is himself an host.

Well, the ice is now broke, and your perturbation ought to be in a great measure at an end. When you went into the sea at Teignmouth, did not you shiver and shrink at first, and almost lose your breath when the water came up to your chest? I suppose you afterwards learned to plunge in boldly, over head and ears at once, and then your pain was over. You must do the like now; and as the public have thought proper to put you on a cork jacket, your fears of drowning would be unpardonable.

S. C.

CHAPTER II.

Streatham Journal resumed—Character of Mr. Thrale—Dr. Johnson—Country Neighbours—Bennet Langton—Character of Mrs. Thrale—Table-talk of Dr. Johnson—Eccentricities of the Cumberland Family—Dr. Johnson and Richard Cumberland—More Table-talk of Dr. Johnson—Anecdotes of the Cumberland Family—Mrs. Montagu and Bet Flint—The Female Wits—Mrs. Pinkethman—Mrs. Rudd—Kitty Fisher—An Election Dinner—Dr. Johnson—Anecdote of his Rudeness—His Lives of the Poets—Mrs. Charlotte Lennox—The Author of “Hermes”—Learned Ladies—Johnson’s Opinion of them—Richardson—Fielding—Murphy—Mr. Lort—Cumberland—Seward—Chatterton—The Perils of Popularity—Hannah More—Dr. Johnson’s harsh Treatment of her.

STREATHAM, SUNDAY, AUG. 23.—I know not how to express the fulness of my contentment at this sweet place. All my best expectations are exceeded, and you know they were not very moderate. If, when my dear father comes, Susan and Mr. Crisp were to come too, I believe it would require at least a day’s pondering to enable me to form another wish.

Our journey was charming. The kind Mrs. Thrale would give courage to the most timid. She did not ask me questions, or catechise me upon what I knew, or use any means to draw me out, but made it her business to draw herself out—that is, to start subjects, to support them herself, and to take all the weight of the conversation, as if it behoved her to find me entertainment. But I am so much in love with her, that I shall be obliged to run away from the subject, or shall write of nothing else.

When we arrived here, Mrs. Thrale showed me my room, which is an exceeding pleasant one, and then conducted me to the library, there to divert myself while she dressed.

Miss Thrale soon joined me : and I begin to like her. Mr.

Thrale was neither well nor in spirits all day. Indeed, he seems not to be a happy man, though he has every means of happiness in his power. But I think I have rarely seen a very rich man with a light heart and light spirits.

Dr. Johnson was in the utmost good humour.

There was no other company at the house all day.

After dinner, I had a delightful stroll with Mrs. Thrale, and she gave me a list of all her "good neighbours" in the town of Streatham, and said she was determined to take me to see Mr. T——, the clergyman, who was a character I could not but be diverted with, for he had so furious and so absurd a rage for building, that in his garden he had as many temples, and summer-houses, and statues as in the gardens of Stow, though he had so little room for them that they all seemed tumbling one upon another.

In short, she was all unaffected drollery and sweet good humour.

At tea we all met again, and Dr. Johnson was gaily sociable. He gave a very droll account of the children of Mr. Langton,* "who," he said, "might be very good children, if they were let alone; but the father is never easy when he is not making them do something which they cannot do; they must repeat a fable, or a speech, or the Hebrew alphabet; and they might as well count twenty, for what they know of the matter: however, the father says half, for he prompts every other word. But he could not have chosen a man who would have been less entertained by such means."

"I believe not!" cried Mrs. Thrale: "nothing is more ridiculous than parents cramming their children's nonsense down other people's throats. I keep mine as much out of the way as I can."

"Yours, madam," answered he, "are in nobody's way; no children can be better managed, or less troublesome; but your fault is, a too great perverseness in not allowing anybody to give them anything. Why should they not have a cherry, or a gooseberry, as well as bigger children?"

* Bennet Langton was one of Dr. Johnson's most valued friends, and after his death succeeded him as Professor of Ancient History in the Royal Academy.

"Because they are sure to return such gifts by wiping their hands upon the giver's gown or coat, and nothing makes children more offensive. People only make the offer to please the parents, and they wish the poor children at Jericho when they accept it."

"But, madam, it is a great deal more offensive to refuse them. Let those who make the offer look to their own gowns and coats, for when you interfere they only wish *you* at Jericho."

"It is difficult," said Mrs. Thrale, "to please everybody."

Indeed, the freedom with which Dr. Johnson condemns whatever he disapproves is astonishing; and the strength of words he uses would, to most people, be intolerable; but Mrs. Thrale seems to have a sweetness of disposition that equals all her other excellences, and far from making a point of vindicating herself, she generally receives his admonitions with the most respectful silence.

But I fear to say all I think at present of Mrs. Thrale, lest some flaws should appear by-and-by, that may make me think differently. And yet, why should I not indulge the *now*, as well as the *then*, since it will be with so much more pleasure? In short, I do think her delightful; she has talents to create admiration, good humour to excite love, understanding to give entertainment, and a heart which, like my dear father's, seems already fitted for another world. My own knowledge of her, indeed, is very little for such a character; but all I have heard, and all I see, so well agree, that I won't prepare myself for a future disappointment.

But to return. Mrs. Thrale then asked whether Mr. Langton took any better care of his affairs than formerly.

"No, madam," cried the doctor, "and never will; he complains of the ill effects of habit, and rests contentedly upon a confessed indolence. He told his father himself that he had 'no turn to economy;' but a thief might as well plead that he had 'no turn to honesty.'"

Was not that excellent?

At night, Mrs. Thrale asked if I would have anything? I answered, "No;" but Dr. Johnson said,—

"Yes: she is used, madam, to suppers; she would like an egg

or two, and a few slices of ham, or a rasher—a rasher, I believe, would please her better.”

How ridiculous ! However, nothing could persuade Mrs. Thrale not to have the cloth laid ; and Dr. Johnson was so facetious, that he challenged Mr. Thrale to get drunk !

“I wish,” said he, “my master would say to me, Johnson, if you will oblige me, you will call for a bottle of Toulon, and then we will set to it, glass for glass, till it is done ; and after that I will say, Thrale, if you will oblige me, you will call for another bottle of Toulon, and then we will set to it, glass for glass, till that is done : and by the time we should have drunk the two bottles we should be so happy, and such good friends, that we should fly into each other’s arms, and both together call for the third !”

I ate nothing, that they might not again use such a ceremony with me. Indeed, their late dinners forbid suppers, especially as Dr. Johnson made me eat cake at tea ; for he held it till I took it, with an odd or absent complaisance.

He was extremely comical after supper, and would not suffer Mrs. Thrale and me to go to bed for near an hour after we made the motion.

The Cumberland family was discussed. Mrs. Thrale said that Mr. Cumberland was a very amiable man in his own house, but as a father, mighty simple ; which accounts for the ridiculous conduct and manners of his daughters, concerning whom we had much talk, and were all of a mind ; for it seems they used the same rude stare to Mrs. Thrale that so much digusted us at Mrs. Ord’s : she says that she really concluded something was wrong, and that, in getting out of the coach, she had given her cap some unlucky cuff,—by their merciless staring.

I told her that I had not any doubt, when I had met with the same attention from them, but that they were calculating the exact cost of all my dress. Mrs. Thrale then told me that, about two years ago, they were actually hissed out of the playhouse, on account of the extreme height of their feathers !

Dr. Johnson instantly composed an extempore dialogue between himself and Mr. Cumberland upon this subject, in which he was to act the part of a provoking condoler :

"Mr. Cumberland (I should say), how monstrously ill-bred is a playhouse mob! How I pitied poor Miss Cumberlands about that affair!"

"What affair?" cries he, for he has tried to forget it.

"Why," says I, "that unlucky accident they met with some time ago."

"Accident? what accident, sir?"

"Why, you know, when they were hissed out of the playhouse—you remember the time—oh, the English mob is most insufferable! they are boors, and have no manner of taste!"

Mrs. Thrale accompanied me to my room, and stayed chatting with me for more than an hour.

* * * * *

Now for this morning's breakfast.

Dr. Johnson, as usual, came last into the library; he was in high spirits, and full of mirth and sport. I had the honour of sitting next to him: and now, all at once, he flung aside his reserve, thinking, perhaps, that it was time I should fling aside mine.

Mrs. Thrale told him that she intended taking me to Mr. T——'s.

"So you ought, madam," cried he; "'tis your business to be cicerone to her."

Then suddenly he snatched my hand, and kissing it,

"Ah!" he added, "they will little think what a tartar you carry to them!"

"No, that they won't!" cried Mrs. Thrale; "Miss Burney looks so meek and so quiet, nobody would suspect what a comical girl she is; but I believe she has a great deal of malice at heart."

"Oh, she's a toad!" cried the doctor, laughing—"a sly young rogue! with her Smiths and her Branghtons!"

"Why, Dr. Johnson," said Mrs. Thrale, "I hope you are very well this morning! If one may judge by your spirits and good humour, the fever you threatened us with is gone off."

He had complained that he was going to be ill last night.

"Why, no, madam, no," answered he, "I am not yet well; I

could not sleep at all; there I lay, restless and uneasy, and thinking all the time of Miss Burney. Perhaps I have offended her, thought I; perhaps she is angry; I have seen her but once, and I talked to her of a rasher!—Were you angry?”

I think I need not tell you my answer.

“I have been endeavouring to find some excuse,” continued he, “and, as I could not sleep, I got up, and looked for some authority for the word; and I find, madam, it is used by Dryden: in one of his prologues he says—‘And snatch a homely rasher from the coals.’ So you must not mind me, madam; I say strange things, but I mean no harm.”

I was almost afraid he thought I was really idiot enough to have taken him seriously; but, a few minutes after, he put his hand on my arm, and shaking his head, exclaimed,

“Oh, you are a sly little rogue!—what a Holborn beau have you drawn!”

“Ay, Miss Burney,” said Mrs. Thrale, “the Holborn beau is Dr. Johnson’s favourite; and we have all your characters by heart, from Mr. Smith up to Lady Louisa.”

“Oh, Mr. Smith, Mr. Smith is the man!” cried he, laughing violently. “Harry Fielding never drew so good a character!—such a fine varnish of low politeness!—such a struggle to appear a gentleman! Madam, there is no character better drawn anywhere—in any book, or by any author.”

I almost poked myself under the table. Never did I feel so delicious a confusion since I was born! But he added a great deal more, only I cannot recollect his exact words, and I do not choose to give him mine.

“Come, come,” cried Mrs. Thrale, “we’ll torment her no more about her book, for I see it really plagues her. I own I thought for awhile it was only affectation, for I’m sure if the book were mine I should wish to hear of nothing else. But we shall teach her in time how proud she ought to be of such a performance.”

“Ah, madam,” cried the doctor, “be in no haste to teach her that; she’ll speak no more to us when she knows her own weight.”

“Oh, but sir,” cried she, “if Mr. Thrale has his way, she will

become our relation, and then it will be hard if she won't acknowledge us."

You may think I stared, but she went on.

"Mr. Thrale says nothing would make him half so happy as giving Miss Burney to Sir J—— L——."

Mercy! what an exclamation did I give. I wonder you did not hear me to St. Martin's-street. However, she continued,

"Mr. Thrale says, Miss Burney seems more formed to draw a husband to herself, by her humour when gay, and her good sense when serious, than almost anybody he ever saw."

"He does me much honour," cried I: though I cannot say I much enjoyed such a proof of his good opinion as giving me to Sir J—— L——; but Mr. Thrale is both his uncle and his guardian, and thinks, perhaps, he would do a mutual good office in securing me so much money, and his nephew a decent companion. Oh, if he knew how little I require with regard to money—how much to even bear with a companion! But he was not brought up with such folks as my father, my Daddy Crisp, and my Susan, and does not know what indifference to all things but good society such people as those inspire.

"My master says a very good speech," cried the Doctor, "if Miss Burney's husband should have anything in common with herself; but I know not how we can level her with Sir J—— L——, unless she would be content to put her virtues and talents in a scale against his thousands; and poor Sir J—— must give cheating weight even then! However, if we bestow such a prize upon him, he shall settle his whole fortune on her."

Ah! thought I, I am more mercenary than you fancy me, for not even that would bribe me high enough.

Before Dr. Johnson had finished his *éloge*, I was actually on the ground, for there was no standing it,—or sitting it, rather: and Mrs. Thrale seemed delighted for me.

"I assure you," she said, "nobody can do your book more justice than Dr. Johnson does: and yet, do you remember, sir, how unwilling you were to read it? He took it up, just looked at the first letter, and then put it away, and said: 'I don't think I have any taste for it!'—but when he was going to town, I put

the first volume into the coach with him ; and then, when he came home, the very first words he said to me were, ‘Why madam, this Evelina is a charming creature!’—and then he teased me to know who she married, and what became of her—and I gave him the rest. For my part, I used to read it in bed, and could not part with it : I laughed at the second, and I cried at the third ; but what a trick was that of Dr. Burney’s, never to let me know whose it was till I had read it ! Suppose it had been something I had not liked ! Oh, it was a vile trick !”

“No, madam, not at all !” cried the doctor, “for in that case you would never have known ; all would have been safe, for he would neither have told you who wrote it, nor Miss Burney what you said of it.”

Some time after the doctor began laughing to himself, and then, suddenly turning to me, he called out, “Only think, Polly ! Miss has danced with a lord !”

“Ah, poor Evelina !” cried Mrs. Thrale, “I see her now in Kensington Gardens. What she must have suffered ! Poor girl ! what fidgets she must have been in ! And I know Mr. Smith, too, very well ; I always have him before me at the Hampstead Ball, dressed in a white coat, and a tambour waistcoat, worked in green silk. Poor Mr. Seward ! Mr. Johnson made him so mad t’other day ! ‘Why, Seward,’ said he, ‘how smart you are dressed ! Why you only want a tambour waistcoat, to look like Mr. Smith !’ But I am very fond of Lady Louisa. I think her as well drawn as any character in the book—so fine, so affected, so languishing, and, at the same time, so insolent !”

She then ran on with several of her speeches.

Some time after, she gave Dr. Johnson a letter from Dr. Jebb, concerning one of the gardeners who is very ill. When he had read it, he grumbled violently to himself, and put it away with marks of displeasure.

“What’s the matter, sir ?” said Mrs. Thrale ; “do you find any fault with the letter ?”

“No, madam, the letter’s well enough, if the man knew how to write his own name ; but it moves my indignation to see a

gentleman take pains to appear a tradesman. Mr. Branghton would have written his name with just such beastly flourishes!"

"Ay, well," said Mrs. Thrale, "he is a very agreeable man, and an excellent physician, and a great favourite of mine, and so he is of Miss Burney's."

"Why I have no objection to the man, madam, if he would write his name as he ought to do."

"Well, it does not signify," cried Mrs. Thrale; "but the commercial fashion of writing gains ground every day, for all Miss Burney abuses it, with her Smiths and her Branghtons. Does not the great Mr. Pennant write like a clerk, without any pronouns? and does not everybody flourish their names till nobody can read them?"

After this they talked over a large party of company who are invited to a formal and grand dinner for next Monday, and among others Admiral Montague was mentioned. The doctor, turning to me with a laugh, said:

"You must mark the old sailor, Miss Burney; he'll be a character."

"Ah!" cried Mrs. Thrale, who was going out of the room, "how I wish you would hatch up a comedy between you! Do fall to work!"

A pretty proposal! to be sure, Dr. Johnson would be very proud of such a fellow-labourer!

As soon as we were alone together, he said:

"These are as good people as you can be with; you can go to no better house; they are all good nature; nothing makes them angry."

As I have always heard from my father that every individual at Streatham spends the morning alone, I took the first opportunity of absconding to my own room, and amused myself in writing till I tired. About noon, when I went into the library, book hunting, Mrs. Thrale came to me.

We had a very nice confab about various books, and exchanged opinions and imitations of Baretti; she told me many excellent tales of him, and I, in return, related my stories.

She gave me a long and very interesting account of Dr. Gold-

smith, who was intimately known here; but in speaking of "The Good-natured Man," when I extolled my favourite Croaker, I found that admirable character was a downright theft from Dr. Johnson. Look at the "Rambler," and you will find *Susprius* is the man, and that not merely the idea, but the particulars of the character are all stolen thence!*

While we were yet reading this "Rambler," Dr. Johnson came in: we told him what we were about.

"Ah, madam!" cried he, "Goldsmith was not scrupulous; but he would have been a great man had he known the real value of his own internal resources."

"Miss Burney," said Mrs. Thrale, "is fond of his 'Vicar of Wakefield,' and so am I; don't you like it, sir?"

"No, madam; it is very faulty. There is nothing of real life in it, and very little of nature. It is a mere fanciful performance."

He then seated himself upon a sofa, and calling to me, said, "Come, Evelina—come, and sit by me."

I obeyed, and he took me almost in his arms—that is, one of his arms, for one would go three times, at least, round me—and, half-laughing, half-serious, he charged me to "be a good girl."

"But, my dear," continued he with a very droll look, "what makes you so fond of the Scotch? I don't like you for that; I hate these Scotch, and so must you. I wish Branghton had sent the dog to jail—that Scotch dog, Macartney!"

"Why, sir," said Mrs. Thrale, "don't you remember he says he would, but that he should get nothing by it?"

"Why, ay, true," cried the doctor, see-sawing very solemnly, "that, indeed, is some palliation for his forbearance. But I must not have you so fond of the Scotch, my little Burney; make your hero what you will but a Scotchman. Besides, you write Scotch—you say, 'the one.' My dear, that's not English—never use that phrase again."

"Perhaps," said Mrs. Thrale, "it may be used in Macartney's letter, and then it will be a propriety."

* *Susprius* the Screech Owl. See "Rambler" for Tuesday, October 9 1750

"No, madam, no!" cried he; "you can't make a beauty of it; it is in the third volume; put it in Macartney's letter, and welcome!—that, or anything that is nonsense."

"Why, surely," cried I, "the poor man is used ill enough by the Branghtons!"

"But Branghton," said he, "only hates him because of his wretchedness, poor fellow! But, my dear love, how should he ever have eaten a good dinner before he came to England?"

And then he laughed violently at young Branghton's idea.

"Well," said Mrs. Thrale, "I always liked Macartney; he is a very pretty character, and I took to him, as the folks say."

"Why, madam," answered he, "I like Macartney myself. Yes, poor fellow, I liked the man, but I love not the nation."

And then he proceeded, in a dry manner, to make at once sarcastic reflections on the Scotch, and flattering speeches to me, for Macartney's firing at the national insults of young Branghton; his stubborn resolution in not owning, even to his bosom friend, his wretchedness of poverty; and his fighting at last for the honour of his nation, when he resisted all other provocations, he said, were all extremely well marked.

We stayed with him till just dinner-time, and then we were obliged to run away and dress; but Dr. Johnson called out to me as I went:

"Miss Burney, I must settle that affair of the Scotch with you at our leisure."

At dinner we had the company, or rather the presence, for he did not speak two words, of Mr. E——, the clergyman, I believe, of Streatham. And afterwards Mrs. Thrale took the trouble to go with me to the T——'s.

I could write some tolerable good sport concerning this visit, but that I wish to devote all the time I can snatch for writing to recording what passes here.

We got home late, and had the company of Mr. E——, and, of Mr. Rose Fuller, a young man who lives at Streatham, and, is nephew of the famous Rose Fuller; and whether Dr. Johnson did not like them, or whether he was displeased that we went out, or whether he was not well, I know not; but he

never opened his mouth, except in answer to a question, till he bid us good night.

SATURDAY MORNING.—Dr. Johnson was again all himself; and so civil to me!—even admiring how I dressed myself! Indeed, it is well I have so much of his favour; for it seems he always speaks his mind concerning the dress of ladies, and all ladies who are here obey his injunctions implicitly, and alter whatever he disapproves. This is a part of his character that much surprises me: but notwithstanding he is sometimes so absent, and always so near-sighted, he scrutinizes into every part of almost everybody's appearance. They tell me of a Miss Brown, who often visits here, and who has a slovenly way of dressing. "And when she comes down in a morning," says Mrs. Thrale, "her hair will be all loose, and her cap half off; and then Dr. Johnson, who sees something is wrong, and does not know where the fault is, concludes it is in the cap, and says, 'My dear, what do you wear such a vile cap for?' 'I'll change it, sir,' cries the poor girl, 'if you don't like it.' 'Ay, do,' he says; and away runs poor Miss Brown; but when she gets on another, it's the same thing, for the cap has nothing to do with the fault. And then she wonders that Dr. Johnson should not like the cap, for she thinks it very pretty. And so on with her gown, which he also makes her change; but if the poor girl were to change through all her wardrobe, unless she could put her things on better, he would still find fault."

When Dr. Johnson was gone, she told me of my mother's being obliged to change her dress.

"Now," said she, "Mrs. Burney had on a very pretty linen jacket and coat, and was going to church; but Dr. Johnson, who, I suppose, did not like her in a jacket, saw something was the matter, and so found fault with the linen: and he looked and peered, and then said, 'Why, madam, this won't do! you must not go to church so!' So away went poor Mrs. Burney and changed her gown! And when she had done so, he did not like it, but he did not know why; so he told her she should not wear a black hat and cloak in summer! Oh, how he did bother poor Mrs. Burney! and himself too, for if the things

had been put on to his mind, he would have taken no notice of them."

"Why," said Mr. Thrale, very dryly, "I don't think Mrs. Burney a very good dresser."

"Last time she came," said Mrs. Thrale, "she was in a white cloak, and she told Dr. Johnson she had got her old white cloak scoured on purpose to oblige him! 'Scoured!' says he, 'ay,—have you, madam?'—so he see-sawed, for he could not for shame find fault, but he did not seem to like the scouring."

And now let me try to recollect an account he gave us of certain celebrated ladies of his acquaintance: an account which, had you heard from himself, would have made you die with laughing, his manner is so peculiar, and enforces his humour so originally.

It was begun by Mrs. Thrale's apologizing to him for troubling him with some question she thought trifling—O, I remember! We had been talking of colours, and of the fantastic names given to them, and why the palest lilac should be called a *soupir étouffé*; and when Dr. Johnson came in she applied to him.

"Why, madam," said he, with wonderful readiness, "it is called a stifled sigh because it is checked in its progress, and only half a colour."

I could not help expressing my amazement at his universal readiness upon all subjects, and Mrs. Thrale said to him,

"Sir, Miss Burney wonders at your patience with such stuff; but I tell her you are used to me, for I believe I torment you with more foolish questions than anybody else dares do."

"No, madam," said he, "you don't torment me;—you tease me, indeed, sometimes."

"Ay, so I do, Dr. Johnson, and I wonder you bear with my nonsense."

"No, madam, you never talk nonsense; you have as much sense, and more wit, than any woman I know!"

"Oh," cried Mrs. Thrale, blushing, "it is my turn to go under the table this morning, Miss Burney!"

"And yet," continued the doctor, with the most comical look, "I have known all the wits, from Mrs. Montagu * down to Bet Flint!"

"Bet Flint!" cried Mrs. Thrale; "pray who is she?"

"Oh, a fine character, madam! She was habitually a slut and a drunkard, and occasionally a thief and a harlot."

"And, for Heaven's sake, how came you to know her?"

"Why, madam, she figured in the literary world, too! Bet Flint wrote her own life, and called herself Cassandra, and it was in verse;—it began:

‘When Nature first ordain’d my birth,
A diminutive I was born on earth:
And then I came from a dark abode,
Into a gay and gaudy world.’

So Bet brought me her verses to correct; but I gave her half-a-crown, and she liked it as well. Bet had a fine spirit; she advertised for a husband, but she had no success, for she told me no man aspired to her! Then she hired very handsome lodgings and a footboy; and she got a harpsichord, but Bet could not play; however, she put herself in fine attitudes, and drummed."

Then he gave an account of another of these geniuses, who called herself by some fine name, I have forgotten what.

"She had not quite the same stock of virtue," continued he, "nor the same stock of honesty as Bet Flint; but I suppose she envied her accomplishments, for she was so little moved by the power of harmony, that while Bet Flint thought she was drumming very divinely, the other jade had her indicted for a nuisance!"

"And pray what became of her, sir?"

"Why, madam, she stole a quilt from the man of the house, and he had her taken up: but Bet Flint had a spirit not to be subdued; so when she found herself obliged to go to jail, she ordered a sedan-chair, and bid her footboy walk before her. However, the boy proved refractory, for he was ashamed, though his mistress was not."

* Writer of the celebrated "Essay on the Genius and Learning of Shakespeare."

"And did she ever get out of jail again, sir?"

"Yes, madam; when she came to her trial, the judge acquitted her. 'So now,' she said to me, 'the quilt is my own and now I'll make a petticoat of it.' Oh, I loved Bet Flint!"

Oh, how we all laughed! Then he gave an account of another lady, who called herself Laurinda, and who also wrote verses and stole furniture; but he had not the same affection for her, he said, though she too "was a lady who had high notions of honour."

Then followed the history of another, who called herself Hortensia, and who walked up and down the park repeating a book of Virgil.

"But," said he, "though I know her story, I never had the good fortune to see her."

After this he gave us an account of the famous Mrs. Pinkethman; "And she," he said, "told me she owed all her misfortunes to her wit; for she was so unhappy as to marry a man who thought himself also a wit, though I believe she gave him not implicit credit for it, but it occasioned much contradiction and ill-will."

"Bless me, sir!" cried Mrs. Thrale, "how can all these vagabonds contrive to get at *you*, of all people?"

"O the dear creatures!" cried he, laughing heartily, "I can't but be glad to see them!"

"Why I wonder, sir, you never went to see Mrs. Rudd * among the rest?"

"Why, madam, I believe I should," said he, "if it was not for the newspapers; but I am prevented many frolics that I should like very well since I am become such a theme for the papers."

Now would you ever have imagined this? Bet Flint, it seems, once took Kitty Fisher to see him, but to his no little regret he

* Margaret Caroline Rudd was celebrated only for having been connected with two brothers, named Perrean, in committing a forgery, for which they were both executed, she having betrayed and borne witness against them. The curiosity which she excited at this period no doubt arose from its being studiously spread abroad by the friends of her victims, that they had been dupes and instruments in her hands.

was not at home. "And Mrs. Williams," he added, "did not love Bet Flint, but Bet Flint made herself very easy about that."

How Mr. Crisp would have enjoyed this account! He gave it all with so droll a solemnity, and it was all so unexpected, that Mrs. Thrale and I were both almost equally diverted.

STREATHAM, AUGUST 26.—My opportunities for writing grow less and less, and my materials more and more. After breakfast I have scarcely a moment that I can spare all day.

Mrs. Thrale I like more and more. Of all the people I have ever seen since I came into this "gay and gaudy world," I never before saw the person who so strongly resembles our dear father. I find the likeness perpetually; she has the same natural liveliness, the same general benevolence, the same rare union of gaiety and of feeling in her disposition.

And so kind is she to me! She told me, at first, that I should have all my mornings to myself, and therefore I have actually studied to avoid her, lest I should be in her way; but since the first morning she seeks me, sits with me, saunters with me in the park, or compares notes over books in the library; and her conversation is delightful; it is so entertaining, so gay, so enlivening, when she is in spirits, and so intelligent and instructive when she is otherwise, that I almost as much wish to record all she says, as all Dr. Johnson says.

Proceed—no! Go back, my muse, to Thursday.

Dr. Johnson came home to dinner.

In the evening he was as lively and full of wit and sport as I have ever seen him; and Mrs. Thrale and I had him quite to ourselves; for Mr. Thrale came in from giving an election dinner (to which he sent two bucks and six pine-apples) so tired, that he neither opened his eyes nor mouth, but fell fast asleep. Indeed, after tea he generally does.

Dr. Johnson was very communicative concerning his present work of the "Lives of the Poets"; Dryden is now in the press, and he told us he had been just writing a dissertation upon "Hudibras."

He gave us an account of Mrs. Lennox.* Her "Female Quixote" is very justly admired here. But Mrs. Thrale says, that though her books are generally approved, nobody likes her. I find she, among others, waited on Dr. Johnson upon her commencing writer, and he told us that, at her request, he carried her to Richardson.

"Poor Charlotte Lennox!" continued he; "when we came to the house, she desired me to leave her, 'for,' says she, 'I am under great restraint in your presence; but if you leave me alone with Richardson, I'll give you a very good account of him:' however, I fear poor Charlotte was disappointed, for she gave me no account at all."

He then told us of two little productions of our Mr. Harris, which we read; they are very short and very clever: one is called "Fashion," the other "Much Ado," and they are both of them full of a sportive humour that I had not suspected to belong to Mr. Harris, the learned grammarian.†

Some time after, turning suddenly to me, he said, "Miss Burney, what sort of reading do you delight in? History, travels, poetry, or romances?"

"O sir!" cried I, "I dread being catechised by you. I dare not make any answer, for I fear whatever I should say would be wrong!"

"Whatever you should say—how's that?"

"Why, not whatever I should, but whatever I could say."

He laughed, and to my great relief spared me any further questions upon the subject. Indeed, I was very happy I had the presence of mind to evade him as I did, for I am sure the

* Mrs. Charlotte Lennox was a native of New York, of which her father, Colonel James Ramsay, was governor. She wrote several novels, of which the "Female Quixote" is the best known. She fell into penury during the latter part of her life, and was for some years dependent on the Literary Fund Society. She died in 1804.

† James Harris was a writer of much learning and research. He was nephew to Lord Shaftesbury, author of the "Characteristics." The reputation of Harris rests chiefly on his "Hermes; or, a Philosophical Enquiry into Universal Grammar." He became Member of Parliament in 1761, and was soon afterwards appointed a Lord of the Admiralty, and subsequently a Lord of the Treasury, &c. He died in 1786.

examination which would have followed, had I made any direct answer, would have turned out sorely to my discredit.

"Do you remember, sir," said Mrs. Thrale, "how you tormented poor Miss Brown about reading?"

"She might soon be tormented, madam," answered he, "for I am not yet quite clear she knows what a book is."

"Oh for shame!" cried Mrs. Thrale; "she reads not only English, but French and Italian. She was in Italy a great while."

"Pho!" exclaimed he; "Italian, indeed! Do you think she knows as much Italian as Rose Fuller does English?"

"Well, well," said Mrs. Thrale, "Rose Fuller is a very good young man, for all he has not much command of language, and though he is silly enough, yet I like him very well, for there is no manner of harm in him."

Then she told me that he once said, "Dr. Johnson's conversation is so instructive, that I'll ask him a question. 'Pray, sir, what is Palmyra? I have often heard of it, but never knew what it was.' 'Palmyra, sir?' said the doctor; 'why, it is a hill in Ireland, situated in a bog, and has palm-trees at the top, whence it is called Palm-mire.'"

Whether or not he swallowed this account, I know not yet.*

"But Miss Brown," continued she, "is by no means such a simpleton as Dr. Johnson supposes her to be; she is not very deep, indeed, but she is a sweet, and a very ingenuous girl, and nobody admired Miss Streatfield more. But she made a more foolish speech to Dr. Johnson than she would have done to anybody else, because she was so frightened and embarrassed that she knew not what she said. He asked her some question about reading, and she did, to be sure, make a very silly answer; but

* Mrs. Thrale (then Mrs. Piozzi), in relating this story, after Johnson's death, in her "Anecdotes" of him, adds: "Seeing, however, that the lad" (whom she does not name, but calls a "young fellow") "thought him serious, and thanked him for his information, he undeceived him very gently indeed; told him the history, geography, and chronology of Tadmor in the Wilderness, with every incident that literature could furnish, I think, or eloquence express, from the building of Solomon's palace to the voyage of Dawkins and Wood."

she was so perplexed and bewildered, that she hardly knew where she was, and so she said the beginning of a book was as good as the end, or the end as good as the beginning, or some such stuff; and Dr. Johnson told her of it so often, saying, 'Well, my dear, which part of a book do you like best now?' that poor Fanny Brown burst into tears!"

"I am sure I should have compassion for her," cried I; "for nobody would be more likely to have blundered out such, or any such speech, from fright and terror."

"You?" cried Dr. Johnson. "No; you are another thing; she who could draw Smiths and Branghtons, is quite another thing."

Mrs. Thrale then told some other stories of his degrading opinion of us poor fair sex; I mean in general, for in particular he does them noble justice. Among others was a Mrs. Somebody who spent a day here once, and of whom he asked, "Can she read?"

"Yes, to be sure," answered Mrs. Thrale; "we have been reading together this afternoon."

"And what book did you get for her?"

"Why, what happened to lie in the way—'Hogarth's Analysis of Beauty.'"

"'Hogarth's Analysis of Beauty!' What made you choose that?"

"Why, sir, what would you have had me take?"

"What she could have understood—'Cow-hide,' or 'Cinderella.'"

"Oh Dr. Johnson!" cried I; "'tis not for nothing you are feared!"

"Oh, you're a rogue!" cried he, laughing, "and they would fear *you* if they knew you!"

"That they would," said Mrs. Thrale; "but she's so shy they don't suspect her. Miss P—— gave her an account of all her dress, to entertain her, t'other night! To be sure she was very lucky to fix on Miss Burney for such conversation! But I have been telling her she must write a comedy; I am sure nobody could do it better. Is it not true, Dr. Johnson?"

I would fain have stopped her, but she was not to be stopped, and ran on saying such fine things! though we had almost a struggle together; and she said at last:

"Well, authors may say what they will of modesty; but I believe Miss Burney is really modest about her book, for her colour comes and goes every time it is mentioned."

I then escaped to look for a book which we had been talking of, and Dr. Johnson, when I returned to my seat, said he wished Richardson had been alive.

"And then," he added, "she should have been introduced to him—though I don't know neither—Richardson would have been afraid of her."

"O yes! that's a likely matter," quoth I.

"It's very true," continued he; "Richardson would have been really afraid of her; there is merit in 'Evelina' which he could not have borne. No; it would not have done! unless, indeed, she would have flattered him prodigiously. Harry Fielding, too, would have been afraid of her; there is nothing so delicately finished in all Harry Fielding's works as in 'Evelina!'" Then, shaking his head at me, he exclaimed, "O, you little character-monger, you!"

Mrs. Thrale then returned to her charge, and again urged me about a comedy; and again I tried to silence her, and we had a fine fight together; till she called upon Dr. Johnson to back her.

"Why, madam," said he, laughing, "she *is* writing one. What a rout is here, indeed! she is writing one up stairs all the time. Who ever knew when she began 'Evelina?' She is working at some drama, depend upon it."

"True, true, O king!" thought I.

"Well, that will be a sly trick!" cried Mrs. Thrale: "however, you know best, I believe, about that, as well as about every other thing."

FRIDAY was a very full day. In the morning, we began talking of "Irene," and Mrs. Thrale made Dr. Johnson read some passages which I had been remarking as uncommonly applicable to the present times. He read several speeches, and told us he had not ever read so much of it before since it was first printed.

"Why, there is no making you read a play," said Mrs. Thrale, "either of your own, or any other person. What trouble had I to make you hear Murphy's 'Know your own Mind!' 'Read rapidly, read rapidly,' you cried, and then took out your watch to see how long I was about it! Well, we won't serve Miss Burney so, sir; when we have her comedy we will do it all justice."

Murphy, it seems, is a very great favourite here; he has been acquainted intimately with Mr. Thrale from both their boyhoods, and Mrs. Thrale is very partial to him. She told me therefore, in a merry way, that though she wished me to excel Cumberland, and all other dramatic writers, yet she would not wish me better than her old friend Murphy. I begged her, however, to be perfectly easy, and assured her I would take care not to eclipse him!

At noon Mrs. Thrale took me with her to Kensington, to see her little daughters Susan and Sophia, who are at school there. They are sweet little girls.

When we were dressed for dinner, and went into the parlour, we had the agreeable surprise of seeing Mr. Seward there. I say agreeable, for notwithstanding our acquaintance began in a manner so extremely unpleasant to me, there is something of drollery, good sense, intelligence, and archness in this young man, that have not merely reconciled me to him, but brought me over to liking him vastly.

There was also Mr. Lort, who is reckoned one of the most learned men alive, and is also a collector of curiosities, alike in literature and natural history. His manners are somewhat blunt and odd, and he is altogether out of the common road, without having chosen a better path.

The day was passed most agreeably. In the evening we had, as usual, a literary conversation. I say we, only because Mrs. Thrale will make me take some share, by perpetually applying to me; and, indeed, there can be no better house for rubbing up the memory, as I hardly ever read, saw, or heard of any book that by some means or other has not been mentioned here.

Mr. Lort produced several curious MSS. of the famous Bristol

Chatterton ; among others, his will, and divers verses written against Dr. Johnson, as a placeman and pensioner ; all which he read aloud, with a steady voice and unmoved countenance.

I was astonished at him ; Mrs. Thrale not much pleased ; Mr. Thrale silent and attentive ; and Mr. Seward was silyly laughing. Dr. Johnson himself listened profoundly, and laughed openly. Indeed, I believe he wishes his abusers no other thing than a good dinner, like Pope.

Just as we had got our biscuits and toast-and-water, which make the Streatham supper, and which, indeed, is all there is any chance of eating after our late and great dinners, Mr. Lort suddenly said :

“Pray, ma’am, have you heard anything of a novel that runs about a good deal, called ‘Evelina?’”

What a ferment did this question, before such a set, put me in !

I did not know whether he spoke to me or Mrs. Thrale ; and Mrs. Thrale was in the same doubt, and as she owned, felt herself in a little palpitation for me, not knowing what might come next. Between us both, therefore, he had no answer.

“It has been recommended to me,” continued he ; “but I have no great desire to see it, because it has such a foolish name. Yet I have heard a great deal of it, too.”

He then repeated “Evelina”—in a very languishing and ridiculous tone.

My heart beat so quick against my stays that I almost panted with extreme agitation, from the dread either of hearing some horrible criticism, or of being betrayed : and I munched my biscuit as if I had not eaten for a fortnight.

I believe the whole party were in some little consternation ; Dr. Johnson began see-sawing ; Mr. Thrale awoke ; Mr. E——, who I fear has picked up some notion of the affair from being so much in the house, grinned amazingly ; and Mr. Seward, biting his nails and flinging himself back in his chair, I am sure had wickedness enough to enjoy the whole scene

Mrs. Thrale was really a little fluttered, but without looking at me, said :

"And pray what, Mr. Lort—what have you heard of it?"

"Why they say," answered he, "that it's an account of a young lady's first entrance into company, and of the scrapes she gets into; and they say there's a great deal of character in it, but I have not cared to look in it, because the name is so foolish—'Evelina!'"

"Why foolish, sir?" cried Dr. Johnson. "Where's the folly of it?"

"Why, I won't say much for the name, myself," said Mrs. Thrale, "to those who don't know the reason of it, which I found out, but which nobody else seems to know."

She then explained the name from Evelyn, according to my own meaning.

"Well," said Dr. Johnson, "if that was the reason, it is a very good one."

"Why, have you had the book here?" cried Mr. Lort, staring.

"Ay, indeed, have we," said Mrs. Thrale; "I read it when I was last confined, and I laughed over it, and I cried over it!"

"O ho!" said Mr. Lort, "this is another thing! If you have had it here, I will certainly read it."

"Had it? ay," returned she; "and Dr. Johnson, who would not look at it at first, was so caught by it when I put it in the coach with him, that he has sung its praises ever since—and he says Richardson would have been proud to have written it."

"O ho! this is a good hearing!" cried Mr. Lort; "if Dr. Johnson can read it, I shall get it with all speed."

"You need not go far for it," said Mrs. Thrale, "for it's now upon yonder table."

I could sit still no longer; there was something so awkward, so uncommon, so strange in my then situation, that I wished myself a hundred miles off; and indeed, I had almost choked myself with the biscuit, for I could not for my life swallow it; and so I got up, and, as Mr. Lort went to the table to look for "Evelina," I left the room, and was forced to call for water to wash down the biscuit, which literally stuck in my throat.

I heartily wished Mr. Lort at Jerusalem. Notwithstanding

all this may read as nothing, because all that was said was in my favour, yet at the time, when I knew not what might be said, I suffered the most severe trepidation.

I did not much like going back, but the moment I recovered breath, I resolved not to make bad worse by staying longer away: but at the door of the room I met Mrs. Thrale, who, asking me if I would have some water, took me into a back room, and burst into a hearty fit of laughter.

"This is very good sport!" cried she; "the man is as innocent about the matter as a child, and we shall hear what he says to it to-morrow at breakfast. I made a sign to Dr. Johnson and Seward not to tell him."

When she found I was not in a humour to think it such good sport as she did, she grew more serious, and taking my hand kindly, said:

"May you never, Miss Burney, know any other pain than that of hearing yourself praised! and I am sure *that* you must often feel."

When we returned, to my great joy, they were talking of other subjects; yet I could not sufficiently recover myself the whole evening to speak one word but in answer.

When Mrs. Thrale and I retired, she not only, as usual, accompanied me to my room, but stayed with me at least an hour, talking over the affair. I seized with eagerness this favourable opportunity of conjuring her not merely not to tell Mr. Lort my secret, but ever after never to tell anybody. For a great while she only laughed, saying:

"Poor Miss Burney! so you thought just to have played and sported with your sisters and cousins, and had it all your own way; but now you are in for it! But if you will be an author and a wit, you must take the consequences!"

But when she found me seriously urgent, and really frightened, she changed her note, and said,

"Oh, if I find you are in earnest in desiring concealment, I shall quite scold you; for if such a desire does not proceed from affectation, 'tis from something worse."

"No, indeed," cried I, "not from affectation; for my conduct

has been as uniform in trying to keep snug as my words ; and I never have wavered : I never have told anybody out of my own family, nor half the bodies in it. And I have so long forborne making this request to you, for no other reason in the world but for fear you should think me affected."

"Well, I won't suspect you of affectation," returned she—"nay, I can't, for you have looked like your namesake in the 'Clandestine Marriage,' all this evening, 'of fifty colours, I wow and purtest;' but when I clear you of that, I leave something worse."

"And what, dear madam, what can be worse?"

"Why, an over-delicacy that may make you unhappy all your life. Indeed you must check it—you must get the better of it : for why should you write a book, print a book, and have everybody read and like your book, and then sneak in a corner and disown it!"

"My printing it, indeed," said I, "tells terribly against me to all who are unacquainted with the circumstances that belonged to it ; but I had so little notion of being discovered, and was so well persuaded that the book would never be heard of, that I really thought myself as safe, and meant to be as private, when the book was at Mr. Lowndes's, as when it was in my own bureau."

"Well, I don't know what we shall do with you ! But indeed you must blunt a little of this delicacy, for the book has such success, that if you don't own it, somebody else will!"

Yet notwithstanding all her advice, and all her encouragement, I was so much agitated by the certainty of being known as a scribbler, that I was really ill all night, and could not sleep.

When Mrs. Thrale came to me the next morning, she was quite concerned to find I had really suffered from my panics.

"O ! Miss Burney," cried she, "what shall we do with you ? This must be conquered ; indeed this delicacy must be got over?"

"Don't call it delicacy," cried I, "when I know you only think it folly."

"Why, indeed," said she, laughing, "it is not very wise!"

"Well," cried I, "if, indeed, I am in for it, why I must seriously set about reconciling myself—yet I never can!"

"We all love you," said the sweet woman, "we all love you dearly already; but the time will come when we shall all be proud of you—so proud, we shall not know where to place you! You must set about a comedy; and set about it openly; it is the true style of writing for you: but you must give up all these fears and this shyness; you must do it without any disadvantages; and we will have no more of such sly, sneaking, private ways!"

In short, had I been the child of this delightful woman, she could not have taken more pains to reconcile me to my situation: even when she laughed, she contrived, by her manner, still to reassure or to soothe me.

* * * * *

Dr. Johnson was later than usual this morning, and did not come down till our breakfast was over, and Mrs. Thrale had risen to give some orders, I believe: I, too, rose, and took a book at another end of the room. Some time after, before he had yet appeared, Mr. Thrale called out to me,

"So, Miss Burney, you have a mind to feel your legs before the doctor comes?"

"Why so?" cried Mr. Lort.

"Why, because when he comes she will be confined."

"Ay?—how is that?"

"Why he never lets her leave him, but keeps her prisoner till he goes to his own room."

"Oh, ho!" cried Mr. Lort, "she is in great favour with him."

"Yes," said Mr. Seward, "and I think he shows his taste."

"I did not know," said Mr. Lort, "but he might keep her to help him in his 'Lives of the Poets,' if she's so clever."

"And yet," said Mrs. Thrale, "Miss Burney never flatters him, though she is such a favourite with him;—but the tables are turned, for he sits and flatters her all day long."

"I don't flatter him," said I, "because nothing I could say would flatter him."

Mrs. Thrale then told a story of Hannah More, which I think

exceeds, in its severity, all the severe things I have yet heard of Dr. Johnson's saying.

When she was introduced to him, not long ago, she began singing his praise in the warmest manner, and talking of the pleasure and the instruction she had received from his writings, with the highest encomiums. For some time he heard her with that quietness which a long use of praise has given him : she then redoubled her strokes, and, as Mr. Seward calls it, peppered still more highly : till, at length, he turned suddenly to her, with a stern and angry countenance, and said, "Madam, before you flatter a man so grossly to his face, you should consider whether or not your flattery is worth his having."

Mr. Seward then told another instance of his determination not to mince the matter, when he thought reproof at all deserved. During a visit of Miss Brown's to Streatham, he was inquiring of her several things that she could not answer ; and as he held her so cheap in regard to books, he began to question her concerning domestic affairs,—puddings, pies, plain work, and so forth. Miss Brown, not at all more able to give a good account of herself in these articles than in the others, began all her answers with "Why, sir, one need not be obliged to do so,—or so," whatever was the thing in question. When he had finished his interrogatories, and she had finished her "need nots," he ended the discourse with saying, "As to your needs, my dear, they are so very many, that you would be frightened yourself if you knew half of them."

CHAPTER III.

Anecdotes of Johnson—A Dinner at Streatham—Sir Joshua Reynolds—Mystification—Dr. Calvert—Mrs. Cholmondeley—Edmund Burke—His Opinion of “Evelina”—Mrs. Montagu—Dr. Johnson’s Household—A Collection of Oddities—A Poor Scholar—The Lives of the Poets—Visit of Mrs. Montagu to Streatham—Johnson’s Opinion of her—Character of Johnson’s Conversation—His Compliments and Rebuffs—Table-talk of Johnson, Mrs. Montagu and Mrs. Thrale—The value of Critical Abuse—Dr. Johnson’s severe Speeches—“Civil for Four”—Dr. Johnson and Goldsmith—Dr. Jebb—Matchmaking—Critics and Authors—Letter from Mr. Crisp—Mr. Seward—A Grand Dinner at Streatham—High Heels—Table-talk—The Distinctions of Rank—Irene—Hannah More—Her Play—Letter from Mr. Crisp—How to write a Comedy.

AFTER breakfast on Friday, or yesterday, a curious trait occurred of Dr. Johnson’s jocosity. It was while the talk ran so copiously upon their urgency that I should produce a comedy. While Mrs. Thrale was in the midst of her flattering persuasions, the doctor, see-sawing in his chair, began laughing to himself so heartily as to almost shake his seat as well as his sides. We stopped our confabulation, in which he had ceased to join, hoping he would reveal the subject of his mirth; but he enjoyed it inwardly, without heeding our curiosity,—till at last he said he had been struck with a notion that “Miss Burney would begin her dramatic career by writing a piece called ‘Streatham.’”

He paused, and laughed yet more cordially, and then, suddenly commanded a pomposity to his countenance and his voice, and added—“Yes! ‘Streatham—a Farce!’”

STREATHAM, SEPTEMBER.—Our journey hither proved, as it promised, most sociably cheerful, and Mrs. Thrale opened still further upon the subject she began in St. Martin’s-street, of Dr.

Johnson's kindness towards me. To be sure, she saw it was not totally disagreeable to me; though I was really astounded when she hinted at my becoming a rival to Miss Streatfield in the doctor's good graces.

"I had a long letter," she said, "from Sophy Streatfield t'other day, and she sent Dr. Johnson her elegant edition of the 'Classics;' but when he had read the letter, he said, 'She is a sweet creature, and I love her much, but my little Burney writes a better letter.' Now," continued she, "that is just what I wished him to say of you both."

We had no company all day; but Mr. Thrale, being in much better spirits than when I was here last, joined in the conversation, and we were mighty agreeable. But he has taken it into his head to insist upon it that I am a spouter. To be sure, I can't absolutely deny the fact; but yet I am certain he never had any reason to take such a notion. However, he has repeatedly asked me to read a tragedy to him, and insists upon it that I should do it marvellous well; and when I ask him why, he says I have such a marking face. However, I told him I would as soon act to Mr. Garrick, or try attitudes to Sir Joshua Reynolds, as read to anybody at Streatham.

The next morning, after church, I took a stroll round the grounds, and was followed by Miss Thrale, with a summons into the parlour, to see Miss Brown. I willingly obeyed it, for I wished much to have a peep at her.

She is very like the Duchess of Devonshire, only less handsome; and, as I expected, seems a gay, careless, lively, good-humoured girl. She came on horseback, and stayed but a short time.

Our Monday's intended great party was very small, for people are so dispersed at present in various quarters, that nothing is more difficult than to get them together. In the list of invitations were included Mr. Garrick, Sir Richard Jebb, Mr. Lort, Mr. Seward, Miss Brown, and Mr. Murphy,—all of whom were absent from town: we had, therefore, only Sir Joshua Reynolds, the two Miss Palmers,* Dr. Calvert, Mr. Rose Fuller, and Lady Ladd. Dr. Johnson did not return.

* Nieces of Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Sir Joshua I am much pleased with : I like his countenance, and I like his manners ; the former I think expressive, soft, and sensible ; the latter gentle, unassuming, and engaging.

The eldest Miss Palmer seems to have a better understanding than Offy ; but Offy has the most pleasing face. Dr. Calvert I did not see enough of to think about.

The dinner, in quantity as well as quality, would have sufficed for forty people. Sir Joshua said, when the dessert appeared, "Now if all the company should take a fancy to the same dish, there would be sufficient for all the company from any one."

After dinner, as usual, we strolled out : I ran first into the hall for my cloak, and Mrs. Thrale, running after me, said in a low voice,—

"If you are taxed with 'Evelina,' don't own it ; I intend to say it is mine, for sport's sake."

You may think how much I was surprised, and how readily I agreed not to own it ; but I could ask no questions, for the two Miss Palmers followed close, saying,—

"Now pray, ma'am, tell us who it is."

"No, no," cried Mrs. Thrale ; "who it is you must find out ; I have told you that you dined with the author ; but the rest you must make out as you can."

Miss Thrale began tittering violently, but I entreated her not to betray me ; and, as soon as I could, I got Mrs. Thrale to tell me what all this meant. She then acquainted me that when she first came into the parlour she found them all busy in talking of "Evelina," and heard that Sir Joshua had declared he would give fifty pounds to know the author !

"Well," said Mrs. Thrale, "thus much, then, I will tell you ; the author will dine with you to-day."

They were then all distracted to know the party.

"Why," said she, "we shall have Dr. Calvert, Lady Ladd, Rose Fuller, and Miss Burney."

"Miss Burney ?" quoth they, "which Miss Burney ?"

"Why, the eldest, Miss Fanny Burney ; and so out of this list you must make out the author."

I shook my head at her, but begged her, at least, to go no further.

"No, no," cried she, laughing, "leave me alone; the fun will be to make them think it mine."

However, as I learnt at night, when they were gone, Sir Joshua was so very importunate with Mr. Thrale, and attacked him with such eagerness, that he made him confess who it was, as soon as the ladies retired.

Well, to return to our walk. The Miss Palmers grew more and more urgent.

"Did we, indeed," said the eldest, "dine with the author of 'Evelina?'"

"Yes, in good truth did you."

"Why then, ma'am, it was yourself!"

"I shan't tell you whether it was or not; but were there not other people at dinner besides me? What think you of Dr. Calvert?"

"Dr. Calvert? no, no; I am sure it was not he: besides, they say it was certainly written by a woman."

"By a woman? nay, then, is not here Lady Ladd, and Miss Burney, and Hester?"

"Lady Ladd I am sure it was not, nor could it be Miss Thrale's. O ma'am! I begin to think it was really yours! Now, was it not, Mrs. Thrale?"

Mrs. Thrale only laughed. Lady Ladd, coming suddenly behind me, put her hands on my shoulders, and whispered,—

"Shall I tell?"

"Tell?—tell what?" cried I, amazed.

"Why, whose it is!"

"O ma'am," cried I, "who has been so wicked as to tell your ladyship?"

"Oh, no matter for that; I have known it some time."

I entreated her, however, to keep counsel, though I could not forbear expressing my surprise and chagrin.

"A lady of our acquaintance," said Miss Palmer, "Mrs. Cholmondeley, went herself to the printer, but he would not tell."

"Would he not?" cried Mrs. Thrale; "why, then he's an honest man."

"Oh, is he so?—nay, then, it is certainly Mrs. Thrale's!"

"Well, well, I told you before I should not deny it."

"Miss Burney," said she, "pray do you deny it?" in a voice that seemed to say—I must ask round, though rather from civility than suspicion.

"Me?" cried I, "oh no: if nobody else will deny it, why should I? It does not seem the fashion to deny it."

"No, in truth," cried she; "I believe nobody would think of denying it that could claim it, for it is the sweetest book in the world. My uncle could not go to bed till he had finished it, and he says he is sure he shall make love to the author, if ever he meets with her, and it should really be a woman!"

"Dear madam," cried Miss Offy, "I am sure *it* was you; but why will you not own it at once?"

"I shall neither own nor deny anything about it."

"A gentleman whom we know very well," said Miss Palmer, "when he could learn nothing at the printer's, took the trouble to go all about Snow-hill, to see if he could find any silversmith's."

"Well, he was a cunning creature!" said Mrs. Thrale; "but Dr. Johnson's favourite is Mr. Smith."

"So he is of everybody," answered she; "he and all that family: everybody says such a family never was drawn before. But Mrs. Cholmondeley's favourite is Madame Duval; she acts her from morning to night, and *ma-foi's* everybody she sees. But though we all want so much to know the author, both Mrs. Cholmondeley and my uncle himself say they should be frightened to death to be in her company, because she must be such a very nice observer, that there would be no escaping her with safety."

What strange ideas are taken from mere book-reading! But what follows gave me the highest delight I can feel.

"Mr. Burke," she continued, "dotes on it: he began it one morning at seven o'clock, and could not leave it a moment; he sat up all night reading it. He says he has not seen such a book he can't tell when."

Mrs. Thrale gave me involuntarily a look of congratulation, and could not forbear exclaiming, "How glad she was Mr. Burke approved it!" This served to confirm the Palmers in their mistake, and they now, without further questioning, quietly and unaffectedly concluded the book to be really Mrs. Thrale's; and Miss Palmer said:

"Indeed, ma'am, you ought to write a novel every year: nobody can write like you!"

Not long after, the party broke up, and they took leave.

I had no conversation with Sir Joshua all day; but I found myself much more an object of attention to him than I wished to be; and he several times spoke to me, though he did not make love!

When they rose to take leave, Miss Palmer, with the air of asking the greatest of favours, hoped to see me when I returned to town; and Sir Joshua, approaching me with the most profound respect, inquired how long I should remain at Streatham? A week, I believed: and then he hoped, when I left it, they should have the honour of seeing me in Leicester-square.

In short, the joke is, the people speak as if they were afraid of me, instead of my being afraid of them. It seems, when they got to the door, Miss Palmer said to Mrs. Thrale:

"Ma'am, so it's Miss Burney after all!"

"Ay, sure," answered she; "who should it be?"

"Ah! why did not you tell us sooner?" said Offy, "that we might have had a little talk about it?"

Here, therefore, end all my hopes of secrecy! I take leave of them with the utmost regret; and though never yet was any scribbler drawn more honourably, more creditably, more partially into notice, I nevertheless cannot persuade myself to rejoice in the loss of my dear old obscurity.

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Tuesday morning, Mrs. Thrale asked me if I did not want to see Mrs. Montagu? I truly said, I should be the most insensible of all animals, not to like to see our sex's glory.

"Well," said she, "we'll try to make you see her. Sir Joshua says she is in town, and I will write and ask her here. I wish you to see her of all things."

Mrs. Thrale wrote her note before breakfast.

I had a great deal of private confab afterwards with Lady Ladd and Miss Thrale concerning Miss Streatfield: I find she is by no means a favourite with either of them, though she is half adored by Mr. and Mrs. Thrale, and by Dr. Johnson. And Lady

Ladd, among other things, mentioned her being here once when Mrs. Montagu came, and blamed Mrs. Thrale for making much of her before Mrs. Montagu; "who," she added, "has no notion of any girl acquaintance, and, indeed, makes a point of only cultivating people of consequence."

I determined, in my own mind, to make use of this hint, and keep myself as much out of her way as I could. Indeed, at any rate, a woman of such celebrity in the literary world would be the last I should covet to converse with, though one of the first I should wish to listen to.

Lady Ladd went to town before dinner. Her ladyship is immensely civil to me, and we are mighty facetious together. I find she has really some drollery about her, when she lays aside her dignity and stateliness, and is very fond of jocoseness, to which she contributes her part much better than I first imagined she could.

An answer came from Mrs. Montagu at noon. Mrs. Thrale gave it me to read; it was in a high strain of *politesse*, expressed equal admiration and regard for Mrs. Thrale, and accepted her invitation for the next day. But what was my surprise to read, at the bottom of the letter, "I have not yet seen 'Evelina,' but will certainly get it, and if it should not happen to please me, the disgrace must be mine, not the author's."

"Oh ma'am," cried I, "what does this mean?"

"Why only," said she, "that in my letter this morning, I said, Have you seen the new work called 'Evelina?' it was written by an amiable young friend of mine, and I wish much to know your opinion of it; for if you should not approve it, what signifies the approbation of a Johnson, a Burke, &c.?"

Before dinner, to my great joy, Dr. Johnson returned home from Warley Common. I followed Mrs. Thrale into the library to see him, and he is so near-sighted, that he took me for Miss Streatfield, but he did not welcome me less kindly when he found his mistake, which Mrs. Thrale made known by saying—"No, 'tis Miss Streatfield's rival, Miss Burney."

At tea-time the subject turned upon the domestic economy of Dr. Johnson's own household. Mrs. Thrale has often acquainted

me that his house is quite filled and over-run with all sorts of strange creatures, whom he admits for mere charity, and because no one else will admit them,—for his charity is unbounded,—or, rather, bounded only by his circumstances.

The account he gave of the adventures and absurdities of the set was highly diverting, but too diffused for writing,—though one or two speeches I must give. I think I shall occasionally theatricalize my dialogues,

Mrs. Thrale : Pray, sir, how does Mrs. Williams like all this tribe ?

Dr. Johnson : Madam, she does not like them at all ; but their fondness for her is not greater. She and Desmoulins quarrel incessantly ; but as they can both be occasionally of service to each other, and as neither of them have any other place to go to, their animosity does not force them to separate.

Mrs. Thrale : And pray, sir, what is Mr. Macbean ?

Dr. Johnson : Madam, he is a Scotchman ; he is a man of great learning, and for his learning I respect him, and I wish to serve him. He knows many languages, and knows them well ; but he knows nothing of life. I advised him to write a geographical dictionary ; but I have lost all hopes of his ever doing anything properly, since I found he gave as much labour to Capua as to Rome.

Mr. Thrale : And pray who is clerk of your kitchen, sir ?

Dr. Johnson : Why, sir, I am afraid there is none ; a general anarchy prevails in my kitchen, as I am told by Mr. Levett, who says it is not now what it used to be !

Mrs. Thrale : Mr. Levett, I suppose, sir, has the office of keeping the hospital in health ? for he is an apothecary.

Dr. Johnson : Levett, madam, is a brutal fellow, but I have a good regard for him ; for his brutality is in his manners, not his mind.*

Mr. Thrale : But how do you get your dinners dressed ?

Dr. Johnson : Why Desmoulins has the chief management of the kitchen ; but our roasting is not magnificent, for we have no jack.

* See the beautiful verses afterwards written by Johnson in memory of him.

Mr. Thrale : No jack ? Why how do they manage without ?

Dr. Johnson : Small joints, I believe, they manage with a string, and larger are done at the tavern. I have some thoughts (*with a profound gravity*) of buying a jack, because I think a jack is some credit to a house.

Mr. Thrale : Well, but you'll have a spit, too ?

Dr. Johnson : No, sir, no ; that would be superfluous ; for we shall never use it ; and if a jack is seen, a spit will be presumed !

Mrs. Thrale : But pray, sir, who is the Poll you talk of ? She that you used to abet in her quarrels with Mrs. Williams, and call out, "At her again, Poll ! Never flinch, Poll !"

Dr. Johnson : Why, I took to Poll very well at first, but she won't do upon a nearer examination.

Mrs. Thrale : How came she among you, sir ?

Dr. Johnson : Why I don't rightly remember, but we could spare her very well from us. Poll is a stupid slut ; I had some hopes of her at first ; but when I talked to her tightly and closely, I could make nothing of her ; she was wiggle-waggle, and I could never persuade her to be categorical. I wish Miss Burney would come among us ; if she would only give us a week, we should furnish her with ample materials for a new scene in her next work.

A little while after, he asked Mrs. Thrale who had read "Evelina" in his absence ?

"Who ?" cried she ;—"why Burke !—Burke sat up all night to finish it ; and Sir Joshua Reynolds is mad about it, and said he would give fifty pounds to know the author. But our fun was with his nieces—we made them believe I wrote the book, and the girls gave me the credit of it at once."

"I am sorry for it, madam," cried he, quite angrily,—"you were much to blame ; deceits of that kind ought never to be practised ; they have a worse tendency than you are aware of."

Mrs. Thrale : Why, don't frighten yourself, sir ; Miss Burney will have all the credit she has a right to, for I told them whose it was before they went.

Dr. Johnson : But you were very wrong for misleading them a moment ; such jests are extremely blameable ; they are foolish

in the very act, and they are wrong, because they always leave a doubt upon the mind. What first passed will be always recollected by those girls, and they will never feel clearly convinced which wrote the book, Mrs. Thrale or Miss Burney.

Mrs. Thrale: Well, well, I am ready to take my Bible oath it was not me; and if that won't do, Miss Burney must take hers too.

I was then looking over the "Life of Cowley," which he had himself given me to read, at the same time that he gave to Mrs. Thrale that of Waller. They are now printed, though they will not be published for some time. But he bade me put it away.

"Do," cried he, "put away that now, and prattle with us; I can't make this little Burney prattle, and I am sure she prattles well; but I shall teach her another lesson than to sit thus silent before I have done with her."

"To talk," cried I, "is the only lesson I shall be backward to learn from you, sir."

"You shall give me," cried he, "a discourse upon the passions; come, begin! Tell us the necessity of regulating them, watching over and curbing them! Did you ever read Norris' 'Theory of Love?'"*

"No, sir," said I, laughing, yet staring a little.

Dr. Johnson: Well, it is worth your reading. He will make you see that inordinate love is the root of all evil: inordinate love of wealth brings on avarice; of wine, brings on intemperance; of power, brings on cruelty; and so on. He deduces from inordinate love all human frailty.

Mrs. Thrale: To-morrow, sir, Mrs. Montagu dines here, and then you will have talk enough.

Dr. Johnson began to see-saw, with a countenance strongly expressive of inward fun, and after enjoying it some time in silence, he suddenly, and with great animation, turned to me and cried,

"Down with her, Burney!—down with her!—spare her not!—attack her, fight her, and down with her at once! You are a rising wit, and she is at the top; and when I was beginning the

* John Norris of Bemerton. "The Theory and Regulations of Love" was one of the many mystical works of this writer.

world, and was nothing and nobody, the joy of my life was to fire at all the established wits! and then everybody loved to halloo me on. But there is no game now; everybody would be glad to see me conquered: but then, when I was new, to vanquish the great ones was all the delight of my poor little dear soul! So at her, Burney—at her, and down with her!”

Oh, how we were all amused! By the way, I must tell you that Mrs. Montagu is in very great estimation here, even with Dr. Johnson himself, when others do not praise her improperly. Mrs. Thrale ranks her as the first of women in the literary way. I should have told you that Miss Gregory, daughter of the Gregory who wrote the “Letters,” or “Legacy of Advice,” lives with Mrs. Montagu, and was invited to accompany her.

“Mark, now,” said Dr. Johnson, “if I contradict her tomorrow. I am determined, let her say what she will, that I will not contradict her.”

Mrs. Thrale: Why, to be sure sir, you did put her a little out of countenance last time she came. Yet you were neither rough, nor cruel, nor ill-natured; but still, when a lady changes colour, we imagine her feelings are not quite composed.

Dr. Johnson: Why, madam, I won’t answer that I shan’t contradict her again, if she provokes me as she did then; but a less provocation I will withstand. I believe I am not high in her good graces already; and I begin (added he, laughing heartily) to tremble for my admission into her new house. I doubt I shall never see the inside of it.

(Mrs. Montagu is building a most superb house.)

Mrs. Thrale: Oh, I warrant you, she fears you, indeed; but that, you know, is nothing uncommon: and dearly I love to hear your disquisitions; for certainly she is the first woman for literary knowledge in England, and if in England, I hope I may say in the world.

Dr. Johnson: I believe you may, madam. She diffuses more knowledge in her conversation than any woman I know, or, indeed, almost any man.

Mrs. Thrale: I declare I know no man equal to her, take away yourself and Burke, for that art. And you, who love

magnificence, won't quarrel with her, as everybody else does, for her love of finery.

Dr. Johnson : No, I shall not quarrel with her upon that topic. (Then, looking earnestly at me,) "Nay," he added, "it's very handsome!"

"What, sir?" cried I, amazed.

"Why, your cap :—I have looked at it some time, and I like it much. It has not that vile bandeau across it, which I have so often cursed."

Did you ever hear anything so strange? nothing escapes him. My Daddy Crisp is not more minute in his attentions: nay, I think he is even less so.

Mrs. Thrale : Well, sir, that bandeau you quarrelled with was worn by every woman at court the last birthday, and I observed that all the men found fault with it.

Dr. Johnson : The truth is, women, take them in general, have no idea of grace. Fashion is all they think of. I don't mean Mrs. Thrale and Miss Burney, when I talk of women!—they are goddesses!—and therefore I except them.

Mrs. Thrale : Lady Ladd never wore the bandeau, and said she never would, because it is unbecoming.

Dr. Johnson (*laughing*) : Did not she? then is Lady Ladd a charming woman, and I have yet hopes of entering into engagements with her!

Mrs. Thrale : Well, as to that I can't say; but to be sure, the only similitude I have yet discovered in you, is in size: there you agree mighty well.

Dr. Johnson : Why, if anybody could have worn the bandeau, it must have been Lady Ladd; for there is enough of her to carry it off; but you are too little for anything ridiculous; that which seems nothing upon a Patagonian, will become very conspicuous upon a Liliputian, and of you there is so little in all, that one single absurdity would swallow up half of you.

Some time after, when we had all been a few minutes wholly silent, he turned to me and said:

"Come, Burney, shall you and I study our parts against Mrs Montagu comes?"

"Miss Burney," cried Mr. Thrale, "you must get up your courage for this encounter! I think you should begin with Miss Gregory; and down with her first."

Dr. Johnson: No, no, always fly at the eagle! down with Mrs. Montagu herself! I hope she will come full of "Evelina!"

WEDNESDAY.—At breakfast, Dr. Johnson asked me if I had been reading his "Life of Cowley?"

"O yes," said I.

"And what do you think of it?"

"I am delighted with it," cried I; "and if I was somebody, instead of nobody, I should not have read it without telling you sooner what I think of it, and unasked."

Again, when I took up Cowley's Life, he made me put it away to talk. I could not help remarking how very like Dr. Johnson is to his writing; and how much the same thing it was to hear or to read him; but that nobody could tell that without coming to Streatham, for his language was generally imagined to be laboured and studied, instead of the mere common flow of his thoughts.

"Very true," said Mrs. Thrale, "he writes and talks with the same ease, and in the same manner; but, sir (to him), if this rogue is like her book, 'how will she trim all of us by-and-by! Now, she dainties us up with all the meekness in the world; but when we are away, I suppose she pays us off finely."

"My paying off," cried I, "is like the Latin of Hudibras,

'—————who never scanted
His learning unto such as wanted;'

for I can figure like anything when I am with those who can't figure at all."

Mrs. Thrale: Oh, if you have any *mag* in you, we'll draw it out!

Dr. Johnson: A rogue! she told me that if she was somebody instead of nobody, she would praise my book!

F. B.: Why, sir, I am sure you would scoff at my praise.

Dr. Johnson: If you think that, you think very ill of me but you don't think it.

Mrs. Thrale : We have told her what you said to Miss More, and I believe that makes her afraid.

Dr. Johnson : Well, and if she was to serve me as Miss More did, I should say the same thing to her. But I think she will not. Hannah More has very good intellects too ; but she has by no means the elegance of Miss Burney.

"Well," cried I, "there are folks that are to be spoilt, and folks that are not to be spoilt, as well in the world as in the nursery ; but what will become of me, I know not."

Mrs. Thrale : Well, if you are spoilt, we can only say, nothing in the world is so pleasant as being spoilt.

Dr. Johnson : No, no ; Burney will not be spoilt ; she knows too well what praise she has a claim to, and what not, to be in any danger of spoiling.

F. B. : I do, indeed, believe I shall never be spoilt at Streat-ham, for it is the last place where I can feel of any consequence.

Mrs. Thrale : Well, sir, she is *our* Miss Burney, however ; we were the first to catch her, and now we have got her, we will keep her. And so she is all our own.

Dr. Johnson : Yes, I hope she is ; I should be very sorry to lose Miss Burney.

F. B. : Oh, dear ! how can two such people sit and talk such——

Mr. Thrale : Such stuff, you think ? but Dr. Johnson's love——

Dr. Johnson : Love ? no, I don't entirely love her yet ; I must see more of her first ; I have much too high an opinion of her to flatter her. I have, indeed, seen nothing of her but what is fit to be loved, but I must know her more. I admire her, and greatly too.

F. B. : Well, this is a very new style to me ! I have long enough had reason to think myself loved, but admiration is perfectly new to me.

Dr. Johnson : I admire her for her observation, for her good sense, for her humour, for her discernment, for her manner of expressing them, and for all her writing talents.

I quite sigh beneath the weight of such praise from such persons—sigh with mixed gratitude for the present, and fear for the future ; for I think I shall never, never be able to support myself long so well with them.

We could not prevail with him to stay till Mrs. Montagu arrived, though, by appointment, she came very early. She and Miss Gregory came by one o'clock.

There was no party to meet her.

She is middle-sized, very thin, and looks infirm ; she has a sensible and penetrating countenance, and the air and manner of a woman accustomed to being distinguished, and of great parts. Dr. Johnson, who agrees in this, told us that a Mrs. Hervey, of his acquaintance, says, she can remember Mrs. Montagu *trying* for this same air and manner. Mr. Crisp has said the same : however, nobody can now impartially see her, and not confess that she has extremely well succeeded.

My expectations, which were compounded of the praise of Mrs. Thrale, and the abuse of Mr. Crisp, were most exactly answered, for I thought her in a medium way.

Miss Gregory is a fine young woman, and seems gentle and well bred.

A bustle with the dog Presto—Mrs. Thrale's favourite—at the entrance of these ladies into the library, prevented any formal reception ; but as soon as Mrs. Montagu heard my name, she inquired very civilly after my father and made many speeches concerning a volume of "*Linguet*," which she has lost ; but she hopes soon to be able to replace it. I am sure he is very high in her favour, because she did me the honour of addressing herself to me three or four times.

But my ease and tranquillity were soon disturbed : for she had not been in the room more than ten minutes, ere, turning to Mrs. Thrale, she said,

"Oh, ma'am—but your '*Evelina*'—I have not yet got it—I sent for it, but the bookseller had it not. However, I will certainly have it."

"Ay, I hope so," answered Mrs. Thrale, "and I hope you will like it too ; for 'tis a book to be liked."

I began now a vehement nose-blowing, for the benefit of handkerchiefing my face.

"I hope though," said Mrs. Montagu, dryly, "it is not in verse? I can read anything in prose, but I have a great dread of a long story in verse."

"No, ma'am, no; 'tis all in prose, I assure you. 'Tis a novel; and an exceeding—but it does nothing good to be praised too much, so I will say nothing more about it: only this, that Mr. Burke sat up all night to read it."

"Indeed? Well, I propose myself great pleasure from it; and I am gratified by hearing it is written by a woman."

"And Sir Joshua Reynolds," continued Mrs. Thrale, "has been offering fifty pounds to know the author."

"Well, I will have it to read on my journey; I am going to Berkshire, and it shall be my travelling book."

"No, ma'am, if you please you shall have it now. Queeny, do look for it for Mrs. Montagu, and let it be put in her carriage, and go to town with her."

Miss Thrale rose to look for it, and involuntarily I rose too, intending to walk off, for my situation was inexpressibly awkward; but then I recollected that if I went away, it might seem like giving Mrs. Thrale leave and opportunity to tell my tale, and therefore I stopped at a distant window, where I busied myself in contemplating the poultry.

"And Dr. Johnson, ma'am," added my kind puffer, "says Fielding never wrote so well—never wrote equal to this book; he says it is a better picture of life and manners than is to be found anywhere in Fielding."

"Indeed?" cried Mrs. Montagu, surprised; "that I did not expect, for I have been informed it is the work of a young lady, and therefore, though I expected a very pretty book, I supposed it to be a work of mere imagination, and the name I thought attractive; but life and manners I never dreamt of finding."

"Well, ma'am, what I tell you is literally true; and for my part, I am never better pleased than when good girls write clever books—and that this is clever—But all this time we are killing Miss Burney, who wrote the book herself."

What a clap of thunder was this!—the last thing in the world I should have expected before my face! I know not what bewitched Mrs. Thrale, but this was carrying the jest farther than ever. All *retenu* being now at an end, I fairly and abruptly took to my heels, and ran out of the room with the utmost trepidation, amidst astonished exclamations from Mrs. Montagu and Miss Gregory.

I was horribly disconcerted, but I am now so irrecoverably in for it, that I begin to leave off reproaches and expostulations; indeed, they have very little availed me while they might have been of service, but now they would pass for mere parade and affectation; and therefore, since they can do no good, I gulp them down. I find them, indeed, somewhat hard of digestion, but they must make their own way as well as they can.

I determined not to make my appearance again till dinner was upon table; yet I could neither read nor write, nor indeed do anything but consider the new situation in life into which I am thus hurried—I had almost said forced—and if I had, methinks it would be no untruth.

Miss Thrale came laughing up after me, and tried to persuade me to return. She was mightily diverted all the morning, and came to me with repeated messages of summons to attend the company; but I could not *brave* it again into the room, and therefore entreated her to say I was finishing a letter. Yet I was sorry to lose so much of Mrs. Montagu.

When dinner was upon table, I followed the procession, in a tragedy step, as Mr. Thrale will have it, into the dining-parlour. Dr. Johnson was returned.

The conversation was not brilliant, nor do I remember much of it; but Mrs. Montagu behaved to me just as I could have wished, since she spoke to me very little, but spoke that little with the utmost politeness. But Miss Gregory, though herself a very modest girl, quite stared me out of countenance, and never took her eyes off my face.

When Mrs. Montagu's new house was talked of, Dr. Johnson, in a jocose manner, desired to know if he should be invited to see it.

"Ay, sure," cried Mrs. Montagu, looking well pleased; "or else I shan't like it: but I invite you all to a house-warming; I shall hope for the honour of seeing all this company at my new house next Easter-day: I fix the day now that it may be remembered."

Everybody bowed and accepted the invite but me, and I thought fitting not to hear it; for I have no notion of snapping at invites from the eminent. But Dr. Johnson, who sat next to me, was determined I should be of the party, for he suddenly clapped his hand on my shoulder, and called out aloud,

"Little Burney, you and I will go together!"

"Yes, surely," cried Mrs. Montagu; "I shall hope for the pleasure of seeing 'Evelina.'"

"'Evelina?'" repeated he; "has Mrs. Montagu then found out 'Evelina?'"

"Yes," cried she, "and I am proud of it; I am proud that a work so commended should be a woman's."

Oh, how my face burnt!

"Has Mrs. Montagu," asked Dr. Johnson, "read 'Evelina?'"

"No, sir, not yet; but I shall immediately, for I feel the greatest eagerness to read it."

"I am very sorry, madam," replied he, "that you have not read it already, because you cannot speak of it with a full conviction of its merit: which, I believe, when you have read it, you will find great pleasure in acknowledging."

Some other things were said, but I remember them not, for I could hardly keep my place: but my sweet, naughty Mrs. Thrale looked delighted for me.

I made tea as usual, and Mrs. Montagu and Miss Gregory seated themselves on each side of me.

"I can see," said the former, "that Miss Burney is very like her father, and that is a good thing, for everybody would wish to be like Dr. Burney. Pray, when you see him, give my best respects to him; I am afraid he thinks me a thief with his 'Linguet;' but I assure you I am a very honest woman, and I spent full three hours in looking for it."

"I am sure," cried Mrs. Thrale. "Dr. Burney would much

rather you should have employed that time about some other book."

They went away very early, because Mrs. Montagu is a great coward in a carriage. She repeated her invitation as she left the room. So now that I am invited to Mrs. Montagu's, I think the measure of my glory full!

* * * *

When they were gone, how did Dr. Johnson astonish me by asking if I had observed what an ugly cap Miss Gregory had on? And then taking both my hands, and looking at me with an expression of much kindness, he said,

"Well, Miss Burney, Mrs. Montagu now will read 'Evelina.'"

To read it he seems to think is all that is wanted, and, far as I am from being of the same opinion, I dare not to him make disqualifying speeches, because it might seem impertinent to suppose her more difficult to please than himself.

"You were very kind, sir," cried I, "to speak of it with so much favour and indulgence at dinner; yet I hardly knew how to sit it then, though I shall be always proud to remember it hereafter."

"Why, it is true," said he, kindly, "that such things are disagreeable to sit, nor do I wonder you were distressed; yet sometimes they are necessary."

Was this not very kind? I am sure he meant that the sanction of his good opinion, so publicly given to Mrs. Montagu, would in a manner stamp the success of my book; and though, had I been allowed to preserve the snugness I had planned, I need not have concerned myself at all about its fate; yet now that I find myself exposed with it, I cannot but wish it insured from disgrace.

"Well, sir," cried I, "I don't think I shall mind Mrs. Montagu herself now; after what you have said, I believe I should not mind even abuse from any one."

"No, no, never mind them!" cried he; "resolve not to mind them: they can do you no serious hurt."

Mrs. Thrale then told me such civil things. Mrs. Montagu, it seems, during my retreat, inquired very particularly what kind of book it was?

"And I told her," continued Mrs. Thrale, "that it was a picture of life, manners, and characters. 'But won't she go on?' says she; 'surely she won't stop here?'"

"'Why,' said I, 'I want her to go on in a new path—I want her to write a comedy.'"

"'But,' said Mrs. Montagu, 'one thing must be considered: Fielding, who was so admirable in novel-writing, never succeeded when he wrote for the stage.'"

"Very well said," cried Dr. Johnson; "that was an answer which showed she considered her subject."

Mrs. Thrale continued:

"'Well, but *à propos*,' said Mrs. Montagu, 'if Miss Burney does write a play, I beg I may know of it; or, if she thinks proper, see it; and all my influence is at her service. We shall all be glad to assist in spreading the fame of Miss Burney.'"

I tremble for what all this will end in. I verily think I had best stop where I am, and never again attempt writing: for after so much honour, so much success, how shall I bear a downfall?

Mrs. Thrale: O, *à propos*; now you have a new edition coming out, why should you not put your name to it?

F. B.: O ma'am, I would not for the world!

Mrs. Thrale: And why not? Come, let us have done now with all this diddle-daddle.

F. B.: No, indeed, ma'am; so long as I live I never can consent to that.

Mrs. Thrale: Well, but seriously, Miss Burney, why should you not? I advise it with all my heart, and I'll tell you why; you want hardening, and how can you get it better than by putting your name to this book (to begin with), which everybody likes, and against which I have heard nobody offer any objection? You can never write what will please more universally.

F. B.: But why, ma'am, should I be hardened?

Mrs. Thrale: To enable you to bear a little abuse by-and-by.

F. B.: Oh, heaven forbid that I should be tried in that way!

Mrs. Thrale: Oh, you must not talk so: I hope to live to see you trimmed very handsomely.

F. B.: Heaven forbid! I am sure I should hang or drown myself in such a case!

Mrs. Thrale: You grieve me to hear you talk so; is not everybody abused that meets with success? You must prepare yourself not to mind a few squibs. How is Dr. Johnson abused! and who thinks the worse of him?

This comparison made me grin, and so our discourse ended. But pray Heaven may spare me the horror irrecoverable of personal abuse! Let them criticise, cut, slash without mercy my book, and let them neglect me; but may God avert my becoming a public theme of ridicule! In such a case, how should I wish "*Evelina*" had followed her humble predecessors to the all-devouring flames, which, in consuming her, would have preserved her creatress!

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 21ST.—I am more comfortable here than ever; Dr. Johnson honours me with increasing kindness; Mr. Thrale is much more easy and sociable than when I was here before; I am quite jocose, whenever I please, with Miss Thrale; and the charming head and life of the house, her mother, stands the test of the closest examination, as well and as much to her honour as she does a mere cursory view. She is, indeed, all that is excellent and desirable in woman.

I have had a thousand delightful conversations with Dr. Johnson, who, whether he loves me or not, I am sure seems to have some opinion of my discretion, for he speaks of all this house to me with unbounded confidence, neither diminishing faults, nor exaggerating praise. Whenever he is below stairs he keeps me a prisoner, for he does not like I should quit the room a moment; if I rise, he constantly calls out, "Don't you go, little Burney!"

Last night, when we were talking of compliments and of gross speeches, Mrs. Thrale most justly said, that nobody could make either like Dr. Johnson. "Your compliments, sir, are made seldom, but when they are made they have an elegance unequalled; but then when you are angry, who dares make speeches so bitter and so cruel?"

Dr. Johnson : Madam, I am always sorry when I make bitter speeches, and I never do it but when I am insufferably vexed.

Mrs. Thrale : Yes, sir ; but you suffer things to vex you that nobody else would vex at. I am sure I have had my share of scolding from you !

Dr. Johnson : It is true, you have ; but you have borne it like an angel, and you have been the better for it.

Mrs. Thrale : That I believe, sir ; for I have received more instruction from you than from any man, or any book ; and the vanity that you should think me worth instructing always overcame the vanity of being found fault with. And so you had the scolding, and I the improvement.

F. B. : And I am sure both make for the honour of both !

Dr. Johnson : I think so too. But *Mrs. Thrale* is a sweet creature, and never angry ; she has a temper the most delightful of any woman I ever knew.

Mrs. Thrale : This I can tell you, sir, and without any flattery—I not only bear your reproofs when present, but in almost everything I do in your absence, I ask myself whether you would like it, and what you would say to it. Yet I believe there is nobody you dispute with oftener than me.

F. B. : But you two are so well established with one another, that you can bear a rebuff that would kill a stranger.

Dr. Johnson : Yes ; but we disputed the same before we were so well established with one another.

Mrs. Thrale : Oh, sometimes I think I shall die no other death than hearing the bitter things he says to others. What he says to myself I can bear, because I know how sincerely he is my friend, and that he means to mend me ; but to others it is cruel.

Dr. Johnson : Why, madam, you often provoke me to say severe things, by unreasonable commendation. If you would not call for my praise, I would not give you my censure ; but it constantly moves my indignation to be applied to to speak well of a thing which I think contemptible.

F. B. : Well, this I know, whoever I may hear complain of *Dr. Johnson's* severity, I shall always vouch for his kindness, as far as regards myself, and his indulgence.

Mrs. Thrale : Ay, but I hope he will trim you yet, too !

Dr. Johnson : I hope not : I should be very sorry to say anything that should vex my dear little Burney.

F. B. : If you did, sir, it would vex me more than you can imagine. I should sink in a minute.

Mrs. Thrale : I remember, sir, when we were travelling in Wales, how you called me to account for my civility to the people. "Madam," you said, "let me have no more of this idle commendation of nothing. Why is it, that whatever you see, and whoever you see, you are to be so indiscriminately lavish of praise ?" "Why, I'll tell you, sir," said I, "when I am with you and Mr. Thrale, and Queeny, I am obliged to be civil for four !"

There was a cutter for you ! But this I must say, for the honour of both, Mrs. Thrale speaks to Dr. Johnson with as much sincerity (though with greater softness) as he does to her.

Well, now I have given so many fine compliments from Dr. Johnson and Mrs. Thrale, suppose, by way of contrast and variety, I give a few of Rose Fuller's. He called here on Saturday morning, with his little dog Sharp, who is his constant companion. When the common salutations were over, and everybody had said something to him and his dog, he applied to me.

"Well, Miss Burney, and how do you do ? Pray how do you like my little dog ? His name is Sharp."

F. B. : Oh, very well !

Mr. Fuller : I am very glad to hear it ; I shall pique myself upon Miss Burney's opinion, and "that sort of thing;" I assure you I am quite proud of it. I have got an "Evelina" of my own, now, Mrs. Thrale ; we shall break the bookseller, for Dr. Calvert sent for it too. I am now in the middle of the second volume : upon my word, Miss Burney, "in that sort of way," 'tis amazing how you've hit off characters ! Upon my word, I never read anything higher ! I declare I never laughed so in my life. And, give me leave to say, for "that sort of thing," I think that Captain a very ingenious sort of man ; upon my word he is quite smart in some of his replies ; but he is too hard upon the old Frenchwoman, too.

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STREATHAM, SEPTEMBER 26.—I have, from want of time, neglected my journal so long, that I cannot now pretend to go on methodically, and be particular as to dates.

Messrs. Stephen and Rose Fuller stayed very late on Monday; the former talking very rationally upon various subjects, and the latter boring us with his systems and “those sort of things.” Yet he is something of a favourite, “in that sort of way,” at this house, because of his invincible good humour; and Mrs. Thrale says she would not change him as a neighbour for a much wiser man. Dr. Johnson says he would make a very good Mr. Smith: “Let him but,” he adds, “pass a month or two in Holborn, and I would desire no better.”

The other evening the conversation fell upon Romney, the painter, who has lately got into great business, and who was first recommended and patronized by Mr. Cumberland.

“See, madam,” said Dr. Johnson, laughing, “what it is to have the favour of a literary man! I think I have had no hero a great while. Dr. Goldsmith was my last; but I have had none since his time till my little Burney came!”

“Ay, sir,” said Mrs. Thrale, “Miss Burney is the heroine now; is it not really true, sir?”

“To be sure it is, my dear!” answered he, with a gravity that made not only me, but Mr. Thrale laugh heartily.

Another time, Mr. Thrale said he had seen Dr. Jebb, “and he told me he was afraid Miss Burney would have gone into a consumption,” said he; “but I informed him how well you are, and he committed you to my care; so I shall insist now upon being sole judge of what wine you drink.”

(N.B.—He had often disputed this point.)

Dr. Johnson: Why, did Dr. Jebb forbid her wine?

F. B.: Yes, sir.

Dr. Johnson: Well, he was in the right. He knows how apt wits are to transgress that way. He was certainly right!

In this sort of ridiculous manner he *wits* me eternally. But the present chief sport with Mrs. Thrale is disposing of me in the holy state of matrimony, and she offers me whoever comes to the house. This was begun by Mrs. Montagu, who, it seems, pro-

posed a match for me, in my absence, with Sir Joshua Reynolds! —no less a man, I assure you!

When I was dressing for dinner, Mrs. Thrale told me that Mr. Crutchley was expected.

“Who’s he?” quoth I.

“A young man of very large fortune, who was a ward of Mr. Thrale. Queeny, what do you say of him for Miss Burney?”

“Him!” cried she; “no, indeed; what has Miss Burney done to have him?”

“Nay, believe me, a man of his fortune may offer himself anywhere. However, I won’t recommend him.”

“Why, then, ma’am,” cried I, with dignity, “I reject him!”

This Mr. Crutchley stayed till after breakfast the next morning. I can’t tell you anything of him, because I neither like nor dislike him.

Mr. Crutchley was scarce gone, ere Mr. Smith arrived. Mr. Smith is a second cousin of Mr. Thrale, and a modest, pretty sort of young man.

He stayed till Friday morning. When he was gone,

“What say you to him, Miss Burney?” cried Mrs. Thrale—“I am sure I offer you variety.”

“Why, I like him better than Mr. Crutchley, but I don’t think I shall pine for either of them.”

“Dr. Johnson,” said Mrs. Thrale, “don’t you think Jerry Crutchley very much improved?”

Dr. Johnson : Yes, madam, I think he is.

Mrs. Thrale : Shall he have Miss Burney?

Dr. Johnson : Why, I think not; at least, I must know more of him; I must inquire into his connexions, his recreations, his employments, and his character, from his intimates, before I trust Miss Burney with him. And he must come down very handsomely with a settlement. I will not have him left to his generosity; for as he will marry her for her wit, and she him for his fortune, he ought to bid well; and let him come down with what he will, his price will never be equal to her worth.

Mrs. Thrale : She says she likes Mr. Smith better.

Dr. Johnson : Yes, but I won’t have her like Mr. Smith without

the money, better than Mr. Crutchley with it. Besides, if she has Crutchley, he will use her well, to vindicate his choice. The world, madam, has a reasonable claim on all mankind to account for their conduct; therefore, if with his great wealth he marries a woman who has but little, he will be more attentive to display her merit than if she was equally rich, in order to show that the woman he has chosen deserves from the world all the respect and admiration it can bestow, or that else she would not have been his choice.

Mrs. Thrale.—I believe young Smith is the better man.

F. B.—Well, I won't be rash in thinking of either; I will take some time for consideration before I fix.

Dr. Johnson.—Why, I don't hold it to be delicate to offer marriages to ladies, even in jest, nor do I approve such sort of jocularities; yet for once I must break through the rules of decorum, and propose a match myself for Miss Burney. I therefore nominate Sir J—— L——.

Mrs. Thrale.—I'll give you my word, sir, you are not the first to say that, for my master the other morning, when we were alone, said, "What would I give that Sir J—— L—— was married to Miss Burney; it might restore him to our family." So spoke his uncle and guardian.

F. B.—He, he! Ha, ha! He, he! Ha, ha!

Dr. Johnson.—That was elegantly said of my master, and nobly said, and not in the vulgar way we have been saying it. And where, madam, will you find another man in trade who will make such a speech—who will be capable of making such a speech?—Well, I am glad my master takes so to Miss Burney; I would have everybody take to Miss Burney, so as they allow me to take to her most! Yet I don't know whether Sir J—— L—— should have her, neither. I should be afraid for her; I don't think I would hand her to him.

F. B.—Why, now, what a fine match is here broken off!

Some time after, when we were in the library, he asked me very gravely if I loved reading?

"Yes," quoth I.

"Why do you doubt it, sir?" cried *Mrs. Thrale*.

"Because," answered he, "I never see her with a book in her hand. I have taken notice that she never has been reading whenever I have come into the room."

"Sir," quoth I, courageously, "I am always afraid of being caught reading, lest I should pass for being studious or affected, and therefore, instead of making a display of books, I always try to hide them, as is the case at this very time, for I have now your 'Life of Waller' under my gloves behind me. However, since I am piqued to it, I'll boldly produce my voucher."

And so saying, I put the book on the table, and opened it with a flourishing air. And then the laugh was on my side, for he could not help making a droll face; and if he had known Kitty Cooke, I would have called out, "There I had you, my lad!"

"And now," quoth Mrs. Thrale, "you must be more careful than ever of not being thought bookish, for now you are known for a wit and a *bel esprit*, you will be watched, and if you are not upon your guard, all the misses will rise up against you."

Dr. Johnson.—Nay, nay, now it is too late. You may read as much as you will now, for you are in for it—you are dipped over head and ears in the Castalian stream, and so I hope you will be invulnerable.

Another time, when we were talking of the licentiousness of the newspapers, Dr. Johnson said:

"I wonder they have never yet had a touch at little Burney."

"Oh, Heaven forbid!" cried I: "I am sure if they did, I believe I should try the depth of Mr. Thrale's spring-pond."

"No, no, my dear, no," cried he kindly, "you must resolve not to mind them; you must set yourself against them, and not let any such nonsense affect you."

"There is nobody," said Mrs. Thrale, "tempers the satirist with so much meekness as Miss Burney."

Satirist, indeed! is it not a satire upon words to call me so?

"I hope to Heaven I shall never be tried," cried I, "for I am sure I should never bear it. Of my book they may say what they will and welcome, but if they touch at me I shall be——."

"Nay," said Mrs. Thrale, "if you are not afraid for the book, I am sure they can say no harm of the author."

"Never let them know," said Dr. Johnson, "which way you shall most mind them, and then they will stick to the book; but you must never acknowledge how tender you are for the author."

Mr. Crisp to Miss F. Burney.

6th Nov., 1778.

MY DEAR FANNIKIN,

Since peace is proclaimed, and I am got out of my hobble, I am content, and shall never lose a thought more in considering how I got into it. My object now is to reap the fruits of the accommodation; of which the principal article is to be an open trade and renewal of commerce and confidence, together with a strict observance of former treaties, by which no new alliances are to be formed to the prejudice of the old family compact. These preliminaries being acceded to, nothing now remains but to sing *Te Deum*, and play off the fireworks.

I do entirely acquit you of all wish or design of being known to the world as an author. I believe it is ever the case with writers of real merit and genius, on the appearance of their first productions: as their powers are finer and keener than other people's, so is their sensibility. On these occasions they are as nervous as Lady Louisa in "*Evelina*." But surely these painful feelings ought to go off when the salts of general applause are continually held under their nose. It is then time to follow your friend Dr. Johnson's advice, and learn to be a swaggerer, at least so far as to be able to face the world, and not be ashamed of the distinction you have fairly earned, especially when it is apparent you do not court it.

I now proceed to assume the daddy, and consequently the privilege of giving counsel. Your kind and judicious friends are certainly in the right in wishing you to make your talents turn to something more solid than empty praise. When you come to know the world half so well as I do, and what yahoos mankind are, you will then be convinced that a state of independence is the only basis on which to rest your future ease and comfort.

You are now young, lively, gay. You please, and the world smiles upon you—this is your time. Years and wrinkles in their due season (perhaps attended with want of health and spirits) will succeed. You will then be no longer the same Fanny of 1778, feasted, caressed, admired, with all the soothing circumstances of your present situation. The Thrales, the Johnsons, the Sewards, Cholmondeleys, &c., &c., who are now so high in fashion, and might be such powerful protectors as almost to insure success to anything that is tolerable, may then themselves be moved off the stage. I will no longer dwell on so disagreeable a change of the scene; let me only earnestly urge you to act vigorously (what I really believe is in your power) a distinguished part in the present one—"now while it is yet day, and before the night cometh, when no man can work."

I must again and again repeat my former admonitions regarding your posture in reading and writing; it is of infinite consequence, especially to such lungs, and such a frame as yours.

Lastly, if you do resolve to undertake anything of the nature your friends recommend, keep it (if possible) an impenetrable secret that you are even about such a work. Let it be all your own till it is finished entirely in your own way; it will be time enough then to consult such friends as you think capable of judging and advising. If you suffer any one to interfere till then, 'tis ten to one 'tis the worse for it—it won't be all of a piece. In these cases generally the more cooks the worse broth, and I have more than once observed those pieces that have stole privately into the world, without midwives, or godfathers and godmothers, —like your own, and the "Tale of a Tub," and a few others, have far exceeded any that followed.

Your loving daddy,

S.C.

Diary Resumed.

Saturday evening Mr. and Mrs. Thrale took me quite round the paddock, and showed me their hot-houses, kitchen-gardens, &c. Their size and their contents are astonishing; but we have not once missed a pine-apple since I came, and therefore you may

imagine their abundance ; besides grapes, melons, peaches, nectarines, and ices.

While Mrs. Thrale and I were dressing, and, as usual, confabbing, a chaise drove into the park, and word was brought that Mr. Seward was arrived.

"You don't know much of Mr. Seward, Miss Burney?" said Mrs. Thrale.

I could have told her I wished he had not known much of me; but her maid was in my way, and I only said "No."

"But I hope you will know more of him," said she, "for I want you to take to him. He is a charming young man, though not without oddities. Few people do him justice, because, as Dr. Johnson calls him, he is an abrupt young man; but he has excellent qualities, and an excellent understanding. He has the misfortune to be an hypochondriac, so he runs about the world to borrow spirits, and to forget himself. But after all, if his disorders are merely imaginary, the imagination is disorder sufficient, and therefore I am sorry for him."

The day passed very agreeably, but I have no time for particulars. I fight very shy with Mr. Seward, and as he has a great share of sense and penetration, and not a little one of pride and reserve, he takes the hint; and I believe he would as soon bite off his own nose as mention "Evelina" again. And, indeed, now that the propriety of his after-conduct has softened me in his favour, I begin to think of him much in the same way Mrs. Thrale does, for he is very sensible, very intelligent, and very well bred.

Monday was the day for our great party; and the doctor came home, at Mrs. Thrale's request, to meet them.

The party consisted of Mr. C——, who was formerly a timber merchant, but having amassed a fortune of one million of pounds, he has left off business. He is a good-natured, busy sort of man.

Mrs. C——, his lady, a sort of Mrs. Nobody.

Mr. N——, another rich business leaver-off.

Mrs. N——, his lady; a pretty sort of woman, who was formerly a pupil of Dr. Hawkesworth. I had a great deal of talk

with her about him, and about my favourite, Miss Kinnaird, whom she knew very well.

Mr. George and Mr. Thomas N——, her sons-in-law.

Mr. R——, of whom I know nothing but that he married into Mr. Thrale's family.

Lady Ladd ; I ought to have begun with her. I beg her ladyship a thousand pardons—though if she knew my offence, I am sure I should not obtain one. She is own sister to Mr. Thrale. She is a tall and stout woman, has an air of mingled dignity and haughtiness, both of which wear off in conversation. She dresses very youthful and gaily, and attends to her person with no little complacency. She appears to me uncultivated in knowledge, though an adept in the manners of the world, and all that. She chooses to be much more lively than her brother ; but liveliness sits as awkwardly upon her as her pink ribbons. In talking her over with Mrs. Thrale, who has a very proper regard for her, but who, I am sure, cannot be blind to her faults, she gave me another proof to those I have already had, of the uncontrolled freedom of speech which Dr. Johnson exercises to everybody, and which everybody receives quietly from him. Lady Ladd has been very handsome, but is now, I think, quite ugly—at least she has a sort of face I like not. Well, she was a little while ago dressed in so showy a manner as to attract the doctor's notice, and when he had looked at her some time, he broke out aloud into this quotation :

“ With patches, paint, and jewels on,
Sure Philis is not twenty-one !
But if at night you Philis see,
The dame at least is forty-three !”

I don't recollect the verses exactly, but such was their purport.

“However,” said Mrs. Thrale, “Lady Ladd took it very good-naturedly, and only said,

“‘I know enough of that forty-three—I don't desire to hear any more of it!’”

Miss Moss, a pretty girl, who played and sung, to the great fatigue of Mrs. Thrale ; Mr. Rose Fuller, Mr. Embry, Mr. Seward, Dr. Johnson, the three Thrales, and myself close the party.

We had a sumptuous dinner of three courses, and a most superb dessert. I shall give no account of the day, because our common days are so much more worth recounting.

In the evening the company divided pretty much into parties and almost everybody walked upon the gravel-walk before the windows. I was going to have joined some of them, when Dr. Johnson stopped me, and asked how I did.

"I was afraid, sir," cried I, "you did not intend to know me again, for you have not spoken to me before since your return from town."

"My dear," cried he, taking both my hands, "I was not sure of you, I am so near-sighted, and I apprehended making some mistake."

Then drawing me very unexpectedly towards him, he actually kissed me!

To be sure, I was a little surprised, having no idea of such facetiousness from him. However, I was glad nobody was in the room but Mrs. Thrale, who stood close to us, and Mr. Embry, who was lounging on a sofa at the furthest end of the room. Mrs. Thrale laughed heartily, and said she hoped I was contented with his amends for not knowing me sooner.

A little after she said she would go and walk with the rest, if she did not fear for my reputation in being left with the doctor.

"However, as Mr. Embry is yonder, I think he'll take some care of you," she added.

"Ay, madam," said the doctor, "we shall do very well; but I assure you I shan't part with Miss Burney!"

And he held me by both hands; and when Mrs. Thrale went, he drew me a chair himself facing the window, close to his own; and thus *tête-à-tête* we continued almost all the evening. I say *tête-à-tête*, because Mr. Embry kept at an humble distance, and offered us no interruption. And though Mr. Seward soon after came in, he also seated himself in a distant corner, not presuming, he said, to break in upon us! Everybody, he added, gave way to the doctor.

Our conversation chiefly was upon the Hebrides, for he always talks to me of Scotland, out of sport; and he wished I had been of that tour—quite gravely, I assure you!

Tuesday morning our breakfast was delightful. We had Mr. Seward, Mr. Embry, and Lady Ladd added to our usual party, and Dr. Johnson was quite in a sportive humour. But I can only write some few speeches, wanting time to be prolix, not inclination.

"Sir," said Mrs. Thrale to Dr. Johnson, "why did you not sooner leave your wine yesterday, and come to us? we had a Miss who sung and played like anything!"

"Ay, had you?" said he, drolly; "and why did you not call me to the rapturous entertainment?"

"Why, I was afraid you would not have praised her, for I sat thinking all the time myself whether it were better to sing and play as she sang and played, or to do nothing. And at first I thought she had the best of it, for we were but stupid before she began; but afterwards she made it so long, that I thought *nothing* had all the advantage. But, sir, Lady Ladd has had the same misfortune you had, for she has fallen down and hurt herself woefully."

"How did that happen, madam?"

"Why, sir, the heel of her shoe caught in something."

"Heel?" replied he; "nay, then, if her ladyship, who walks six foot high" (N.B. this is a fact), "will wear a high heel, I think she almost deserves a fall."

"Nay, sir, my heel was not so high!" cried Lady Ladd.

"But, madam, why should you wear any? That for which there is no occasion, had always better be dispensed with. However, a fall to your ladyship is nothing," continued he, laughing, "you, who are light and little, can soon recover; but I, who am a gross man, might suffer severely: with your ladyship, the case is different, for

'Airy substance soon unites again.' "

Poor Lady Ladd, who is quite a strapper, made no answer, but she was not offended. Mrs. Thrale and I afterwards settled, that not knowing his allusion from the "Rape of the Lock," she only thought he had made a stupid sort of speech, and did not trouble herself to find a meaning to it.

"However," continued he, "if my fall does confine me, I will make my confinement pleasant, for Miss Burney shall nurse me—positively!" (and he slapped his hand on the table), "and then, she shall sing to me, and soothe my cares."

When public news was started, Mr. Thrale desired the subject might be waived till my father came, and could let us know what part of the late accounts were true.

Mr. Thrale then offered to carry Mr. Seward, who was obliged to go to town, in the coach with him,—and Mr. Embry also left us. But Dr. Johnson sat with Mrs. Thrale, Lady Ladd, and me, for an hour or two.

The subject was given by Lady Ladd; it was the respect due from the lower class of the people.

"I know my place," said she, "and I always take it: and I've no notion of not taking it. But Mrs. Thrale lets all sort of people do just as they've a mind by her."

"Ay," said Mrs. Thrale, "why should I torment and worry myself about all the paltry marks of respect that consist in bows and courtesies?—I have no idea of troubling myself about the manners of all the people I mix with."

"No," said Lady Ladd, "so they will take all sorts of liberties with you. I remember, when you were at my house, how the hairdresser flung down the comb as soon as you were dressed, and went out of the room without making a bow."

"Well, all the better," said Mrs. Thrale; "for if he had made me one, ten thousand to one if I had seen it. I was in as great haste to have done with him, as he could be to have done with me. I was glad enough to get him out of the room; I did not want him to stand bowing and cringing."

"If any man had behaved so insolently to me," answered she, "I would never again have suffered him in my house."

"Well," said Mrs. Thrale, "your ladyship has a great deal more dignity than I have!—Dr. Johnson, we are talking of the respect due from inferiors;—and Lady Ladd is of the same side you are."

"Why, madam," said he, "subordination is always necessary to the preservation of order and decorum."

"I protest," said Lady Ladd, "I have no notion of submitting to any kind of impertinence: and I never will bear either to have any person nod to me, or enter a room where I am without bowing."

"But, madam," said Dr. Johnson, "what if they will nod, and what if they won't bow?—how then?"

"Why I always tell them of it," said she.

"Oh, commend me to that!" cried Mrs. Thrale; "I'd sooner never see another bow in my life, than turn dancing-master to hair-dressers."

The doctor laughed his approbation, but said that every man had a right to a certain degree of respect, and no man liked to be defrauded of that right.

"Well, sir," said Mrs. Thrale, "I hope you meet with respect enough!"

"Yes, madam," answered he, "I am very well contented."

"Nay, if you ain't, I don't know who should be; for I believe there is no man in the world so greatly respected."

Soon after he went, I went and shut myself up in a sweet cool summer-house, to read Irene:—which, indeed, though not a good play, is a beautiful poem.

As my dear father spent the rest of the day here, I will not further particularise, but leave accounts to his better communication. He probably told you that the P—— family came in to tea; and, as he knows Mrs. P——, pray tell him what Dr. Johnson says of her. When they were gone, Mrs. Thrale complained that she was quite worn out with that tiresome silly woman, who had talked of her family and affairs till she was sick to death of hearing her.

"Madam," said he, "why do you blame the woman for the only sensible thing she could do—talking of her family and her affairs? For how should a woman who is as empty as a drum, talk upon any other subject?—If you speak to her of the sun, she does not know it rises in the east;—if you speak to her of the moon, she does not know it changes at the full;—if you speak to her of the queen, she does not know she is the king's wife;—how, then, can you blame her for talking of her family and affairs?"

Yesterday morning, to my great regret, Dr. Johnson went to town, but we expect him again to-day. Lady Ladd also went yesterday.

When they were gone, I had such a conversation with Mrs. Thrale! We were alone in the library for, I believe, three hours, and though I shall only give you two or three of the principal speeches, I am sure you will not wonder that the extraordinary good opinion she professes of me should have quite overpowered me with gratitude and surprise.

Our *tête-à-tête* began by comparing notes about Irene, and picking our favourite passages, and agreeing that though the language and sentiments are equally noble, there was not any reason to wonder that the play altogether had no success on the stage. Thence we talked over all the plays we could recollect, and discussed their several merits according to our particular notions, and when we had mentioned a great number, approving some for this thing, and disliking others for that, Mrs. Thrale suddenly said :

"Now, Miss Burney, if you would write a play, I have a notion it would hit my taste in all things ; do—you must write one ; a play will be something worth your time—it is the road both to honour and profit ; and why should you have it in your power to gain both, and not do it ?"

"I declare," continued she, "I mean, and think what I say, with all my heart and soul ! You seem to me to have the right and true talents for writing a comedy ; you would give us all the fun and humour we could wish, and you would give us a scene or two of the pathetic kind that would set all the rest off. If you would but try, I am sure you would succeed, and give us such a play as would be an honour to all your family. And, in the grave parts, all your sentiments would be edifying, and such as would do good,—and I am sure that would be real pleasure to you."

I recollect her words as exactly as my memory will allow.

"Hannah More," added she, "got nearly four hundred pounds for her foolish play, and if you did not write a better than hers, I say you deserve to be whipped !—Your father, I know, thinks

the same ; but we will allow that he may be partial ; but what can make me think it ?—and Dr. Johnson ;—he, of all men, would not say it if he did not think it.”

She then rejoiced I had published “Evelina” as I did, without showing it to anybody ; “because you have proved what are your own real resources,” she said, “and now you have nothing to do but to write a play. Dr. Johnson, I am sure, will be at your service in anything in his power ; we’ll make him write your prologue ;—we’ll make him carry your play to the managers ; we’ll do anything for you ;—and so, I am sure, he readily will. As to plot, situation, and character, nobody shall assist you in *them*, for nobody can !”

I will write no more, as these heads will give a notion of all the rest.

From Mr. Crisp to Miss F. Burney.

Chesington, Dec. 8th, 1778.

MY DEAR FANNIKIN,

Exclusive of the high entertainment your Susannistical letter afforded me, I was much delighted with it on another account, and that a solid and substantial one : I mean, because it informed me of those numerous and powerful friends your own genius and intrinsic merit have raised you up. The prospect is now fair before you—it cannot but be bright when shone upon by such first-rate luminaries of wit and learning. Keep it in your eye ; and if you pursue your path with resolution, not suffering yourself to be checked by indolence or diffidence, and an overstrained modesty, I dare say it will lead you on to the temple of fame, and perhaps to that of fortune.

’Tis true, I have more than once, Fanny, whispered in your ear a gentle caution—that you have much to lose. Why is that ?—because much you have gained. Now you have gone so far, and so rapidly, you will not be allowed to slacken your pace. This is so far from being meant as a discouragement, that it is intended to animate you. But it will explain what was in my head when

I threw out those (perhaps useless, perhaps too officious) hints. I plainly foresaw (what has since happened) that, as your next step, you would be urged, strongly urged, by your many friends and admirers, to undertake a comedy. I think you capable, highly capable, of it; but in the attempt there are great difficulties in the way; some more particularly and individually in the way of a Fanny, than of most people.

I will instantly name these, lest you should misapprehend. I need not observe to you that in most of our successful comedies there are frequent lively freedoms (and waggeries that cannot be called licentious, neither) that give a strange animation and vigour to the style, and of which if it were to be deprived it would lose wonderfully of its salt and spirit. I mean such freedoms as ladies of the strictest character would make no scruple, openly, to laugh at, but at the same time, especially if they were prudes (and you know you are one), perhaps would shy at being known to be the authors of. Some comic characters would be deficient without strokes of this kind; in scenes where gay men of the world are got together they are natural and expected; and the business would be mighty apt to grow *fade* without them.

Of late years (I can't tell why, unless from the great purity of the age), some very fine-spun, all-delicate, sentimental comedies have been brought forth on the English, and more particularly on the French stage, which (in my coarse way of thinking, at least) are such sick things, so void of blood and spirits, that they may well be called *Comedies Larmoyantes*;—and I don't find that they have been greatly relished by the public in general, any more than by my vulgar soul. Moral—sublime, to a degree—

“We cannot blame, indeed,—but we may sleep!”

They put me in mind of a poor girl, a Miss Peachy (a real, and in the end, a melancholy story). She was a fine young woman, but thinking herself too ruddy and blowzy, it was her custom to bleed herself (an art she had learned on purpose) three or four times, against the Rugby races, in order to appear more dainty and ladylike at the balls, &c. Poor thing!—she lost her aim; for when she came she appeared like a ghost, and

at last became one:—her arm bled in the night, and in the morning she was past recovery.

I am afraid these fine performances are not pictures of real life and manners. I remember I sat next to a Frenchman at the play at Milan, who preferred the French theatre to the whole world, and as much disliked the English. When I asked his reason, he cried,

“Ma foi, il faut pousser des beaux sentiments !”

Excuse these digressions: the sum total amounts to this—it appears to me extremely difficult, throughout a whole spirited comedy, to steer clear of those agreeable, frolicsome *jeux d'esprit*, on the one hand, and languor and heaviness on the other:—pray, observe, I only say difficult—not impracticable—at least to your dexterity; and to that I leave it.

I find myself forestalled by the intelligent Mrs. Montagu in another observation I was going to make, and which she very justly and judiciously enforces by the instance she gives of Fielding, who, though so eminent in characters and descriptions, did by no means succeed in comedy.

'Tis certain, different talents are requisite for the two species of writing, though they are by no means incompatible; I fear, however, the labouring oar lies on the comic author.

In these little entertaining elegant histories, the writer has his full scope; as large a range as he pleases to hunt in—to pick, cull, select whatever he likes: he takes his own time—he may be as minute as he pleases, and the more minute the better, provided that taste, a deep and penetrating knowledge of human nature and the world, accompany that minuteness. When this is the case, the very soul, and all its most secret recesses and workings, are developed and laid as open to the view, as the blood globules circulating in a frog's foot, when seen through a microscope. The exquisite touches such a work is capable of (of which “*Evelina*” is, without flattery, a glaring instance), are truly charming. But of these great advantages, these resources, you are strangely curtailed the moment you begin a comedy. There everything passes in dialogue,—all goes on rapidly—nar-

rative and descriptive, if not extremely short, become intolerable. The detail, which in Fielding, Marivaux, and Crebillon, is so delightful, on the stage would bear down all patience. There all must be compressed into quintessence; the moment the scene ceases to move on briskly, and business seems to hang, sighs and groans are the consequence. Dreadful sound!—In a word, if the plot, the story of the comedy does not open and unfold itself in the easy, natural, unconstrained flow of the dialogue—if that dialogue does not go on with spirit, wit, variety, fun, humour, repartee, and—and, all in short into the bargain—*serviteur*!—good-bye t'ye!

One more: now, Fanny, don't imagine that I am discouraging you from the attempt; or that I am retracting or shirking back from what I have said above—*i.e.*, that I think you highly capable of it. On the contrary, I re-affirm it; I affirm that in common conversation, I observe in you a ready choice of words, with a quickness and conciseness that have often surprised me. This is a lucky gift for a comic writer, and not a very common one; so that if you have not the united talents I demand, I don't know who has; for if you have your familiar, your sprite, for ever thus at your elbow without calling for, surely it will not desert you, when in deep conjuration raising your genius in your closet.

God bless you, Adieu,

Your loving daddy,

S. C.

CHAPTER IV.

1779.

Diary resumed—Pacchierotti—Description of his Singing—Bertoni—Giardini—Piozzi—An Adventure—Dr. Franklin—Letters from Mrs. Thrale and Mr. Crisp—Remonstrance on False Delicacy—Difficulties of Dramatic Writing—Dancing in Fetters—How to use Advice—Miss Burney's Views on Comedy—Female Authorship—Letter from Miss Burney to Mr. Crisp—The Pains of Publicity—Diary resumed—Sir Joshua Reynolds—Mason, the Poet—Visit from Dr. Johnson—Mrs. Thrale—Visit to Sir Joshua Reynolds—Mrs. Horneck—Lord Palmerston—Mrs. Cholmondeley—A Scene—Cross-examination—A Dialogue—The Knight of Plymton—Visit to Streatham—Dr. Johnson—Mr. Seward—Dr. Burney—A Dialogue with Dr. Johnson—Books and Authors—Table-talk between Johnson, Mrs. Thrale, and Miss Burney—Evelina—Mrs. Montagu—Three Classes of Critics on Books—Mrs. Cholmondeley—Lord Palmerston—Visit to Dr. Johnson—Mr. Seward—Visit to Mrs. Cholmondeley—A Party of Wits and Fashionables—The beautiful Mrs. Sheridan—Mrs. Crewe—Pacchierotti's Singing—The Duke of Dorset and Miss Cumberland—The Earl of Harcourt—Mrs. Vesey—R. B. Sheridan—His personal Appearance and Manner—Dr. Joseph Wharton—Sheridan's Opinion of "Evelina"—Dialogue between Sheridan, Miss Burney, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and Mrs. Cholmondeley—Miss Burney urged by Sheridan to write a Comedy.

Diary resumed.

ST. MARTIN'S-STREET, JANUARY, 1779.—How will you bear, my dearest Susan, to hear about Pac—may I finish the name? I am almost afraid—yet think it a miserable compliment to treat you as a baby, and hide from you the playthings you must not have in your own hand. So I will only remind you of similar situations in which I have been; and, at the same time, reminding myself of your conduct upon those occasions—the upshot of all which will be, a true account of the transaction.

Well, last Saturday morning, “mine fader” sent a present of his “History” to Pacchierotti,* by way of an incentive to the study of the English language. At the Opera at night, he promised to call here on Sunday. And so on Sunday morning he came, attended by Signor Bertoni.

Well, but he did not sing—so far be easy.

I like him of all things: he is perfectly modest, humble, well-bred, and unassuming. He has a very anxious desire to learn English, which he has studied grammatically, and with much application and diligence abroad: and he promised to come hither frequently to take lessons of conversation. By way of beginning with vigour, he settled to drink tea here the next day.

They came early, and I am more pleased with Pacchierotti than ever: he seems to be perfectly amiable, gentle, and good: his countenance is extremely benevolent, and his manners infinitely interesting. We are all become very good friends, and talked English, French, and Italian, by commodious starts, just as phrases occurred—an excellent device for appearing a good linguist.

He had a very bad cold, yet sung with the utmost good humour, as soon as asked. Bertoni† accompanied him. He first sang a rondeau of “Artaserse,” of Bertoni’s. It is a very fine one, and had it been a very execrable one, he would have made it exquisite: such taste, expression, freedom, fancy, and variety, never were before joined, but in Agujari.‡ His voice, however, was by no means clear, though extremely touching: but his cold quite tormented him. He afterwards sung a song for a tenor in the same opera, and admirably; then some accompanied recitative to a song in the “Orfeo” of Bertoni, and lastly, the “*Che farò senza Euridice.*”

He and I were very sociable: and he said, in English:

* One of the most celebrated singers of his day.

† A well-known composer, who produced many operas to the words of Metastasio.

‡ A celebrated Italian singer, wife of Colla, an Italian composer. She was engaged at the Pantheon to sing two songs nightly, for which she received £100.

"Miss Borni give me very much encourage; but is very troublesome the difficulties."

Bertoni is very much that common sort of character that admits no delineation.

Piozzi, by invitation, came in the evening; he did not sing but was very good-humoured.

Giardini*—not by invitation—came also. We did not, just then, wish for him, but he was very *comique*.

On Thursday, I had another adventure, and one that has made me grin ever since. A gentleman inquiring for my father, was asked into the parlour. The then inhabitants were only my mother and me. In entered a square old gentleman, well-wigged, formal, grave, and important. He seated himself. My mother asked if he had any message for my father?

"No, none."

Then he regarded me with a certain dry kind of attention for some time; after which, turning suddenly to my mother, he demanded,

"Pray, ma'am, is this your daughter?"

"Yes, sir."

"O! this is Evelina, is it?"

"No, sir," cried I, staring at him, and glad none of you were in the way to say Yes.

"No?" repeated he, incredulous; "is not your name Evelina, ma'am?"

"Dear, no, sir," again quoth I, staring harder.

"Ma'am," cried he, dryly, "I beg your pardon! I had understood your name was Evelina."

And soon after, he went away.

When he put down his card, who should it prove but Dr. Franklin! "Was it not queer?"

* Giardini was the most celebrated violinist of his day. He came to England in 1750, and was for some years head of the musical department of the Opera. He died in great indigence at Moscow in 1793.

From Mrs. Thrale to Miss Burney.

Streatham.

Instead of writing monitory letters to Dick,* I find I must now be a little serious with the great "Evelina." Why will you, my lovely friend, give consequence to trifles, by thus putting your peace in their power? Is not the world full of severe misfortunes and real calamities? and will you fret and look pale about such nonsense as this? Let me see you on Thursday next, if but for an hour, and let me see you cheerful, I insist. Your looking dismal can only advertise the paltry pamphlet, which I firmly believe no one out of your own family has seen, and which is now only lying like a dead kitten on the surface of a dirty horsepond, incapable of scratching any one who does not take pains to dirty their fingers for it.

But it has proclaimed you authoress of "Evelina!" And is that an injury? Surely you are not yet to learn how highly that little sweet book has been praised, admired, and esteemed by people whose good word should at least weigh with you against such a wretch as I hear this is, who has mentioned your name irreverently—for I do not perceive he has done anything else at last.

And so, as Mowbray the brutal says of Lovelace the gay, "We comforted and advised him."

When will Miss Susan come home, that I may have you here to brace your fibres, and enable you to endure these direful misfortunes? But I see you saying, "Why this is *Mrs. Selwyn* without her wit."

Very well, madam; don't you be *Lady Louisa*, then, without her quality.

Give my best love and kindest compliments to your amiable household. You know if I love you, and may be sure I pity your pain, but do not mean to soothe it. This world is a rough road, and those who mean to tread it many years must not think of beginning their journey in buff soles.

* Dr. Burney's son by his second wife.

What hurts me most is lest you should like me the less for this letter. Yet I will be true to my own sentiments and send it; if you will think me coarse and indelicate, I can't help it. You are twenty odd years old, and I am past thirty-six—there's the true difference. I have lost seven children, and been cheated out of two thousand a year, and I cannot, indeed I cannot, sigh and sorrow over pamphlets and paragraphs. Did you never hear Johnson's story of the "Man with his Paper and Packthread?"

Mr. Pepys*—my master in chancery, as your papa calls him—says you should try at a tragedy. He is in love with the character of *Macartney*, the pistol scene, and the *dénoûment* with Sir John Belmont.

Murphy is charmed with the comic part, and thinks highly of the writer. Will these help to fill the scale against our formidable adversary—Heaven knows who—in the garret?

Adieu till Thursday, "my own dear little Burney," and forgive the sauciness of a truly affectionate and faithful friend, servant, &c.,

H. L. THRALE.

I can't stay till Thursday to hear if you forgive me, nor will forgiveness do. You must not love me less for all this—it would vex me more than many a silly couplet, which you mind more than your friends. Once more, adieu!

Miss F. Burney to Mr. Crisp.

January, 1779.

Your patience, my dear daddy, in being able to mention my name without invectives, as you have done in your letter to Hetty, forces me to write, because it makes me eager to thank you for not having taken offence at me. Indeed your last most excellent letter ought to have had my acknowledgments long since, but the fact is I received it when I was most violently out of sorts, and really had not spirits to answer it. I intended to

* William Waller Pepys, a master in Chancery.

have kept from you the subject of my uneasiness, because I know you will only scoff it, or, perhaps, think it should rather have gratified than dispirited me ; and in truth I have been so plentifully lectured already upon my vexation, that I feel no *goût* for further lashing and slashing ; and yet I will own to you the subject, because I had rather of the two you should think me a fool, than think I wanted gratitude sufficient to thank you for the many useful hints, the kind and excellent advice you took the trouble to give me.

In short, not to spend my whole letter in enigmatical pre-luding, just as I received your letter I had had information that my name had got into print, and what was yet worse, was printed in a new pamphlet.

I cannot tell you, and if I could you would perhaps not believe me, how greatly I was shocked, mortified, grieved, and confounded at this intelligence : I had always dreaded as a real evil my name's getting into print—but to be lugged into a pamphlet !

I must, however, now I have gone so far, tell you how it is, lest you should imagine matters worse. This vile pamphlet is called "Warley : a Satire ;" it is addressed to the first artist in Europe, who proves to be Sir Joshua Reynolds. Probably it is to his unbounded partiality for "Evelina" that I owe this most disagreeable compliment, for he had been so eager to discover the author, that by what I had reason given to me to conjecture, I fancy he has been not a little laughed at since the discovery, for divers *comique* sort of speeches which he had made while in the dark.

So now the murder's out ! but, dear daddy, don't belabour me for my weakness, though I confess I was for more than a week unable to eat, drink, or sleep, for vehemence of vexation. I am now got tolerably stout again, but I have been furiously lectured for my folly (as I see everybody thinks it) by all who have known of it. I have, therefore, struggled against it with all my might, and am determined to aim at least at acquiring more strength of mind.

Yet, after all, I feel very forcibly that I am not—that I have

not been—and that I never shall be formed or fitted for any business with the public. Yet now my best friends, and my father at their head, absolutely prohibit a retreat; otherwise I should be strongly tempted to empty the whole contents of my bureau into the fire, and to vow never again to fill it. But, had my name never got abroad with my book, ere this, I question not, I should again have tried how the world stood affected to me.

Now once again to your letter.

Why, my dear daddy, will you use so vile, so ill-applied a word as "*officious*" when you are giving me advice? Is it not of all favours the most valuable you can confer on me? and don't I know that if you had not somewhat of a sneaking kindness for me you would as soon bite off your own nose, as the Irishman says, as take so much trouble about me? I do most earnestly, seriously, and solemnly entreat that you will continue to me this first, best, greatest proof of regard, and I do, with the utmost truth and gratitude, assure you that it is more really flattering to me than all the flummery in the world. I only wish, with all my heart, you would be more liberal of it.

Every word you have urged concerning the salt and spirit of gay, unrestrained freedom in comedies, carries conviction along with it,—a conviction which I feel, in trembling; should I ever venture in that walk publicly, perhaps the want of it might prove fatal to me. I do, indeed, think it most likely that such would be the event, and my poor piece, though it might escape cat-calls and riots, would be fairly slept off the stage. I cannot, however, attempt to avoid this danger, though I see it, for I would a thousand times rather forfeit my character as a writer, than risk ridicule or censure as a female. I have never set my heart on fame, and therefore would not, if I could, purchase it at the expense of all my own ideas of propriety. You who know me for a prude will not be surprised, and I hope not offended, at this avowal, for I should deceive you were I not to make it. If I should try, I must e'en take my chance, and all my own expectations may be pretty easily answered.

The Streathamites have been all re-assembled for these six weeks, and I have had invitation upon invitation to join them, or, in Mrs. Thrale's words, to go home. But Susan is at Howlett's, and I can by no means leave town till her return. However, we correspond, and Mrs. Thrale's kindness for me promises to be as steady as it is flattering and delightful to me; but I never knew how much in earnest and in sincerity she was my friend till she heard of my infinite *frettation* upon occasion of being pamphleted; and then she took the trouble to write me a long scolding letter and Dr. Johnson himself came to talk to me about it, and to reason with me; and now I see that they have sufficient regard to find fault with me, I do indeed hope that I am well with them.*

Yours affectionately,

F. B.

From Mr. Crisp to Miss F. Burney.

Chesington, January, 1779.

I long of all things, Fannikin, to see "Warley," and the continuation of your journal (for I have copied and will faithfully return by the first opportunity your last). If you answer me, you have not continued it, you are unpardonable, and I advise you to set about it immediately, as well as you can, while any traces of it rest in your memory. It will one day be the delight of your old age—it will call back your youth, your spirits, your pleasures, your friends, whom you formerly loved, and who loved you (at that time, also, probably, long gone off the stage), and lastly, when your own scene is closed, remain a valuable treasure to those that come after you. But I will not suppose you have not continued it—you can't be so wanting to yourself. This is what I require—the whole in all its details—not bits and

* The following is the passage which so annoyed Miss Burney. Speaking of some aim of Sir Joshua Reynolds, the writer (a Mr. Huddisford) asks—"Will it gain approbation from 'dear little Burney?'" The phrase, "dear little Burney," was Dr. Johnson's favourite mode of speaking of Miss Burney.

scraps of three characters at a time, as you talk of—that won't satisfy my maw.

As to your vexation, child, I don't mind it of a pin. Framed as you are, I knew that must come first before you could be easy. People that are destined to live in the midst of the world, must and ought to be inoculated before they can go about in safety. You talk of being slept off the stage—would you wish your book to die such a death? There is no alternative; if it lives, its fate and yours are inseparable, and the names of "Evelina" and Burney must and will go together: so that your discontent at what has happened, to me seems strangely ill-founded; and your fantastic sickly stomach is to recoil, forsooth, because you cannot compass impossibilities!

Well, I have been ruminating a good deal on the obstacles and difficulties I mentioned in my last, that lie directly across your path (as a prude) in the walk of comedy. On the most mature consideration, I do by no means retract the general principle that produced those observations; I will never allow you to sacrifice a grain of female delicacy for all the wit of Congreve and Vanbrugh put together—the purchase would be too dear; but this much I will assert, and can prove by several instances, viz., that light principles may be displayed without light expressions: and that is a rock the female must take care to steer clear of—vice must not talk unlike itself; but there is no necessity it should show all its filth. A great deal of management and dexterity will certainly be requisite to preserve spirit and salt, and yet keep up delicacy; but it may be done, and you can do it if anybody. Do you remember, about a dozen years ago, how you used to dance Nancy Dawson on the grass-plot, with your cap on the ground, and your long hair streaming down your back, one shoe off, and throwing about your head like a mad thing? Now you are to dance Nancy Dawson with fetters on; there is the difference: yet there is certainly a nameless grace and charm in giving a loose to that wildness and friskiness sometimes.

I am very glad you have secured Mrs. Montagu for your friend; her weight and interest are powerful; but there is one

particular I do not relish ; though she means it as a mark of favour and distinction ;—it is, where she says, “ If Miss Burney does write a play, I beg I may know of it, and (if she thinks proper) see it.”

Now, Fanny, this same seeing it (in a professed female wit, authoress, and Mæcenas into the bargain), I fear implies too much interference—implies advising, correcting, altering, &c., &c., &c. ; not only so, but in so high a critic, the not submitting to such grand authority, might possibly give a secret, concealed, lurking offence. Now d’ye see, as I told you once before, I would have the whole be all my own—all of a piece ; and to tell you the truth, I would not give a pin for the advice of the ablest friend who would not suffer me at last to follow my own judgment without resentment. Besides, let me whisper in your ear the very words Dr. Johnson made use of when Miss Streatfield’s letter was mentioned,—

“ She is,” &c., &c., &c. ; “ but my little B. writes a better letter.”

Adieu ! send me a vast journal to copy, containing a full and true account of all the variety of names you have given me a list of, and what they have said of and to you. May I send to Gast my copy of your journal, upon condition of her letting nobody see it but Molly Lenthal ? Shall we see you at Chesington this summer ? or are you to be at home at Streatham the whole season, and the old homely home quite forgotten ? One more adieu ! your loving daddy,

S. C.

Diary resumed.

To be sure I have been most plentifully lectured of late ; and to be sure I have been most plentifully chagrined ; but there is but one voice, and that goes against me. I must, therefore, give up the subject, and endeavour to forget the ideas it raised in me.

I will try, my dear Susy, to become somewhat more like other folks, if, as it seems by their reasoning, I am now so different to them. All that I can say for myself is, that I have always feared discovery, always sought concealment, and always known that

no success could counterbalance the publishing my name. However, what is inevitable ought not to torment long, and after such counsel as I have received, from almost all my best friends, it becomes my duty to struggle against my refractory feelings.

And now, my love, let me thank you for your letter, and let me try to send you one that may make some amends for my last.

I will recollect the most particular circumstances that have happened, journal fashion, according to the old plan.

This same pamphlet that has so much grieved me, was brought home by my mother on Thursday. But who says my name is not at full length? I wish to heaven it were not!

At night my father went to the Royal Academy to hear Sir Joshua Reynolds discourse; and now for a bouquet of uncommon fragrance. Mr. Mason came up to my father, and wished him joy, and said the finest things imaginable of the book, and extolled the characters, and talked it all over. You who respect and admire Mr. Mason as much as I do, will be sure such praise was some cordial to me. Mr. Humphreys too joined his vote. My father himself has seemed more pleased with Mr. Mason's approbation than with anybody's since the Streathamites'.

On Monday, to my great dissatisfaction, Mrs. Reynolds came. I was wofully dumpish.

"Pray," said she, after some time, "how does Miss Fanny do? Oh, no!—not Miss Fanny—Miss Sukey, I mean?—this I think is Miss Fanny?—though your name, ma'am, is swallowed up in another,—that of—of—of Miss Burney,—if not of—of—of, dear, how odd in Dr. Franklin to ask if that was not your name?"

To be sure I stared, and asked where she had her intelligence? I found, from my father himself.

"Well," continued she, "what would not Mrs. Horneck and Mrs. Bunbury give to see the writer of that book! Why, they say they would walk a hundred and sixty miles only to see her, if that would do!"

"Why then," quoth I, "I would walk just as far to avoid them!"

"O no! don't say that! I hope you will have the goodness to

consent to meet them ! But I think I have made out how Dr. Franklin came to say that odd thing. ‘Oh, ho,’ thought he, ‘am I now in company with the writer of that celebrated book ? Well, I must say something !’ So then he became so embarrassed that in his confusion he made the blunder.”

Now I think the only doubt is, which was most infinitely absurd, the question or the comment ?

* * * * *

On Friday, I had a visit from Dr. Johnson ! he came on purpose to reason with me about this pamphlet, which he had heard from my father had so greatly disturbed me.

Shall I not love him more than ever ? However, Miss Young was just arrived, and Mr. Bremner spent the evening here, and therefore he had the delicacy and goodness to forbear coming to the point. Yet he said several things that I understood, though they were unintelligible to all others ; and he was more kind, more good-humoured, more flattering to me than ever. Indeed, my uneasiness upon this subject has met with more indulgence from him than from anybody. He repeatedly charged me not to fret ; and bid me not repine at my success, but think of Floretta, in the Fairy Tale, who found sweetness and consolation in her wit sufficient to counterbalance her scoffers and libellers ! Indeed he was all good humour and kindness, and seemed quite bent on giving me comfort as well as flattery.

The next evening, just as I was dressed for my formidable visit at Sir Joshua's, I received a letter from Mrs. Thrale, the longest and most delightful she has ever written me. It contains, indeed, warm expostulations upon my uneasiness, and earnest remonstrances that I would overcome it ; but that she should think me worth the trouble of reproof, and the danger of sincerity, flattered, soothed, and cheered me inexpressibly ; and she speaks so affectionately of her regard for me, that I feel more convinced of it than ever.

By the way, it is settled that I am not to make my visit to Streatham till your return to town ; our dear father not choosing to have us both absent at once. Nevertheless, Mrs. Thrale, whose invitations upon that plea are, with her usual good sense

and propriety, dropped, or rather deferred being further pressed, till your return, said in her charming letter that she must see me, if only for an hour, and insisted that I should accompany my father on his next lesson day. I could not persuade myself to go out till I wrote an answer, which I did in the fulness of my heart, and without form, ceremony, or study of any kind.

* * * * *

Now to this grand visit: which was become more tremendous than ever from the pamphlet business, as I felt almost ashamed to see Sir Joshua, and could not but conclude he would think of it too.

We found the Miss Palmers alone. We were, for near an hour, quite easy, chatty, and comfortable; no pointed speech was made, and no starrer entered.

Just then, Mrs. and Miss Horneck were announced. You may suppose I thought directly of the one hundred and sixty miles—and may take it for granted I looked them very boldly in the face! Mrs. Horneck seated herself by my mother. Miss Palmer introduced me to her and her daughter, who seated herself next me; but not one word passed between us!

Mrs. Horneck, as I found in the course of the evening, is an exceeding sensible, well-bred woman.* Her daughter is very beautiful; but was low-spirited and silent during the whole visit. She was, indeed, very unhappy, as Miss Palmer informed me, upon account of some ill news she had lately heard of the affairs of a gentleman to whom she is shortly to be married.

Not long after came a whole troop, consisting of Mr. Cholmondeley!—O perilous name!—Miss Cholmondeley, and Miss Fanny Cholmondeley, his daughters, and Miss Forrest. Mrs. Cholmondeley, I found, was engaged elsewhere, but soon expected.

Now here was a trick of Sir Joshua, to make me meet all these people!

Mr. Cholmondeley is a clergyman; nothing shining either in

* Mrs Horneck was the wife of General Horneck. Her two daughters, Mrs. Bunbury and Miss Horneck (afterwards Mrs. Gwynn), were celebrated beauties, and their portraits rank among the best productions of Sir Joshua Reynolds's pencil.

person or manners, but rather somewhat grim in the first, and glum in the last. Yet he appears to have humour himself, and to enjoy it much in others.

Miss Cholmondeley I saw too little of to mention.

Miss Fanny Cholmondeley is a rather pretty, pale girl; very young and inartificial, and though tall and grown up, treated by her family as a child, and seemingly well content to really think herself such. She followed me whichever way I turned, and though she was too modest to stare, never ceased watching me the whole evening.

Miss Forrest is an immensely tall and not handsome young woman. Further I know not.

Next came my father, all gaiety and spirits. Then Mr. William Burke.

Soon after, Sir Joshua returned home. He paid his compliments to everybody, and then brought a chair next mine, and said :

“So, you were afraid to come among us?”

I don't know if I wrote to you a speech to that purpose, which I made to the Miss Palmers? and which, I suppose, they had repeated to him. He went on, saying I might as well fear hobgoblins, and that I had only to hold up my head to be above them all.

After this address, his behaviour was exactly what my wishes would have dictated to him, for my own ease and quietness; for he never once even alluded to my book, but conversed rationally, gaily, and serenely: and so I became more comfortable than I had been ever since the first entrance of company.

Our subject was chiefly Dr. Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*; we had both read the same, and therefore could discuss them with equal pleasure, and we both were charmed with them, and therefore could praise them with equal warmth; and we both love and reverence the writer, and therefore could mix observations on the book and the author with equal readiness.

By the way, I believe I did not mention that Miss Palmer told me all the world gave me to Dr. Johnson, for that he spoke of me as he spoke of hardly anybody!

Our confab was interrupted by the entrance of Mr. King ; a gentleman who is, it seems, for ever with the Burkes ; and presently Lord Palmerston * was announced.

Well, while this was going forward, a violent rapping bespoke, I was sure, Mrs. Cholmondeley, and I ran from the standers, and turning my back against the door, looked over Miss Palmer's cards ; for you may well imagine, I was really in a tremor at a meeting which so long has been in agitation, and with the person who, of all persons, has been most warm and enthusiastic for my book.

She had not, however, been in the room half an instant, ere my father came up to me, and tapping me on the shoulder, said, "Fanny, here's a lady who wishes to speak to you."

I curtsied in silence, she too curtsied, and fixed her eyes full on my face, and then tapping me with her fan, she cried :

"Come, come, you must not look grave upon me."

Upon this, I te-he'd ; she now looked at me yet more earnestly, and, after an odd silence, said, abruptly :

"But is it true ?"

"What, ma'am ?"

"It can't be !—tell me, though, is it true ?"

I could only simper.

"Why don't you tell me ?—but it can't be—I don't believe it !—no, you are an impostor !"

Sir Joshua and Lord Palmerston were both at her side—oh, how notably silly must I look ! She again repeated her question of "Is it true ?" and I again affected not to understand her ; and then Sir Joshua, taking hold of her arm, attempted to pull her away, saying :

"Come, come, Mrs. Cholmondeley, I won't have her overpowered here !"

I love Sir Joshua much for this. But Mrs. Cholmondeley, turning to him, said, with quickness and vehemence :

"Why, I ain't going to kill her ! don't be afraid, I shan't compliment her !—I can't, indeed !"

Then, taking my hand, she led me through them all, to

* Henry Temple, Second Viscount Palmerston, father of the late Premier.

another part of the room, where again she examined my phiz, and viewed and reviewed my whole person.

"Now," said she, "do tell me; is it true?"

"What, ma'am?—I don't—I don't know what——"

"Pho! what,—why you know what: in short, can you read? and can you write?"

"N—o, ma'am!"

"I thought so," cried she: "I have suspected it was a trick, some time, and now I am sure of it. You are too young by half!—it can't be!"

I laughed, and would have got away, but she would not let me.

"No," cried she, "one thing you must, at least, tell me;—are you very conceited? Come, answer me," continued she. "You won't? Mrs. Burney, Dr. Burney,—come here,—tell me if she is not very conceited?—if she is not eat up with conceit by this time?"

They were both pleased to answer "Not half enough."

"Well," exclaimed she, "that is the most wonderful part of all! Why that is yet more extraordinary than writing the book!"

I then got away from her, and again looked over Miss Palmer's cards: but she was after me in a minute.

"Pray, Miss Burney," cried she, aloud, "do you know anything of this game?"

"No, ma'am."

"No?" repeated she; "*ma foi*, that's a pity!"

This raised such a laugh, I was forced to move on; yet everybody seemed to be afraid to laugh, too, and studying to be delicate, as if they had been cautioned; which, I have since found, was really the case, and by Sir Joshua himself.

Again, however, she was at my side.

"What game do you like, Miss Burney?" cried she.

"I play at none, ma'am."

"No? *pardie*, I wonder at that!"

Did you ever know such a toad? Again I moved on, and got behind Mr. W. Burke, who, turning round to me, said:

"This is not very politic in us, Miss Burney, to play at cards, and have you listen to our follies."

There's for you! I am to pass for a censoress now.
My frank will hold no more. Adieu, my dearest Susan.

January 11.

Your repeated call, my dear Susan, makes me once more attempt to finish my visit to Sir Joshua: but I have very much forgotten where I left off; therefore, if I am guilty of *répétition* or tautology, you must not much marvel.

Mrs. Cholmondeley hunted me quite round the card-table, from chair to chair, repeating various speeches of Madame Duval; and when, at last, I got behind a sofa, out of her reach, she called out aloud, "Polly, Polly! only think! miss has danced with a lord!"

Some time after, contriving to again get near me, she began flirting her fan, and exclaiming, "Well, miss, I have had a beau, I assure you! ay, and a very pretty beau too, though I don't know if his lodgings were so prettily furnished, and everything, as Mr. Smith's."

Then, applying to Mr. Cholmondeley, she said, "Pray, sir, what is become of my lottery-ticket?"

"I don't know," answered he.

"*Pardie*," cried she, "you don't know nothing!"

I had now again made off, and, after much rambling, I at last seated myself near the card-table: but Mrs. Cholmondeley was after me in a minute, and drew a chair next mine. I now found it impossible to escape, and therefore forced myself to sit still. Lord Palmerston and Sir Joshua, in a few moments, seated themselves by us.

I must now write dialogue-fashion, to avoid the enormous length of Mrs. C.'s name.

Mrs. Chol. I have been very ill; monstrous ill indeed! or else I should have been at your house long ago. Sir Joshua, pray how do you do? You know, I suppose, that I don't come to see you?

Sir Joshua could only laugh; though this was her first address to him.

Mrs. Chol. Pray, miss, what's your name?

F. B. : Frances, ma'am.

Mrs. Chol. : Fanny ? Well, all the Fannys are excellent ! and yet,—my name is Mary ! Pray, Miss Palmers, how are you ?—though I hardly know if I shall speak to you to-night. I thought I should never have got here ! I have been so out of humour with the people for keeping me. If you but knew, cried I, to whom I am going to-night, and who I shall see to-night, you would not dare keep me muzzing here !

During all these pointed speeches, her penetrating eyes were fixed upon me ; and what could I do ?—what, indeed, could anybody do, but colour and simper ?—all the company watching us, though all, very delicately, avoided joining the confab.

Mrs. Chol. : My Lord Palmerston, I was told to-night that nobody could see your lordship for me, for that you supped at my house every night ? Dear, bless me, no ! cried I, not every night ! and I looked as confused as I was able ; but I am afraid I did not blush, though I tried hard for it !

Then, again, turning to me,

“That Mr. What-d'ye-call-him, in Fleet-street, is a mighty silly fellow ;—perhaps you don't know who I mean ?—one T. Lowndes,—but maybe you don't know such a person ?”

F. B. : No, indeed, I do not !—that I can safely say.

Mrs. Chol. : I could get nothing from him : but I told him I hoped he gave a good price ; and he answered me, that he always did things genteel. What trouble and tagging we had ! Mr. —— [I cannot recollect the name she mentioned] laid a wager the writer was a man :—I said I was sure it was a woman : but now we are both out ; for it's a girl !

In this comical, queer, flighty, whimsical manner she ran on, till we were summoned to supper ; for we were not allowed to break up before : and then, when Sir Joshua and almost everybody was gone downstairs, she changed her tone, and, with a face and voice both grave, said :

“Well, Miss Burney, you must give me leave to say one thing to you ; yet, perhaps you won't, neither, will you ?”

“What is it, ma'am ?”

"Why it is, that I admire you more than any human being! and that I can't help!"

Then, suddenly rising, she hurried downstairs.

Sir Joshua made me sit next him at supper; Mr. William Burke was at my other side; though, afterwards, I lost the Knight of Plympton, who, as he eats no suppers, made way for Mr. Gwatkin, and, as the table was crowded, stood at the fire himself. He was extremely polite and flattering in his manners towards me, and entirely avoided all mention or hint at "Evelina" the whole evening: indeed, I think I have met with more scrupulous delicacy from Sir Joshua than from anybody, although I have heard more of his approbation than of almost any other person's.

I was glad I was not next Mrs. Cholmondeley; but she frequently, and very provokingly, addressed herself to me; once she called out aloud, "Pray, Miss Burney, is there anything new coming out?" And another time, "Well, I wish people who *can* entertain me *would* entertain me!"

These sort of pointed speeches are almost worse than direct attacks; for there is no knowing how to look, or what to say, especially where the eyes of a whole company mark the object for whom they are meant.

To the last of these speeches I made no sort of answer: but Sir Joshua very good-naturedly turned it from me, by saying:

"Well, let every one do what they can in their different ways: do you begin yourself."

"Oh, I can't!" cried she; "I have tried, but I can't."

"Do you think, then," answered he, "that all the world is made only to entertain you?"

A very lively dialogue ensued. But I grow tired of writing. One thing, however, I must mention, which, at the time, frightened me wofully.

"Pray, Sir Joshua," asked Lord Palmerston, "what is this *Warley* that is just come out?"

"Why, I don't know," answered he; "but the reviewers, my lord, speak very well of it."

Mrs. Chol. : Who wrote it?

Sir Joshua : Mr. Huddisford.

Mrs. Chol. : O ! I don't like it at all, then ! Huddisford ! What a name !

Sir Joshua attempted a kind of vindication of him : but Lord Palmerston said, dryly :

"I think, Sir Joshua, it is dedicated to you ?"

"Yes, my lord," answered he.

"Oh, your servant ! Is it so ?" cried Mrs. Cholmondeley ; "then you need say no more !"

Sir Joshua laughed, and the subject, to my great relief, was dropped.

When we broke up to depart, which was not till near two in the morning, Mrs. Cholmondeley went up to my mother, and begged her permission to visit in St. Martin's-street. Then, as she left the room, she said to me, with a droll sort of threatening look,

"You have not got rid of me yet : I have been forcing myself into your house."

I must own I was not at all displeased at this, as I had very much and very reasonably feared that she would have been by then as sick of me from disappointment, as she was before eager for me from curiosity.

When we came away, Offy Palmer, laughing, said to me :

"I think this will be a breaking-in to you !"

"Ah !" cried I, "if I had known of your party !"

"You would have been sick in bed, I suppose ?"

I would not answer "No," yet I was glad it was over. And so concludeth this memorable evening. Yet I must tell you that I observed with much delight, that whoever spoke of the Thrales, was sure to turn to me, whence I conclude, since I am sure no puffs of mine can have caused it, that her kindness towards me has been published by herself.

I shall now skip to the Thursday following, when I accompanied my father to Streatham. We had a delightful ride, though the day was horrible.

In two minutes we were joined by Mr. Seward, and in four

by Dr. Johnson. Mr. Seward, though a reserved and cold young man, has a heart open to friendship, and very capable of good-nature and good-will, though I believe it abounds not with them to all indiscriminately: but he really loves my father, and his reserve once, is always, conquered. He seemed heartily glad to see us both: and the dear Dr. Johnson was more kind, more pleased, and more delightful than ever. Our several meetings in town seem now to have quite established me in his favour, and I flatter myself that if he were now accused of loving me, he would not deny it, nor, as before, insist on waiting longer ere he went so far.

"Well, my dear," cried he, in a low voice, "and how are you now? have you done fretting? have you got over your troubles?"

"Ah, sir," quoth I, "I am sorry they told you of my folly; yet I am very much obliged to you for bearing to hear of it with so much indulgence, for I had feared it would have made you hold me cheap ever after."

"No, my dear, no! What should I hold you cheap for? It did not surprise me at all; I thought it very natural; but you must think no more of it."

F. B.: Why, sir, to say the truth, I don't know, after all, whether I do not owe the affair in part to you!

Dr. Johnson: To me? how so?

F. B.: Why, the appellation of "little Burney," I think, must have come from you, for I know of nobody else that calls me so.

This is a fact, Susy; and the "dear little Burney" makes it still more suspicious, for I am sure Sir Joshua Reynolds would never speak of me so facetiously after only one meeting.

Dr. Johnson seemed almost shocked, and warmly denied having been any way accessory.

"Why, sir," cried I, "they say the pamphlet was written by a Mr. Huddisford. Now I never saw, never heard of him before; how, therefore, should he know whether I am little or tall? he could not call me little by inspiration; I might be a Patagonian for anything he could tell."

Dr. Johnson: Pho! fiddle-faddle; do you suppose your book is so much talked of and not yourself? Do you think your

readers will not ask questions, and inform themselves whether you are short or tall, young or old? Why should you put it on me?

After this he made me follow him into the library, that we might continue our confab without interruption: and just as we were seated, entered Mrs. Thrale. I flew to her and she received me with the sweetest cordiality. They placed me between them, and we had a most delicious trio.

We talked over the visit at Sir Joshua's; and Dr. Johnson told me that Mrs. Cholmondeley was the first person who publicly praised and recommended "Evelina," among the wits. Mrs. Thrale told me that at Tunbridge and Brighthelmstone it was the universal topic; and that Mrs. Montagu had pronounced the dedication to be so well written, that she could not but suppose it must be the doctor's.

"She is very kind," quoth I, "because she likes one part better than another, to take it from me!"

"You must not mind that," said Dr. Johnson, "for such things are always said where books are successful. There are three distinct kind of judges upon all new authors or productions; the first are those who know no rules, but pronounce entirely from their natural taste and feelings; the second are those who know and judge by rules; and the third are those who know, but are above the rules. These last are those you should wish to satisfy. Next to them rate the natural judges; but ever despise those opinions that are formed by the rules."

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Last week I called on Mrs. Williams, and Dr. Johnson, who had just returned from Streatham, came downstairs to me, and was so kind! I quite dote on him; and I do really believe that, take away Mr. Crisp, there is no man out of this house who has so real and affectionate a regard for me: and I am sure, take away the same person, I can with the utmost truth say the same thing in return.

I asked after all the Streathamites.

"Why," said he, "we now only want you—we have Miss Streatfield, Miss Brown, Murphy, and Seward—we only want you! Has Mrs. Thrale called on you lately?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ah," said he, "you are such a darling!"

Mrs. Williams added a violent compliment to this, but concluded with saying,

"My only fear is lest she should put me in a book!"

"Sir Joshua Reynolds," answered Dr. Johnson, "says that if he were conscious to himself of any trick, or any affectation, there is nobody he should so much fear as this little Burney!"

This speech he told me once before, so that I find it has struck him much; and so I suppose it did Mr. Huddisford, who, probably has heard one similar to it.

* * * * *

And now, my dear Susan, to relate the affairs of an evening, perhaps the most important of my life. To say that, is, I am sure, enough to interest you, my dearest girl, in all I can tell you of it.

On Monday last, my father sent a note to Mrs. Cholmondeley, to propose our waiting on her the Wednesday following: she accepted the proposal, and accordingly on Wednesday evening, my father, mother, and self went to Hertford-street.

I should have told you that Mrs. Cholmondeley, when my father some time ago called on her, sent me a message, that if I would go to see her, I should not again be stared at or worried; and she acknowledged that my visit at Sir Joshua's was a formidable one, and that I was watched the whole evening; but that upon the whole, the company behaved extremely well, for they only ogled!

Well, we were received by Mrs. Cholmondeley with great politeness, and in a manner that showed she intended to entirely throw aside Madame Duval, and to conduct herself towards me in a new style.

Mr. and the Misses Cholmondeley and Miss Forrest were with her; but who else think you?—why Mrs. Sheridan! I was absolutely charmed at the sight of her. I think her quite as beautiful as ever, and even more captivating; for she has now a look of ease and happiness that animates her whole face.

Miss Linley was with her; she is very handsome, but nothing near her sister: the elegance of Mrs. Sheridan's beauty is un-

equalled by any I ever saw, except Mrs. Crewe. I was pleased with her in all respects. She is much more lively and agreeable than I had any idea of finding her; she was very gay, and very unaffected, and totally free from airs of any kind.

Miss Linley was very much out of spirits; she did not speak three words the whole evening, and looked wholly unmoved at all that passed. Indeed she appeared to be heavy and inanimate.

Mrs. Cholmondeley sat next me. She is determined, I believe, to make me like her; and she will, I believe, have full success; for she is very clever, very entertaining, and very much unlike anybody else.

The first subject started was the Opera, and all joined in the praise of Pacchierotti. Mrs. Sheridan declared she could not hear him without tears, and that he was the first Italian singer who ever affected her to such a degree.

They then talked of the intended marriage of the Duke of Dorset with Miss Cumberland, and many ridiculous anecdotes were related. The conversation naturally fell upon Mr. Cumberland, and he was finely cut up!

"What a man is that!" said Mrs. Cholmondeley: "I cannot bear him—so querulous, so dissatisfied, so determined to like nobody and nothing but himself!"

"What, Mr. Cumberland?" exclaimed I.

"Yes," answered she; "I hope you don't like him?"

"I don't know him, ma'am. I have only seen him once, at Mrs. Ord's."

"Oh, don't like him for your life! I charge you not! I hope you did not like his looks?"

"Why," quoth I, laughing, "I went prepared and determined to like him; but, perhaps, when I see him next, I may go prepared for the contrary."

A rat-tat-tat-tat ensued, and the Earl of Harcourt was announced. When he had paid his compliments to Mrs. Cholmondeley,—

"I knew, ma'am," he said, "that I should find you at home."

"I suppose then, my lord," said she, "that you have seen Sir Joshua Reynolds; for he is engaged to be here."

"I have," answered his lordship; "and heard from him that I should be sure to find you."

And then he added some very fine compliment, but I have forgot it.

"Oh, my lord," cried she, "you have the most discernment of anybody! His lordship (turning another way) always says these things to me, and yet he never flatters."

Lord Harcourt, speaking of the lady from whose house he was just come, said,

"Mrs. Vesey is vastly agreeable, but her fear of ceremony is really troublesome: for her eagerness to break a circle is such, that she insists upon everybody's sitting with their backs one to another; that is, the chairs are drawn into little parties of three together, in a confused manner, all over the room."

"Why, then," said my father, "they may have the pleasure of caballing and cutting up one another, even in the same room."

"Oh, I like the notion of all things," cried Mrs. Cholmondeley; "I shall certainly adopt it!"

And then she drew her chair into the middle of our circle. Lord Harcourt turned his round, and his back to most of us, and my father did the same. You can't imagine a more absurd sight.

Just then the door opened, and Mr. Sheridan entered.

Was I not in luck? Not that I believe the meeting was accidental; but I had more wished to meet him and his wife than any people I know not.

I could not endure my ridiculous situation, but replaced myself in an orderly manner immediately. Mr. Sheridan stared at them all, and Mrs. Cholmondeley said she intended it as a hint for a comedy.

Mr. Sheridan has a very fine figure, and a good though I don't think a handsome face. He is tall, and very upright, and his appearance and address are at once manly and fashionable, without the smallest tincture of foppery or modish graces. In short, I like him vastly, and think him every way worthy his beautiful companion.

And let me tell you what I know will give you as much

pleasure as it gave me—that, by all I could observe in the course of the evening, and we stayed very late, they are extremely happy in each other: he evidently adores her, and she as evidently idolises him. The world has by no means done him justice.

When he had paid his compliments to all his acquaintance, he went behind the sofa on which Mrs. Sheridan and Miss Cholmondeley were seated, and entered into earnest conversation with them.

Upon Lord Harcourt's again paying Mrs. Cholmondeley some compliment, she said:

"Well, my lord, after this I shall be quite sublime for some days! I shan't descend into common life till—till Saturday, and then I shall drop into the vulgar style—I shall be in the *ma foi* way."

I do really believe she could not resist this, for she had seemed determined to be quiet.

When next there was a rat-tat, Mrs. Cholmondeley and Lord Harcourt, and my father again, at the command of the former, moved into the middle of the room, and then Sir Joshua Reynolds and Dr. Warton * entered.

No further company came. You may imagine there was a general roar at the breaking of the circle, and when they got into order, Mr. Sheridan seated himself in the place Mrs. Cholmondeley had left, between my father and myself.

And now I must tell you a little conversation which I did not hear myself till I came home; it was between Mr. Sheridan and my father.

"Dr. Burney," cried the former, "have you no older daughters? Can this possibly be the authoress of 'Evelina?'"

And then he said abundance of fine things, and begged my father to introduce him to me.

"Why, it will be a very formidable thing to her," answered he, "to be introduced to you."

"Well then, by-and-by," returned he.

* Dr. Joseph Warton, author of the "Essay on the Genius and Writings of Pope." He was then Head Master of Winchester.

Some time after this, my eyes happening to meet his, he waived the ceremony of introduction, and in a low voice said :

"I have been telling Dr. Burney that I have long expected to see in Miss Burney a lady of the gravest appearance, with the quickest parts."

I was never much more astonished than at this unexpected address, as among all my numerous puffers the name of Sheridan has never reached me, and I did really imagine he had never deigned to look at my trash.

Of course I could make no verbal answer, and he proceeded then to speak of "Evelina" in terms of the highest praise ; but I was in such a ferment from surprise (not to say pleasure), that I have no recollection of his expressions. I only remember telling him that I was much amazed he had spared time to read it, and that he repeatedly called it a most surprising book ; and some time after he added : "But I hope, Miss Burney, you don't intend to throw away your pen?"

"You should take care, sir," said I, "what you say : for you know not what weight it may have."

He wished it might have any, he said ; and soon after turned again to my father.

I protest, since the approbation of the Streathamites, I have met with none so flattering to me as this of Mr. Sheridan, and so very unexpected.

About this time Mrs. Cholmondeley was making much sport, by wishing for an acrostic on her name. She said she had several times begged for one in vain, and began to entertain thoughts of writing one herself.

"For," said she, "I am very famous for my rhymes, though I never made a line of poetry in my life."

"An acrostic on your name," said Mr. Sheridan, "would be a formidable task ; it must be so long that I think it should be divided into cantos."

"Miss Burney," cried Sir Joshua, who was now reseated, "are not you a writer of verses?"

F. B. : No, sir.

Mrs. Chol. : O don't believe her. I have made a resolution not to believe anything she says.

Mr. Sheridan : I think a lady should not write verses till she is past receiving them.

Mrs. Chol. : (rising and stalking majestically towards him)—
Mr. Sheridan, pray, sir, what may you mean by this insinuation ; did I not say I writ verses ?

Mr. Sheridan : Oh, but you——

Mrs. Chol. : Say no more, sir ! You have made your meaning but too plain already. There now, I think that's a speech for a tragedy !

Some time after, Sir Joshua returning to his standing-place, entered into confab with Miss Linley and your slave, upon various matters, during which *Mr. Sheridan*, joining us, said :

“ Sir Joshua, I have been telling Miss Burney that she must not suffer her pen to lie idle—ought she ? ”

Sir Joshua : No, indeed, ought she not.

Mr. Sheridan : Do you then, Sir Joshua, persuade her. But perhaps you have begun something ? May we ask ? Will you answer a question candidly ?

F. B. : I don't know, but as candidly as *Mrs. Candour* I think I certainly shall.

Mr. Sheridan : What then are you about now ?

F. B. : Why, twirling my fan, I think !

Mr. Sheridan : No, no ; but what are you about at home : However, it is not a fair question, so I won't press it.

Yet he looked very inquisitive ; but I was glad to get off without any downright answer.

Sir Joshua : Anything in the dialogue way, I think, she must succeed in ; and I am sure invention will not be wanting.

Mr. Sheridan : No, indeed ; I think, and say, she should write a comedy.

Sir Joshua : I am sure I think so ; and hope she will.

I could only answer by incredulous exclamations.

“ Consider,” continued Sir Joshua, “ you have already had all the applause and fame you can have given you in the closet ; but the acclamation of a theatre will be new to you.”

And then he put down his trumpet, and began a violent clapping of his hands.

I actually shook from head to foot! I felt myself already in Drury Lane, amidst the hubbub of a first night.

"Oh, no!" cried I, "there may be a noise, but it will be just the reverse." And I returned his salute with a hissing.

Mr. Sheridan joined Sir Joshua very warmly.

"Oh, sir!" cried I, "you should not run on so—you don't know what mischief you may do!"

Mr. Sheridan: I wish I may—I shall be very glad to be accessory.

Sir Joshua: She has, certainly, something of a knack at characters;—where she got it, I don't know, and how she got it, I can't imagine; but she certainly has it. And to throw it away is——

Mr. Sheridan: Oh, she won't,—she will write a comedy,—she has promised me she will!

F. B.: Oh!—if you both run on in this manner, I shall——

I was going to say get under the chair, but Mr. Sheridan, interrupting me with a laugh, said:

"Set about one? very well, that's right!"

"Ay," cried Sir Joshua, "that's very right. And you (to Mr. Sheridan) would take anything of hers, would you not?—unsight, unseen?"

What a point-blank question! who but Sir Joshua would have ventured it!

"Yes," answered Mr. Sheridan, with quickness, "and make her a bow and my best thanks into the bargain."

Now, my dear Susy, tell me, did you ever hear the fellow to such a speech as this!—it was all I could do to sit it.

"Mr. Sheridan," I exclaimed, "are you not mocking me?"

"No, upon my honour! this is what I have meditated to say to you the first time I should have the pleasure of seeing you."

To be sure, as Mrs. Thrale says, if folks are to be spoilt, there is nothing in the world so pleasant as spoiling! But I was never so much astonished, and seldom have been so much delighted, as by this attack of Mr. Sheridan. Afterwards he took my father aside, and formally repeated his opinion that I should write for the stage, and his desire to see my play,—with encomiums the most flattering of "Evelina."

And now, my dear Susy, if I should attempt the stage, I think I may be fairly acquitted of presumption, and however I may fail, that I was strongly pressed to try by Mrs. Thrale, and by Mr. Sheridan, the most successful and powerful of all dramatic living authors, will abundantly excuse my temerity.

In short,—this evening seems to have been decisive; my many and increasing scruples all gave way to encouragement so warm, from so experienced a judge, who is himself interested in not making such a request *par complaisance*. Some time after, Sir Joshua beckoned to Dr. Warton to approach us, and said:

“Give me leave, Miss Burney, to introduce Dr. Warton to you.”

We both made our reverences, and then Sir Joshua, who was now quite facetious, said, laughing:

“Come, Dr. Warton, now give Miss Burney your opinion of—something,—tell her what is your opinion of—a certain book.”

This was very provoking of Sir Joshua, and Dr. Warton seemed as much embarrassed as myself; but, after a little hesitation, he very politely said:

“I have no opinion to give—I can only join in the voice of the public.”

I have no more time nor room to go on, or I could write you a folio of the conversation at supper, when everybody was in spirits, and a thousand good things were said: I sat between Sir Joshua and Miss Linley. Mrs. Cholmondeley addressed almost all her *bons mots* and drolleries to me, and was flattering in her distinction to a degree; yet did not, as at our first meeting, overpower me.

CHAPTER V.

Diary resumed—Mrs. Thrale and Dr. Johnson—Sir Philip Clerke—Whigs and Tories—A Political Discussion—Liberality of Dr. Johnson—Murphy, the Dramatist—He urges Miss Burney to write a Comedy—Table-talk between Johnson, Murphy, Mrs. Thrale, and Miss Burney—Country Neighbours—Goldsmith—Tears at Will—Letter from Miss Burney to Mr. Crisp—The Mæcenases of the Day—Diary resumed—Visit to Brighton—Brighton Society in 1779—A Grand Dinner-party—A Character—The Bishop of Peterborough—An Evening Party—Wealth and Ennui—Queen Dido—News from Home—An Order from Head-quarters—Military Discipline—Captain Crop—Dr. Delap—Mr. Murphy—Cross-examination—The Bishop of Winchester—Return to Streatham—Illness of Mr. Thrale—Sir Philip Clerke—“Evelina”—A Learned Lady—Table-talk—The Man of Indifference—Taste in Dress—Raillery—Affectation—Candide—Pocourante—Dr. Middleton—A Weeping Beauty—Table-talk—Intended Journey to Spa—Projected Comedy—A Scene—Ennui—Sir Richard Jefferies—Lady Anne Lindsay—Learned Ladies—Dr. Johnson.

STREATHAM, FEBRUARY.—I have been here so long, my dearest Susan, without writing a word, that now I hardly know where or how to begin. But I will try to draw up a concise account of what has passed for this last fortnight, and then endeavour to be more minute.

Mrs. Thrale and Dr. Johnson vied with each other in the kindness of their reception of me. Mr. Thrale was, as usual at first, cold and quiet, but soon, as usual also, warmed into sociality.

The next day Sir Philip Jennings Clerke came. He is not at all a man of letters, but extremely well-bred, nay, elegant, in his manners, and sensible and agreeable in his conversation. He is a professed minority man, and very active and zealous in the opposition. He had, when I came, a bill in agitation concerning contractors—too long a matter to explain upon paper—but

which was levelled against bribery and corruption in the ministry, and which he was to make a motion upon in the House of Commons the next week.

Men of such different principles as Dr. Johnson and Sir Philip, you may imagine, can not have much sympathy or cordiality in their political debates; however, the very superior abilities of the former, and the remarkable good breeding of the latter, have kept both upon good terms; though they have had several arguments, in which each has exerted his utmost force for conquest.

The heads of one of their debates I must try to remember, because I should be sorry to forget. Sir Philip explained his bill; Dr. Johnson at first scoffed it; Mr. Thrale betted a guinea the motion would not pass, and Sir Philip, that he should divide a hundred and fifty upon it.

Sir Philip, addressing himself to Mrs. Thrale, hoped she would not suffer the Tories to warp her judgment, and told me he hoped my father had not tainted my principles; and then he further explained his bill, and indeed made it appear so equitable, that Mrs. Thrale gave in to it, and wished her husband to vote for it. He still hung back; but, to our general surprise, Dr. Johnson having made more particular inquiries into its merits, first softened towards it, and then declared it a very rational and fair bill, and joined with Mrs. Thrale in soliciting Mr. Thrale's vote.

Sir Philip was, and with very good reason, quite delighted. He opened upon politics more amply, and freely declared his opinions, which were so strongly against the government, and so much bordering upon the republican principles, that Dr. Johnson suddenly took fire; he called back his recantation, begged Mr. Thrale not to vote for Sir Philip's bill, and grew very animated against his antagonist.

"The bill," said he, "ought to be opposed by all honest men! in itself, and considered simply, it is equitable, and I would forward it; but when we find what a faction it is to support and encourage, it ought not to be listened to. All men should oppose it who do not wish well to sedition!"

These, and several other expressions yet more strong, he made use of; and had Sir Philip had less unalterable politeness, I believe they would have had a vehement quarrel. He maintained his ground, however, with calmness and steadiness, though he had neither argument nor wit at all equal to such an opponent.

Dr. Johnson pursued him with unabating vigour and dexterity, and at length, though he could not convince, he so entirely baffled him, that Sir Philip was self-compelled to be quiet—which, with a very good grace, he confessed.

Dr. Johnson then, recollecting himself, and thinking, as he owned afterwards, that the dispute grew too serious, with a skill all his own, suddenly and unexpectedly turned it to burlesque; and taking Sir Philip by the hand at the moment we arose after supper, and were separating for the night,

“Sir Philip,” said he, “you are too liberal a man for the party to which you belong; I shall have much pride in the honour of converting you; for I really believe, if you were not spoiled by bad company, the spirit of faction would not have possessed you. Go, then, sir, to the House, but make not your motion! Give up your bill, and surprise the world by turning to the side of truth and reason. Rise, sir, when they least expect you, and address your fellow patriots to this purpose:—Gentlemen, I have, for many a weary day, been deceived and seduced by you. I have now opened my eyes; I see that you are all scoundrels—the subversion of all government is your aim. Gentlemen, I will no longer herd among rascals in whose infamy my name and character must be included. I therefore renounce you all, gentlemen, as you deserve to be renounced.”

Then shaking his hand heartily, he added,

“Go, sir, go to bed; meditate upon this recantation, and rise in the morning a more honest man than you laid down.”

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Now I must try to be rather more minute. On Thursday, while my dear father was here, who should be announced but Mr. Murphy; the man of all other strangers to me whom I most longed to see.

He is tall and well made, has a very gentlemanlike appearance, and a quietness of manner upon his first address that, to me, is very pleasing. His face looks sensible, and his deportment is perfectly easy and polite.

When he had been welcomed by Mrs. Thrale, and had gone through the reception-salutations of Dr. Johnson and my father, Mrs. Thrale, advancing to me, said,

"But here is a lady I must introduce to you, Mr. Murphy; here is another F. B."

"Indeed!" cried he, taking my hand: "is this a sister of Miss Brown's?"

"No, no; this is Miss Burney."

"What!" cried he, staring, "is this—is this—this is not the lady that—that——"

"Yes, but it is," answered she, laughing.

"No, you don't say so? You don't mean the lady that——"

"Yes, yes, I do; no less a lady, I assure you."

He then said he was very glad of the honour of seeing me; and I sneaked away.

When we came upstairs, Mrs. Thrale charged me to make myself agreeable to Mr. Murphy.

"He may be of use to you, in what I am most eager for—your writing a play: he knows stage business so well: and if you will but take a fancy to one another, he may be more able to serve you than all of us put together. My ambition is, that Johnson should write your prologue, and Murphy your epilogue; then I shall be quite happy."

At tea-time, when I went into the library, I found Dr. Johnson reading, and Mrs. Thrale in close conference with Mr. Murphy.

"It is well, Miss Burney," said the latter, "that you are come, for we were abusing you most vilely; we were in the very act of pulling you to pieces."

"Don't you think her very like her father?" said Mrs. Thrale.

"Yes: but what a sad man is Dr. Burney, for running away so! how long had he been here?"

Mrs. Thrale: Oh, but an hour or two. I often say Dr. Bur-

ney is the most of a male coquet of any man I know ; for he only gives one enough of his company to excite a desire for more.

Mr. Murphy : Dr. Burney is, indeed, a most extraordinary man ; I think I don't know such another : he is at home upon all subjects, and upon all so agreeable ! he is a wonderful man !

And now let me stop this conversation, to go back to a similar one with Dr. Johnson, who, a few days since, when Mrs. Thrale was singing our father's praise, used this expression :

"I love Burney : my heart goes out to meet him !"

"He is not ungrateful, sir," cried I ; "for most heartily does he love you."

"Does he, madam ? I am surprised at that."

"Why, sir ? why should you have doubted it ?"

"Because, madam, Dr. Burney is a man for all the world to love : it is but natural to love him."

I could almost have cried with delight at this cordial, unlaboured *elogé*. Another time, he said,

"I much question if there is, in the world, such another man as Dr. Burney."

But to return to the tea-table.

"If I," said Mr. Murphy, looking very archly, "had written a certain book—a book I won't name, but a book I have lately read—I would next write a comedy."

"Good," cried Mrs. Thrale, colouring with pleasure ; "do you think so too ?"

"Yes, indeed ; I thought so while I was reading it ; it struck me repeatedly."

"Don't look at me, Miss Burney," cried Mrs. Thrale ; "for this is no doing of mine. Well, I do wonder what Miss Burney will do twenty years hence, when she can blush no more ; for now she can never bear the name of her book."

Mr. Murphy : Nay, I name no book ; at least no author ; how can I, for I don't know the author ; there is no name given to it : I only say, whoever wrote that book ought to write a comedy. Dr. Johnson might write it for aught I know.

F. B. : Oh, yes !

Mr. Murphy : Nay, I have often told him he does not know his own strength, or he would write a comedy ; and so I think.

Dr. Johnson [laughing]: Suppose Burney and I begin together?

Mr. Murphy: Ah, I wish you would! I wish you would Beaumont and Fletcher us!

F. B.: My father asked me, this morning, how my head stood. If he should have asked me this evening, I don't know what answer I must have made.

Mr. Murphy: I have no wish to turn anybody's head: I speak what I really think;—comedy is the forte of that book. I laughed over it most violently: and if the author—I won't say who [all the time looking away from me]—will write a comedy, I will most readily, and with great pleasure, give any advice or assistance in my power.

“Well, now you are a sweet man!” cried *Mrs. Thrale*, who looked ready to kiss him. “Did not I tell you, Miss Burney, that Mr. Murphy was the man?”

Mr. Murphy: All I can do, I shall be very happy to do; and at least, I will undertake to say I can tell what the sovereigns of the upper gallery will bear: for they are the most formidable part of an audience. I have had so much experience in this sort of work, that I believe I can always tell what will be hissed at least. And if Miss Burney will write, and will show me——

Dr. Johnson: Come, come, have done with this now; why should you overpower her? Let's have no more of it. I don't mean to dissent from what you say; I think well of it, and approve of it; but you have said enough of it.

Mr. Murphy, who equally loves and reverences *Dr. Johnson*, instantly changed the subject.

The rest of the evening was delightful. *Mr. Murphy* told abundance of most excellent stories; *Dr. Johnson* was in exceeding good-humour; and *Mrs. Thrale* all cheerfulness and sweetness.

For my part, in spite of her injunctions, I could not speak; I was in a kind of consternation. *Mr. Murphy's* speeches, flattering as they were, made me tremble; for I cannot get out of my head the idea of disgracing so many people.

After supper, *Dr. Johnson* turned the discourse upon silent

folks—whether by way of reflection and reproof, or by accident, I know not ; but I do know he is provoked with me for not talking more ; and I was afraid he was seriously provoked : but, a little while ago, I went into the music-room, where he was *tête-à-tête* with Mrs. Thrale, and calling me to him, he took my hand, and made me sit next him, in a manner that seemed truly affectionate.

“ Sir,” cried I, “ I was much afraid I was going out of your favour !”

“ Why so ? what should make you think so ?”

“ Why, I don’t know—my silence, I believe. I began to fear you would give me up.”

“ No, my darling !—my dear little Burney, no. When I give you up——”

“ What then, sir ?” cried Mrs. Thrale.

“ Why, I don’t know ; for whoever could give her up would deserve worse than I can say ; I know not what would be bad enough.”

STREATHAM, TUESDAY.—On my return hither, my dearest Susy, Mrs. Thrale received Dick with her usual kindness, and in the evening we went to visit the P——s.

Miss Thrale, Miss P——, and myself, after tea, retired to have some talk among ourselves, which, of all things in the world, is most stupid with these sort of misses. (I mean the P——s, not Miss Thrale), and we took Dick with us, to make sport.

Dick, proud of the office, played the buffoon extremely well, and our laughs reaching to the company-room, we were followed by a Mr. D——, a poor half-witted clergyman. Dick played his tricks over again, and, mad with spirits and the applause of the young ladies, when he had done, he clapped Mr. D—— on the back, and said,

“ Come, sir, now you do something to divert the ladies.”

“ No, sir, no ; I really can’t,” answered he.

“ What, sir !” cried Dick, “ not if the ladies request you ? why, then you’ll never do for Mr. Smith ! You ain’t half so clever as Mr. Smith ; and I’m sure you’ll never be a Sir Clement Willoughby !”

Did you ever hear the like ? I was forced to turn myself

quite away, and poor Mr. D—— was thunderstruck at the boy's assurance. When he recovered himself, he said to me,

"Ma'am, this is a very fine young gentleman—pray what book is he in?"

"Do you mean at school, sir?"

"No; I mean what books does he study at home besides his grammar?"

"Indeed I don't know; you must examine him."

"No? Don't you know Latin, ma'am?"

"No, indeed; not at all!"

"Really? Well, I had heard you did."

I wonder, my dear Susy, what next will be said of me!

Yesterday, at night, I told Dr. Johnson the inquiry, and added that I attributed it to my being at Streatham, and supposed the folks took it for granted nobody would be admitted there without knowing Latin, at least.

"No, my dear, no," answered he; "the man thought it because you have written a book—he concluded that a book could not be written by one who knew no Latin. And it is strange that it should—but, perhaps you do know it—for your shyness, and slyness, and pretending to know nothing, never took me in, whatever you may do with others. I always knew you for a toadling."

At our usual time of absconding, he would not let us go, and was in high good-humour; and when, at last, Mrs. Thrale absolutely refused to stay any longer, he took me by the hand, and said,

"Don't you mind her, my little Burney; do you stay, whether she will or not."

So away went Mrs. Thrale, and left us to a *tête-à-tête*.

Now I had been considering that perhaps I ought to speak to him of my new castle, lest hereafter he should suspect that I preferred the counsel of Mr. Murphy. I therefore determined to take this opportunity, and, after some general nothings, I asked if he would permit me to take a great liberty with him?

He assented with the most encouraging smile. And then I said:

"I believe, sir, you heard part of what passed between Mr. Murphy and me the other evening, concerning—a—a comedy. Now, if I should make such an attempt, would you be so good

as to allow me, any time before Michaelmas, to put it in the coach, for you to look over as you go to town?"

"To be sure, my dear!—What, have you begun a comedy then?"

I told him how the affair stood. He then gave me advice which just accorded with my wishes, viz., not to make known that I had any such intention; to keep my own counsel; not to whisper even the name of it; to raise no expectations, which were always prejudicial, and, finally, to have it performed while the town knew nothing of whose it was.

I readily assured him of my hearty concurrence in his opinion; but he somewhat distressed me when I told him that Mr. Murphy must be in my confidence, as he had offered his services, by desiring he might be the last to see it.

What I shall do, I know not, for he has, himself, begged to be the first. Mrs. Thrale, however, shall guide me between them. He spoke highly of Mr. Murphy, too, for he really loves him. He said he would not have it in the coach, but that I should read it to him; however, I could sooner drown or hang!

When I would have offered some apology for the attempt, he stopped me, and desired I would never make any.

"For," said he, "if it succeeds, it makes its own apology, if not——"

"If not," quoth I, "I cannot do worse than Dr. Goldsmith when his play failed,—go home and cry!"

He laughed, but told me, repeatedly (I mean twice, which for him, is very remarkable), that I might depend upon all the service in his power: and, he added, it would be well to make Murphy the last judge, "for he knows the stage," he said, "and I am quite ignorant of it."

Afterwards, grasping my hand with the most affectionate warmth, he said:

"I wish you success! I wish you well! my dear little Burney!"

When, at length, I told him I could stay no longer, and bid him good night, he said, "There is none like you, my dear little Burney! there is none like you!—good night, my darling!"

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Yesterday morning Miss Brown made a visit here. Mrs. Thrale, unluckily, was gone to town. But I am become quite intimate with her. She is a most good-humoured, frank, unaffected, sociable girl, and I like her very much. She stayed, I believe, three hours. We had much talk of Mr. Murphy, whom she adores, and whose avowed preference of her to Miss Streatfield has quite won her heart. We also talked much of Dr. Johnson, and she confessed to me that both she and Miss S. S. were in fevers in his presence, from apprehension.

"But," said she, "a lady of my acquaintance asked me, some time ago, if I knew you; I said no, for then I had not had the honour of seeing you. 'Well,' said she, 'but I hear Dr. Johnson is quite devoted to her; they say that he is grown quite polite, and waits upon her, and gets her her chair, and her tea, and pays her compliments from morning to night.' I was quite glad to hear it, for we agreed it would quite harmonise him."

I forgot to mention that, when I told Dr. Johnson Mr. Murphy's kind offer of examining my plan, and the several rules he gave me, and owned that I had already gone too far to avail myself of his obliging intention, he said "Never mind, my dear,—ah, you'll do without,—you want no rules."

TUESDAY NIGHT.—Before they went, Miss Streatfield came. Mrs. Thrale prevailed upon her to stay till the next day.

I find her a very amiable girl, and extremely handsome; not so wise as I expected, but very well; however, had she not chanced to have had so uncommon an education, with respect to literature or learning, I believe she would not have made her way among the wits by the force of her natural parts.

Mr. Seward, you know, told me that she had tears at command, and I begin to think so too, for when Mrs. Thrale, who had previously told me I should see her cry, began coaxing her to stay, and saying, "If you go, I shall know you don't love me so well as Lady Gresham,"—she did cry, not loud indeed, nor much, but the tears came into her eyes, and rolled down her fine cheeks.

"Come hither, Miss Burney," cried Mrs. Thrale, "come and see Miss Streatfield cry!"

I thought it a mere *badinage*. I went to them, but when I saw real tears, I was shocked, and saying "No, I won't look at her," ran away frightened, lest she should think I laughed at her, which Mrs. Thrale did so openly, that, as I told her, had she served me so, I should have been affronted with her ever after.

Miss Streatfield, however, whether from a sweetness not to be ruffled, or from not perceiving there was any room for taking offence, gently wiped her eyes, and was perfectly composed!

From Miss F. Burney to Mr. Crisp.

Streatham, March, 1779.

The kindness and honours I meet with from this charming family are greater than I can mention; sweet Mrs. Thrale hardly suffers me to leave her a moment; and Dr. Johnson is another Daddy Crisp to me, for he has a partial goodness to your Fannikin, that has made him sink the comparative shortness of our acquaintance, and treat and think of me as one who had long laid claim to him.

If you knew these two you would love them, or I don't know you so well as I think I do. Dr. Johnson has more fun, and comical humour, and love of nonsense about him, than almost anybody I ever saw: I mean when with those he likes; for otherwise, he can be as severe and as bitter as report relates him. Mrs. Thrale has all that gaiety of disposition and lightness of heart, which commonly belong to fifteen. We are, therefore, merry enough, and I am frequently seized with the same tittering and ridiculous fits as those with which I have so often amazed and amused poor Kitty Cooke.

One thing let me not omit of this charming woman, which I believe will weigh with you in her favour; her political doctrine is so exactly like yours, that it is never started but I exclaim, "Dear ma'am, if my Daddy Crisp was here, I believe between you, you would croak me mad!" And this sympathy of horrible foresight not a little contributes to incline her to believe

the other parts of speech with which I regale her concerning you. She wishes very much to know you, and I am sure you would hit it off comfortably ; but I told her what a vile taste you had for shunning all new acquaintance, and shirking almost all your old ones. That I may never be among the latter, heartily hopes my dear daddy's

Ever affectionate and obliged,

F.B.

Best love to Mrs. Ham and dear Kitty.

The Same to the Same

Streatham, May 4, 1779.

OH ! MY DEAR DADDY,

Ah !—alas !—woe is me !—In what terms may I venture to approach you ? I don't know, but the more I think of it, the more guilty I feel. I have a great mind, instead of tormenting you with apologies, and worrying myself with devising them, to tell you the plain, honest, literal truth. Indeed, I have no other way any chance of obtaining your forgiveness for my long silence. Honestly then, my time has, ever since the receipt of your most excellent letter, been not merely occupied, but burthened, with much employment. I have lived almost wholly at Streatham, and the little time I have spent at home, has been divided between indispensable engagements, and preparations for returning hither.

But you will say there is no occasion to exert much honesty in owning this much ; therefore now to the secret of the disposal of my private hours. The long and the short is, I have devoted them to writing, and I have finished a play. I must entreat you, my dearest daddy, to keep this communication to yourself, or, at least, if you own it to Kitty, whose long friendship for me I am sure deserves my confidence, make her vow not to reveal it to anybody whatsoever.

This is no capricious request, as I will explain ; my own secret inclination leads me forcibly and involuntarily to desire

concealment ; but that is not all, for Dr. Johnson himself enjoins it ; he says, that nothing can do so much mischief to a dramatic work as previous expectation, and that my wisest way will be to endeavour to have it performed before it is known, except to the managers, to be written.

I am extremely sorry you decline my three characters at a time, as I have nothing better to offer you. Journal I have kept none, nor had any time for such sort of writing. In my absences from Susan, I have, indeed, occasionally made essays in that style ; but they are very imperfect, uncertain, and abrupt. However, such sketches as she has had I will borrow of her for you, if, after all my transgression, you are not sick both of me and my affairs.

The paragraph you saw in the papers concerning a lady's first attempt in the dramatic walk, meant a Miss Richardson, of Tower-hill, who has just brought out a play called "The Double Deception."

I wish with all my heart it was in my power to take a trip to Chesington for a few days ; I have so many things I long to talk over, and I wish so sincerely to see you again. The homely home, as you call it, will never be forgotten while I keep aloof from my last home.

But I forgot to mention, that another and a very great reason for secrecy in regard to my new attempt, is what you have yourself mentioned—avoiding the inference of the various Mæcenases who would expect to be consulted. Of these, I could not confide in one without disobliging all the rest ; and I could not confide in all, without having the play read all over the town before it is acted. Mrs. Montagu, Mrs. Greville, Mrs. Crewe, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Mrs. Cholmondeley, and many interior &c.'s, think they have an equal claim, one with the other, to my confidence ; and the consequence of it all would be, that, instead of having it, in your words, all my own, and all of a piece, everybody would have a stroke at it, and it would become a mere patchwork of all my acquaintance. The only way to avoid this, is to keep to myself that such a thing exists. Those to whom I have owned it seem all of the same opinion, and I am resolutely determined to own it no more.

"Evelina" continues to sell in a most wonderful manner; a fourth edition is preparing, with cuts, designed by Mortimer just before he died, and executed by Hall and Bartolozzi.

Journal resumed.

STREATHAM, FRIDAY, MAY.—Once more, my dearest Susy, I will attempt journalising, and endeavour, according to my promise, to keep up something of the kind during our absence, however brief and curtailed.

To-day, while Mrs. Thrale was chatting with me in my room, we saw Mr. Murphy drive into the courtyard. Downstairs flew Mrs. Thrale, but, in a few minutes, up she flew again, crying,

"Mr. Murphy is crazy for your play—he won't let me rest for it—do pray let me run away with the first act."

Little as I like to have it seen in this unfinished state, she was too urgent to be resisted, so off she made with it.

I did not show my phiz till I was summoned to dinner. Mr. Murphy, probably out of flummery, made us wait some minutes, and, when he did come, said,

"I had much ado not to keep you all longer, for I could hardly get away from some new acquaintances I was just making."

As he could not stay to sleep here, he had only time, after dinner, to finish the first act. He was pleased to commend it very liberally; he has pointed out two places where he thinks I might enlarge, but has not criticised one word; on the contrary, the dialogue he has honoured with high praise.

So far is well: what may be yet to come, I know not. Further particulars I shall write to my dear Padre-himself.

O—but—shall I tell you something?—yes, though you won't care a fig; but I have had my lesson in Latin. Dr. Johnson tutored Miss Thrale while I was with you, and was set off for Lichfield before I came; but Mrs. Thrale attended the lecture, and has told me every word of it she could recollect: so we must both be ready for him against his return. I heartily wish I rejoiced more sincerely in this classical plan. But the truth is, I have

more fear of the malignity which will follow its being known, than delight in what advantages it may afford. All my delight, indeed, is that this great and good man should think me worthy his instructions.

BRIGHTHELMSTONE, MAY 26.—I have not had a moment for writing, my dear Susy, since I came hither, till now, for we have been perpetually engaged either with sights or company; for notwithstanding this is not the season, here are folks enough to fill up time from morning to evening.

The road from Streatham hither is beautiful: Mr., Mrs., Miss Thrale, and Miss Susan Thrale, and I, travelled in a coach, with four horses, and two of the servants in a chaise, besides two men on horseback; so we were obliged to stop for some time at three places on the road.

Reigate, the first town, is a very old, half-ruined borough, in a most neglected condition. A high hill, leading to it, afforded a very fine prospect, of the Malvern Hill nature, though inferior.

At Cuckfield, which is in Sussex, and but fourteen miles hence, we dined.

The view of the South Downs from Cuckfield to this place is very curious and singular. We got home by about nine o'clock. Mr. Thrale's house is in West-street, which is the court end of the town here as well as in London. 'Tis a neat, small house, and I have a snug, comfortable room to myself. The sea is not many yards from our windows. Our journey was delightfully pleasant, the day being heavenly, the roads in fine order, the prospects charming, and everybody good-humoured and cheerful.

THURSDAY.—We pass our time here most delectably. This dear and most sweet family grow daily more kind to me; and all of them contrive to make me of so much consequence, that I can now no more help being easy than, till lately, I could help being embarrassed. Mrs. Thrale has, indeed, from the first moment of our acquaintance, been to me all my heart could wish; and now her husband and daughter gain ground in my good grace and favour every day.

Just before we went to dinner, a chaise drove up to the door, and from it issued Mr. Murphy. He met with a very joyful reception ; and Mr. Thrale, for the first time in his life, said he was "a good fellow:" for he makes it a sort of rule to salute him with the title of "scoundrel," or "rascal." They were very old friends ; and I question if Mr. Thrale loves any man so well.

In the evening we all adjourned to Major H——'s, where, besides his own family, we found Lord Mordaunt, son to the Earl of Peterborough,—a pretty, languid, tonnish young man ; Mr. Fisher, who is said to be a scholar, but is nothing enchanting as a gentleman ; young Fitzgerald, as much the thing as ever ; and Mr. Lucius Concannon.

Mr. Murphy was the life of the party : he was in good spirits, and extremely entertaining ; he told a million of stories, admirably well ; but stories won't do upon paper, therefore I shall not attempt to present you with them.

This morning, as soon as breakfast was over, Mr. Murphy said, "I must now go to the seat by the seaside, with my new set of acquaintance, from whom I expect no little entertainment."

"Ay," said Mrs. Thrale, "and there you'll find us all ! I believe this rogue means me for *Lady Smatter* ; but *Mrs. Voluble* must speak the epilogue, Mr. Murphy."

"That must depend upon who performs the part," answered he.

"Don't talk of it now," cried I, "for Mr. Thrale knows nothing of it."

"I think," cried Mr. Murphy, "you might touch upon his character in 'Censor.'"

"Ay," cried Mr. Thrale, "I expect a knock some time or other ; but, when it comes, I'll carry all my myrmidons to cat-call it !"

Mr. Murphy then made me fetch him the second act, and marched off with it.

We had a very grand dinner to-day (though nothing to a Streatham dinner) at the Ship Tavern, where the officers mess, to which we were invited by the major and captain. All the officers I have mentioned, and three or four more, the H——s,

Miss Forth, Lord Mordaunt, Messieurs Murphy, Fisher, and Fitzgerald, Dr. Delap, and our own party, made an immensely formidable appearance.

Dr. Delap arrived in the morning, and is to stay two days. He is too silent for me to form much judgment of his companionable talents, and his appearance is snug and reserved. Mrs. Thrale is reading his play, and likes it much. It is to come out next season. It is droll enough that there should be, at this time, a tragedy and comedy in exactly the same situation, placed so accidentally in the same house.

We afterwards went on the parade, where the soldiers were mustering, and found Captain Fuller's men all half intoxicated, and laughing so violently as we passed by them, that they could hardly stand upright. The captain stormed at them most angrily; but, turning to us, said, "These poor fellows have just been paid their arrears, and it is so unusual to them to have a sixpence in their pockets, that they know not how to keep it there."

The wind being extremely high, our caps and gowns were blown about most abominably; and this increased the risibility of the merry light infantry. Captain Fuller's desire to keep order made me laugh as much as the men's incapacity to obey him; for finding our flying drapery provoked their mirth, he went up to the biggest grinner, and, shaking him violently by the shoulders, said, "What do you laugh for, sirrah? do you laugh at the ladies?" and, as soon as he had given the reprimand, it struck him to be so ridiculous, that he was obliged to turn quick round, and commit the very fault he was attacking most furiously.

I broke off where we were all assembled on Thursday,—which, by the way, is exactly opposite to the inn in which Charles II. hid himself after the battle of Worcester, previous to his escaping from the kingdom. So I fail not to look at it with loyal satisfaction: and his black-wigged majesty has, from the time of the Restoration, been its sign.

After tea, the bishop, his lady, Lord Mordaunt, and Mrs. H—— seated themselves to play at whist; and Mr. Murphy coming up to me, said,

"I have had no opportunity, Miss Burney, to tell you how much I have been entertained this morning, but I have a great deal to say to you about it; I am extremely pleased with it, indeed. The dialogue is charming; and the——"

"What's that?" cried Mrs. Thrale; "Mr. Murphy always flirting with Miss Burney? And here, too, where everybody's watched!"

And she cast her eyes towards Mrs. H——, who is as censorious a country lady as ever locked up all her ideas in a country town. She has told us sneering anecdotes of every woman and every officer in Brighthelmstone.

Mr. Murphy, checked by Mrs. Thrale's exclamation, stopped the conversation, and said he must run away, but would return in half an hour.

"Don't expect, however, Miss Burney," he said, "I shall bring with me what you are thinking of; no, I can't part with it yet!"

"What! at it again?" cried Mrs. Thrale. "This flirting is incessant; but it's all to Mr. Murphy's credit."

Mrs. Thrale told me afterwards, that she made these speeches to divert the attention of the company from our subject; for that she found they were all upon the watch the moment Mr. Murphy addressed me, and that the bishop and his lady almost threw down their cards, from eagerness to discover what he meant.

I am now more able to give you some sketch of Dr. Delap; and as he is coming into the world next winter, in my own walk, and, like me, for the first time, you may shake us together when I have drawn him, and conjecture our fates.

He is commonly and naturally grave, silent, and absent; but when any subject is once begun upon which he has anything to say, he works it threadbare, yet hardly seems to know, when all is over, what, or whether anything, has passed. He is a man, as I am told by those who know, of deep learning, but totally ignorant of life and manners. As to his person and appearance, they are much in the John-trot style. He seems inclined to be particularly civil to me; but not knowing how, according to the general forms, he has only shown his inclination by perpetual

offers to help me at dinner, and repeated exclamations at my not eating more profusely.

So much for my brother-dramatist.

The supper was very gay: Mrs. Thrale was in high spirits, and her wit flashed with incessant brilliancy; Mr. Murphy told several stories with admirable humour; and the Bishop of Peterborough was a worthy third in contributing towards general entertainment. He turns out most gaily sociable. Mrs. H. was discussed, and, poor lady, not very mercifully.

Mrs. Thrale said she lived upon the Steyne, for the pleasure of viewing, all day long, who walked with who, how often the same persons were seen together, and what visits were made by gentlemen to ladies, or ladies to gentlemen.

"She often tells me," said the captain, "of my men. 'Oh,' she says, 'Captain Fuller, your men are always after the ladies!'"

"Nay," cried Mrs. Thrale, "I should have thought the officers might have contented her; but if she takes in the soldiers too, she must have business enough!"

"Oh, she gets no satisfaction by her complaints; for I only say, 'Why, ma'am, we are all young!—all young and gay!—and how can we do better than follow the ladies?'"

"After all," returned Mrs. Thrale, "I believe she can talk of nothing else, and therefore we must forgive her."

Friday, May 28.

In the morning, before breakfast, came Dr. Delap; and Mrs. Thrale, in ambiguous terms, complimented him upon his play, and expressed her wish that she might tell me of it; upon which hint he instantly took the manuscript from his pocket, and presented it to me, begging me, at the same time, to tell him of any faults that I might meet with in it.

There, Susy! am I not grown a grand person; not merely looked upon as a writer, but addressed as a critic! Upon my word this is fine!

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By the way, it is really amazing the fatigue these militia

officers go through, without compulsion or interest to spur them. Major H. is a man of at least £8000 a year, and has a noble seat in this county, and quits ease, pleasure, retirement in the country, and public diversions in London, to take the charge of the Sussex militia! Captain Fuller, too, has an estate of £4000 or £5000 a year—is but just of age—has figure, understanding, education, vivacity, and independence—and yet voluntarily devotes almost all his time, and almost all his attention, to a company of light infantry!

Instances such as these, my dear Susy, ought to reconcile all the penniless sons of toil and industry to their cares and labours; since those whom affluence invites to all the luxuries of indolence, sicken of those very gifts which the others seem only to exist to procure.

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As soon as we returned home, I seized Dr. Delap's play. It is called "*Macaria*." Mr. Thrale, who frequently calls me *Queen Dido*, from a notion that I resemble an actress in France who performed that part, and from a general idea of my having a theatrical turn, was mightily diverted at this oddly-timed confidence of Dr. Delap, and, tapping at my door, called out, "*Queen Dido*, what! rehearsing still? Why, I think you should tip the doctor the same compliment!"

I could only read the first act before dinner. Mrs. Thrale came to me while I was dressing, and said, "Murphy is quite charmed with your second act: he says he is sure it will do, and more than do. He has been talking of you this half hour; he calls you a sly, designing body, and says you look all the people through most wickedly: he watches you, and vows he has caught you in the fact. Nobody and nothing, he says, escapes you, and you keep looking round for characters all day long. And Dr. Delap has been talking of you."

"I hope he does not suspect the play?"

"Why, he would not tell!"

"Oh, but I should be sorry to put it in his power!"

"Why, he's such an absent creature, that if he were to hear it to-day he would forget it to-morrow."

"No, as he is engaged in the same pursuit himself at this very time, I believe he would remember it."

"Well, it's too late, however, now, for he knows it: but I did not tell him; Murphy did; he broke out into praises of the second act before him. But he'll tell nobody, depend upon it," continued she; "it only put him upon asking one a hundred questions about you, and singing your praise; he has teased me all the morning about your family, and how many sisters and brothers you have, and if you were Dr. Burney's daughter, and a million more inquiries.

* * * *

During dinner, I observed that Mr. Murphy watched me almost incessantly, with such archness of countenance that I could hardly look at him; and Dr. Delap did the same, with an earnestness of gravity that was truly solemn—till Mr. Murphy, catching my eye, said,

"We have been talking of you—ask Mrs. Thrale what I say of you—I have found out your schemes, shy as you are. Dr. Delap, too, heard how I discovered you."

"Oh, but Dr. Delap," answered Mrs. Thrale, "is the best man in the world for discoveries—for he'll forget every word by to-morrow—shan't you, Dr. Delap?"

"Not Miss Burney!" cried the doctor, gallantly, "I'm sure I shan't forget Miss Burney!"

When Mrs. Thrale gave the signal for our leaving the gentlemen, Dr. Delap, as I past him, said in a whisper, "Have you read it?"

"No, not quite."

"How do you like it?"

I could make but one answer. How strangely ignorant of the world is this good clergyman, to ask such a question so abruptly!

We were engaged to finish the evening at Major Holroyd's, but as I feared hurting Dr. Delap by any seeming indifference, I begged Mrs. Thrale to let me stay at home till I had read his play, and, therefore, the rest of the party went before me.

I had, however, only three acts in my possession. The story is of the daughter and widow of Hercules;—and, indeed, I

liked the play much better than I expected to do. The story is such as renders the author's ignorance of common life and manners not very material, since the characters are of the heroic age, and therefore require more classical than worldly knowledge, and, accordingly, its only resemblance is to the tragedies of *Æschylus* and *Sophocles*.

SATURDAY, MAY 29.—After breakfast, Mrs. and Miss Thrale took me to Widget's, the milliner and library woman on the Steyne. After a little dawdling conversation, Captain Fuller came in to have a little chat. He said he had just gone through a great operation—"I have been," he said, "cutting off the hair of all my men."

"And why?"

"Why, the Duke of Richmond ordered that it should be done, and the fellows swore that they would not submit to it—so I was forced to be the operator myself. I told them they would look as smart again when they had got on their caps; but it went much against them; they vowed, at first, they would not bear such usage; some said they would sooner be run through the body, and others, that the duke should as soon have their heads. I told them I would soon try that, and fell to work myself with them."

"And how did they bear it?"

"Oh, poor fellows, with great good-nature, when they found his honour was their barber: but I thought proper to submit to hearing all their oaths, and all their jokes; for they had no other comfort but to hope I should have enough of it, and such sort of wit. Three or four of them, however, escaped, but I shall find them out. I told them I had a good mind to cut my own hair off too, and then they would have a Captain Crop. I shall soothe them to-morrow with a present of new feathers for all their caps."

Presently we were joined by Dr. Delap and Mr. Murphy.

Different occupations, in a short time, called away all our gentlemen but Dr. Delap; and he, seating himself next me, began to question me about his tragedy. I soon said all I

wanted to say upon the subject—and, soon after, a great deal more—but not soon after was he satisfied; he returned to the same thing a million of times, asked the same questions, exacted the same compliments, and worked at the same passages, till I almost fell asleep with the sound of the same words: and at last, with what little animation was left me, I contrived to make Miss Thrale propose a walk on the Steyne, and crawling out of the shop, I sought—and found—revival from the breezes.

STREATHAM, JUNE 12.—Now, my dear Susan, hard and fast—let me write up to the present time.

I left you all, as you truly say, on Saturday, in no very high spirits. Mrs. Thrale's visible uneasiness and agitation quite alarmed me. I dared ask her no questions; but, soon after we drove off, Sir Philip Clerke gently and feelingly led to the subject, and, in the course of our ride, got from her all the particulars of poor Mr. Thrale's dreadful and terrifying attack.

I find, with true concern, that it was undoubtedly a paralytic stroke. He was taken ill at his sister's, Mrs. Nesbitt's, during dinner; he did not absolutely fall, but his head sank upon the table, and, as soon as he was able to raise it, they found that his reason had left him;—he talked wildly, and seemed to know nobody. Mrs. Nesbitt brought him home; he was much better before Dr. Bromfield could be fetched; yet, for three days afterwards, his senses, at intervals, were frightfully impaired.

When we stopped here, Sir Philip immediately went to Mr. Thrale, but I ran past the door, and up to my own room, for I quite dreaded seeing him till I had prepared myself to meet him, without any seeming concern, as I was told that he was extremely suspicious of being thought in any danger, I dawdled away about an hour, and then asked Miss Thrale to accompany me into the parlour.

Mr. Thrale was there, with Sir Philip, Mr. Seward, and Captain Fuller. I endeavoured to enter, and behave as if nothing had happened. I saw Mr. Thrale fix his eyes upon me with an inquisitive and melancholy earnestness, as if to read my opinion: indeed, his looks were vastly better than I expected, but his evi-

dent dejection quite shocked me. I did not dare to go up to him, for if he had offered to shake hands with me, I believe I should have been unable to disguise my concern; for, indeed, he has of late made himself a daily increasing interest in my regard and kind wishes. I therefore turned short from him, and pretending earnest talk with Miss Thrale, went to one of the windows.

At dinner everybody tried to be cheerful; but a dark and gloomy cloud hangs over the head of poor Mr. Thrale, which no flashes of merriment or beams of wit can pierce through; yet he seems pleased that everybody should be gay, and desirous to be spoken to, and of, as usual.

SUNDAY, JUNE 13.—After church, we all strolled round the grounds, and the topic of our discourse was Miss Streatfield. Mrs. Thrale asserted that she had a power of captivation that was irresistible; that her beauty, joined to her softness, her caressing manners, her tearful eyes, and alluring looks, would insinuate her into the heart of any man she thought worth attacking.

Sir Philip declared himself of a totally different opinion, and quoted Dr. Johnson against her, who had told him that, taking away her Greek, she was as ignorant as a butterfly

Mr. Seward declared her Greek was all against her with him, for that, instead of reading Pope, Swift, or the *Spectator*,—books from which she might derive useful knowledge and improvement—it had led her to devote all her reading time to the first eight books of Homer.

“But,” said Mrs. Thrale, “her Greek, you must own, has made all her celebrity;—you would have heard no more of her than of any other pretty girl, but for that.”

“What I object to,” said Sir Philip, “is her avowed preference for this parson. Surely it is very indelicate in any lady to let all the world know with whom she is in love!”

“The parson,” said the severe Mr. Seward, “I suppose, spoke first,—or she would as soon have been in love with you, or with me!”

You will easily believe I gave him no pleasant look. He wanted me to slacken my pace, and tell him, in confidence, my

private opinion of her: but I told him, very truly, that as I knew her chiefly by account, not by acquaintance, I had not absolutely formed my opinion.

"Were I to live with her four days," said this odd man, "I believe the fifth I should want to take her to church."

"You'd be devilish tired of her, though," said Sir Philip, "in half a year. A crying wife will never do!"

"Oh, yes," cried he, "the pleasure of soothing her would make amends."

"Ah," cried Mrs. Thrale, "I would insure her power of crying herself into any of your hearts she pleased. I made her cry to Miss Burney, to show how beautiful she looked in tears."

"If I had been her," said Mr. Seward, "I would never have visited you again."

"Oh, but she liked it," answered Mrs. T., "for she knows how well she does it. Miss Burney would have run away, but she came forward on purpose to show herself. I would have done so by nobody else; but Sophy Streatfield is never happier than when the tears trickle from her fine eyes in company."

"Suppose, Miss Burney," said Mr. Seward, "we make her the heroine of our comedy? and call it 'Hearts have at ye all!'"

"Excellent!" cried I: "it can't be better."

"Tell me, then—what situations you will have? But stay, I have another name that I think will do very well for a comedy,—'Everything a Bore.'"

"Oh, mighty well! and you shall be the hero!" cried I.

"Well said, Miss Burney!" cried Mrs. Thrale; "and pray let his name be *Mr. Chagrin*."

Well, indeed, did she name him; for I think his *ennui*, his sickness of the world and its inhabitants, grows more and more obvious every day. He is, indeed, a melancholy instance of the inefficacy of fortune, talents, education, wit, and benevolence united, to render any man happy whose mind has not a native disposition of content.

At dinner we had three persons added to our company—my dear father, Miss Streatfield, and Miss Brown.

Well selected, gay, good-humoured, and uncommonly agreeable

as was the whole society, the day failed of being happy ; for Mr. Thrale's extreme seriousness and lowness, and Mrs. Thrale's agitated and struggling cheerfulness, spread a degree of gravity and discomfort over us, that, though they prevented not partial and occasional sallies, totally banished our accustomed general and continued gaiety.

Miss Brown, however, as you may remember I foresaw, proved the queen of the day. Miss Streatfield requires longer time to make conquests. She is, indeed, much more really beautiful than Fanny Brown ; but Fanny Brown is much more showy, and her open, good-humoured, gay, laughing face inspires an almost immediate wish of conversing and merry-making with her. Indeed, the two days she spent here have raised her greatly in my regard. She is a charming girl, and so natural, and easy, and sweet-tempered, that there is no being half an hour in her company without ardently wishing her well.

MONDAY, JUNE 14, proved far more lively and comfortable. Mr. Thrale daily looks somewhat better ; and his sweet wife's natural spirits and happiness insensibly, though not uniformly, return.

At breakfast, our party was Sir Philip, Mr. Fuller, Miss Streatfield, Miss Brown, the Thrales, and I.

The first office performed was dressing Miss Brown. She had put on bright jonquil ribbons. Mrs. Thrale exclaimed against them immediately ; Mr. Fuller half joined her, and away she went, and brought green ribbons of her own, which she made Miss Brown run upstairs with to put on. This she did with the utmost good humour : but dress is the last thing in which she excels ; for she has lived so much abroad, and so much with foreigners at home, that she never appears habited as an English-woman, nor as a high-bred foreigner, but rather as an Italian opera-dancer ; and her wild, careless, giddy manner, her loud hearty laugh, and general negligence of appearance, contribute to give her that air and look. I like her so much, that I am quite sorry she is not better advised, either by her own or some friend's judgment.

Miss Brown, however, was queen of the breakfast : for though

her giddiness made everybody take liberties with her, her good-humour made everybody love her, and her gaiety made everybody desirous to associate with her. Sir Philip played with her as with a young and sportive kitten; Mr. Fuller laughed and chatted with her; and Mr. Seward, when here, teases and torments her. The truth is, he cannot bear her, and she, in return, equally fears and dislikes him, but still she cannot help attracting his notice.

We then all walked out, and had a very delightful stroll: but, in returning, one of the dogs (we have twelve, I believe, belonging to the house) was detected pursuing the sheep on the common. Miss Thrale sent one of the men after him, and he was seized to be punished. The poor creature's cries were so dreadful that I took to my feet and ran away.

When, after all was over, they returned to the house, the saucy Captain Fuller, as soon as he saw me, exclaimed, "Oh, some hartshorn! some hartshorn for Miss Burney!"

I instantly found he thought me guilty of affectation; and the drollery of his manner made it impossible to be affronted with his accusation; therefore I took the trouble to try to clear myself, but know not how I succeeded. I assured him that if my staying could have answered any purpose, I would have compelled myself to hear the screams, and witness the correction, of the offending animal; but that as that was not the case, I saw no necessity for giving myself pain officiously.

"But I'll tell you," cried he, "my reason for not liking that ladies should run away from all disagreeable sights: I think that if they are totally unused to them, whenever any accident happens, they are not only helpless, but worse, for they scream and faint, and get out of the way; when, if they were not so frightened, they might be of some service. I was with a lady the other day, when a poor fellow was brought into her house half killed: but, instead of doing him any good, she only shrieked, and called out: 'Oh! mercy on me!' and ran away."

There was an honesty so characteristic in this attack, that I took very serious pains to vindicate myself, and told him that, if I had any knowledge of myself, I could safely affirm that, in any

case similar to what he mentioned, instead of running away, I should myself, if no abler person were at hand, have undertaken not merely to see, but to bind the man's wounds: nor, indeed, can I doubt but I should.

While we were dressing, Mr. Seward returned; he had postponed his journey to Cornwall: and, before dinner, Dr. Delap arrived from Lewes.

Mr Seward's *ennui* coming under consideration, Mrs. Thrale asked us if he was not the *Pococurante* in "Candide?"

Not one of us had read it.

"What!" cried Mr. Seward, "have not you, Miss Burney?"

"No, never."

"Well," said Mrs. Thrale, "I am quite amazed at that! I did not expect Dr. Delap or Sophy Streatfield to have read it; but how you missed it I do wonder."

"Miss Streatfield," said Mr. Seward, "I dare say, never reads but in form—finishes one book before she will look at another. and spreads a green cloth on her table, and sets to it in earnest."

"Perhaps," said Dr. Delap, "Miss Burney, like Dr. Middleton, is in a course of reading, so goes on regularly."

"No, no," cried Mrs. Thrale, "that is not her way; she is a very desultory reader."

"I dare say she is," said Mr. Seward, "and that makes her so clever."

"Candide" was then produced, and Mrs. Thrale read aloud the part concerning *Pococurante*; and really the cap fitted so well, that Mr. Seward could not attempt to dispute it.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 16.—We had, at breakfast, a scene, of its sort, the most curious I ever saw.

The persons were Sir Philip, Mr. Seward, Dr. Delap, Miss Streatfield, Mrs. and Miss Thrale, and I.

The discourse turning, I know not how, upon Miss Streatfield, Mrs. Thrale said:

"Ay, I made her cry once for Miss Burney as pretty as could be: but nobody does cry so pretty as the S. S. I'm sure, when she cried for Seward, I never saw her look half so lovely."

"For Seward?" cried Sir Philip; "did she cry for Seward?"

What a happy dog ! I hope she'll never cry for me, for, if she does, I won't answer for the consequences !"

"Seward," said Mrs. Thrale, "had affronted Johnson, and then Johnson affronted Seward, and then the S. S. cried."

"Oh," cried Sir Philip, "that I had but been here !"

"Nay," answered Mrs. Thrale, "you'd only have seen how like three fools three sensible persons behaved : for my part, I was quite sick of it, and of them, too."

Sir Philip : But what did Seward do ? was he not melted ?

Mrs. Thrale : Not he ; he was thinking only of his own affront, and taking fire at that.

Mr. Seward : Why, yes, I did take fire, for I went and planted my back to it.

S. S. : And Mrs. Thrale kept stuffing me with toast-and-water.

Sir Philip : But what did Seward do with himself ? Was not he in ecstasy ? What did he do, or say ?

Mr. Seward : Oh, I said, Pho, pho, don't let's have any more of this—it's making it of too much consequence : no more piping, pray.

Sir Philip : Well, I have heard so much of these tears, that I would give the universe to have a sight of them.

Mrs. Thrale : Well, she shall cry again, if you like it.

S. S. : No, pray, Mrs. Thrale.

Sir Philip : Oh, pray do ! pray let me see a little of it.

Mrs. Thrale : Yes, do cry a little, Sophy [*in a wheedling voice*], pray do ! Consider, now, you are going to day, and it's very hard if you won't cry a little ; indeed, S. S., you ought to cry.

Now for the wonder of wonders. When Mrs. Thrale, in a coaxing voice, suited to a nurse soothing a baby, had run on for some time—while all the rest of us, in laughter, joined in the request—two crystal tears came into the soft eyes of the S. S., and rolled gently down her cheeks ! Such a sight I never saw before, nor could I have believed. She offered not to conceal or dissipate them : on the contrary, she really contrived to have them seen by everybody. She looked, indeed, uncommonly handsome ; for her pretty face was not, like Chloe's, blubbered ;

it was smooth and elegant, and neither her features nor complexion were at all ruffled ; nay, indeed, she was smiling all the time.

“ Look, look !” cried Mrs. Thrale ; “ see if the tears are not come already.”

Loud and rude bursts of laughter broke from us all at once. How, indeed, could they be restrained ? Yet we all stared, and looked and re-looked again and again, twenty times, ere we could believe our eyes. Sir Philip, I thought, would have died in convulsions ; for his laughter and his politeness, struggling furiously with one another, made him almost black in the face. Mr. Seward looked half vexed that her crying for him was now so much lowered in its flattery, yet grinned incessantly ; Miss Thrale laughed as much as contempt would allow her ; but Dr. Delap seemed petrified with astonishment.

When our mirth abated, Sir Philip, colouring violently with his efforts to speak, said,

“ I thank you, ma'am ; I'm much obliged to you.”

But I really believe he spoke without knowing what he was saying.

“ What a wonderful command,” said Dr. Delap, very gravely, “ that lady must have over herself !”

She now took out a handkerchief and wiped her eyes.

“ Sir Philip,” cried Mr. Seward, “ how can you suffer her to dry her own eyes ?—you, who sit next her ?”

“ I dare not dry them for her,” answered he, “ because I am not the right man.”

“ But if I sat next her,” returned he, “ she should not dry them herself.”

“ I wish,” cried Dr. Delap, “ I had a bottle to put them in ; 'tis a thousand pities they should be wasted.”

“ There, now,” said Mrs. Thrale, “ she looks for all the world as if nothing had happened ; for, you know, nothing *has* happened !”

“ Would you cry, Miss Burney,” said Sir Philip, “ if we asked you ?”

“ Oh,” cried Mrs. Thrale, “ I would not do thus by Miss

Burney for ten worlds! I dare say she would never speak to me again. I should think she'd be more likely to walk out of my house than to cry because I bid her."

"I don't know how that is," cried Sir Philip; "but I'm sure she's gentle enough."

"She can cry, I doubt not," said Mr. Seward, "on any proper occasion."

"But I must know," said I, "what for."

I did not say this loud enough for the S. S. to hear me; but if I had, she would not have taken it for the reflection it meant. She seemed, the whole time, totally insensible to the numerous strange and, indeed, impertinent speeches which were made, and to be very well satisfied that she was only manifesting a tenderness of disposition, that increased her beauty of countenance. At least, I can put no other construction upon her conduct, which was, without exception, the strangest I ever saw. Without any pretence of affliction,—to weep merely because she was bid, though bid in a manner to forbid any one else,—to be in good spirits all the time,—to see the whole company expiring of laughter at her tears, without being at all offended,—and, at last, to dry them up, and go on with the same sort of conversation she held before they started!

What Sir Philip or Mr. Seward privately thought of this incident I know not yet: but Dr. Delap said,

"Yes, she has pretty blue eyes,—very pretty indeed; she's quite a wonderful miss. If it had not been for that little gush, I don't know what would have become of me. It was very good-natured of her, really, for she charms and uncharms in a moment; she is a bane and an antidote at the same time."

Then, after considering it more deeply,

"I declare," he said, "I was never so much surprised in my life! I should as soon have expected that the dew would fall from heaven because Mrs. Thrall called for it, as that Miss What-d'ye-call-her would have cried just because she was asked. But the thing is—did she cry? I declare I don't believe it. Yet I think, at this moment, I saw it,—only I know it could not be: something of a mist, I suppose, was before my eyes."

SUNDAY, JUNE 20TH.—Dr. Delap stayed here till yesterday, when he returned to Lewes. He attacked me before he went, about my comedy, and said he had some claim to see it. However, I escaped showing it, though he vows he will come again, when he is able, on purpose : but I hope we shall be set out for Spa.

Mr. Thrale continues, I hope, to get better, though slowly. While I was sitting with him in the library, Mr. Seward entered. What is become of his Cornwall scheme I know not. As soon as the first inquiries were over, he spoke about what he calls our comedy, and he pressed and teased me to set about it. But he grew, in the evening, so queer, so *ennuyé*, that, in a fit of absurdity, I called him *Mr. Dry* ; and the name took so with Mrs. Thrale, that I know not when he will lose it. Indeed, there is something in this young man's alternate drollery and lassitude, entertaining qualities and wearying complaints, that provoke me to more pertness than I practise to almost anybody.

The play, he said, should have the double title of “The Indifferent man, or Everything a Bore ;” and I protested *Mr. Dry* should be the hero. And then we ran on, jointly planning a succession of ridiculous scenes ;—he lashing himself pretty freely, though not half so freely, or so much to the purpose, as I lashed him ; for I attacked him, through the channel of *Mr. Dry*, upon his *ennui*, his causeless melancholy, his complaining languors, his yawning inattention, and his restless discontent. You may easily imagine I was in pretty high spirits to go so far : in truth, nothing else could either have prompted or excused my facetiousness : and his own manners are so cavalier, that they always, with me, stimulate a sympathising return.

He repeatedly begged me to go to work, and commit the projected scenes to paper : but I thought that might be carrying the jest too far ; for as I was in no humour to spare him, written raillery might, perhaps, have been less to his taste than verbal.

He challenged me to meet him the next morning, before breakfast, in the library, that we might work together at some scenes ; but I thought it as well to let the matter drop, and did not make my entry till they were all assembled.

His mind, however, ran upon nothing else ; and, as soon as we happened to be left together, he again attacked me.

"Come," said he, "have you nothing ready yet ? I dare say you have half an act in your pocket."

"No," quoth I, "I have quite forgot the whole business ; I was only in a humour for it last night."

"How shall it begin ?" cried he ; "with *Mr. Dry* in his study ?—his slippers just on, his hair about his ears,—exclaiming, 'What a bore is life !—What is to be done next ?'"

"Next ?" cried I, "what, before he has done anything at all ?"

"Oh, he has dressed himself, you know.—Well, then he takes up a book——"

"For example, this," cried I, giving him Clarendon's History.

He took it up in character, and flinging it away, cried,

"No,—this will never do,—a history by a party writer is odious."

I then gave him Robertson's "America."

"This," cried he, "is of all reading the most melancholy ;—an account of possessions we have lost by our own folly."

I then gave him Barretti's "Spanish Travels."*

"Who," cried he, flinging it aside, "can read travels by a fellow who never speaks a word of truth ?"

Then I gave him a volume of "Clarissa."

"Pho !" cried he, "a novel writ by a bookseller !—there is but one novel now one can bear to read,—and that's written by a young lady."

I hastened to stop him with Dalrymple's Memoirs, and then proceeded to give him various others, upon all which he made severe, splenetic, yet comical comments ;—and we continued thus employed till he was summoned to accompany Mr. Thrale to town.

The next morning, Wednesday, I had some very serious talk with Mr. Seward,—and such as gave me no inclination for

* Joseph Baretta was the author of an Italian and English Dictionary, and other creditable works. He was intimately acquainted with Johnson and most of the wits of his time. He was a native of Piedmont, but came to England in 1753, and died in London in 1789.

raillery, though it was concerning his *ennui*; on the contrary, I resolved, at the moment, never to rally him upon that subject again, for his account of himself filled me with compassion. He told me that he had never been well for three hours in a day in his life, and that when he was thought only tired, he was really so ill that he believed scarce another man would stay in company. I was quite shocked at this account, and told him, honestly, that I had done him so little justice as to attribute all his languors to affectation.

When Mrs. Thrale joined us, he told us he had just seen Dr. Jebb,—Sir Richard, I mean,—and that he had advised him to marry.

"No," cried Mrs. Thrale, "that will do nothing for you; but if you should marry, I have a wife for you."

"Who?" cried he, "the S. S.?"

"The S. S.?—no!—she's the last person for you,—her extreme softness, and tenderness, and weeping, would add languor to languor, and irritate all your disorders; 'twould be drink to a dropsical man."

"No, no,—it would soothe me."

"Not a whit! it would only fatigue you. The wife for you is Lady Anne Lindsay. She has birth, wit, and beauty; she has no fortune, and she'd readily accept you; and she is such a spirit that she'd animate you, I warrant you! O, she would trim you well! You'd be all alive presently. She'd take all the care of the money affairs,—and allow you out of them eighteen-pence a week! That's the wife for you!"

Mr. Seward was by no means "agreeable" to the proposal; he turned the conversation upon the S. S., and gave us an account of two visits he had made her, and spoke in favour of her manner of living, temper, and character. When he had run on in this strain for some time, Mrs. Thrale cried,

"Well, so you are grown very fond of her?"

"Oh dear, no!" answered he, drily, "not at all!"

"Why, I began to think," said Mrs. Thrale, "you intended to supplant the parson."

"No, I don't: I don't know what sort of an old woman she'd

make: the tears won't do then. Besides, I don't think her so sensible as I used to do."

"But she's very pleasing," cried I, "and very amiable."

"Yes, she's pleasing,—that's certain; but I don't think she reads much; the Greek has spoilt her."

"Well, but you can read for yourself."

"That's true; but does she work well?"

"I believe she does, and that's a better thing."

"Ay, so it is," said he, saucily, "for ladies; ladies should rather write than read."

"But authors," cried I, "before they write should read."

Returning again to the S. S., and being again rallied about her by Mrs. Thrale, who said she believed at last he would end there, he said:

"Why, if I must marry—if I was bid to choose between that and racking on the wheel, I believe I should go to her."

We all laughed at this exquisite compliment; but, as he said, it *was* a compliment, for though it proved no passion for her, it proved a preference.

"However," he continued, "it won't do."

"Upon my word," exclaimed I, "you settle it all your own way!—the lady would be ready at any rate!"

"Oh yes! any man might marry Sophy Streatfield." I quite stopped to exclaim against him.

"I mean," said he, "if he'd pay his court to her."

And now I cannot resist telling you of a dispute which Dr. Johnson had with Mrs. Thrale, the next morning, concerning me, which that sweet woman had the honesty and good sense to tell me. Dr. Johnson was talking to her and Sir Philip Jennings of the amazing progress made of late years in literature by the women. He said he was himself astonished at it, and told them he well remembered when a woman who could spell a common letter was regarded as all accomplished; but now they vied with the men in everything.

"I think, sir," said my friend Sir Philip, "the young lady we have here is a very extraordinary proof of what you say."

"So extraordinary, sir," answered he, "that I know none like

her—nor do I believe there is, or there ever was, a man who could write such a book so young.”

They both stared—no wonder, I am sure!—and Sir Philip said :

“What do you think of Pope, sir? could not Pope have written such a one?”

“Nay, nay,” cried Mrs. Thrale, “there is no need to talk of Pope; a book may be a clever book, and an extraordinary book, and yet not want a Pope for its author. I suppose he was no older than Miss Burney when he wrote ‘Windsor Forest;’ and I suppose ‘Windsor Forest’ is equal to ‘Evelina!’”

“‘Windsor Forest,’” repeated Dr. Johnson, “though so delightful a poem, by no means required the knowledge of life and manners, nor the accuracy of observation, nor the skill of penetration, necessary for composing such a work as ‘Evelina:’ he who could ever write ‘Windsor Forest,’ might as well write it young as old. Poetical abilities require not age to mature them; but ‘Evelina’ seems a work that should result from long experience and deep and intimate knowledge of the world; yet it has been written without either. Miss Burney is a real wonder. What she is, she is intuitively. Dr. Burney told me she had had the fewest advantages of any of his daughters, from some peculiar circumstances. And such has been her timidity, that he himself had not any suspicion of her powers.”

“Her modesty,” said Mrs. Thrale (as she told me), “is really beyond bounds. It quite provokes me. And, in fact, I can never make out how the mind that could write that book could be ignorant of its value.”

“That, madam, is another wonder,” answered my dear, dear Dr. Johnson, “for modesty with her is neither pretence nor decorum; ’tis an ingredient of her nature; for she who could part with such a work for twenty pounds, could know so little of its worth, or of her own, as to leave no possible doubt of her humility.”

My kind Mrs. Thrale told me this with a pleasure that made me embrace her with gratitude; but the astonishment of Sir Philip Clerke at such an *éloge* from Dr. Johnson was quite, she says, comical.

CHAPTER VI.

Dr. Johnson—His Brilliant Conversation—His Preference of Men of the World to Scholars—The late General Phipps—Dr. Johnson teaches Miss Burney Latin—Fatal Effect of using Cosmetics—Mrs. Vesey and Anstey—English Ladies taken by a French Privateer—Letters—Miss Burney to Mr. Crisp—Miss Burney's Comedy, "THE WITLINGS"—Miss Burney to her Father—"The Witlings" condemned by him and Mr. Crisp—She determines not to bring it forward—Admired by Mrs. Thrale and Mr. Murphy—Miss Burney to Mr. Crisp—Lamentations for her Comedy—Mr. Crisp to Miss Burney—The Dangers of Sincerity—Littleness and Vanity of Garrick—Ideas for another Comedy—An Eccentric Family—Visit to Brighton—Mr. Chamier—A Dandy of Fifty Years ago—A Visit to Knowle Park—Description of the Pictures and State Apartments—Sevenoaks—Tunbridge Wells—A Female Oddity—The Pantiles—Mr. Wedderburne—A Runaway Match—Its Miseries—Extraordinary Child—Brighton—A Character—Topham Beauclerk—Lady Di Beauclerk—Mrs. Musters—A Mistake—Lady Pembroke—Scenes in a Ball-room—How to put down Impertinence—A Provincial Company—Dryden's "Tempest"—Cumberland—Singular Anecdotes of him—His Hatred of all Contemporary Authors—Scene with him and Mrs. Thrale in a Ball-room—A Singular Character—Table-talk—Mystification—A Solemn Coxcomb—Dr. Johnson—Sir Joshua Reynolds—Price of his Portraits—Artists and Actors—Garrick—Fifty Pounds for a Song—Learned Ladies—Married Life—A Lordly Brute—Physicians and Patients—Single-speech Hamilton—The Humours of a Newspaper—Odd Names—A Long Story—Letter from Miss Burney to Mr. Crisp—Character and Objects of her Journal.

STREATHAM, JULY 5.—I have hardly had any power to write, my dear Susy, since I left you, for my cold has increased so much that I have hardly been able to do anything.

Mr. Thrale, I think, is better, and he was cheerful all the ride. Mrs. Thrale made as much of me as if the two days had been two months.

I was heartily glad to see Dr. Johnson, and I believe he was

not sorry to see me: he had inquired very much after me, and very particularly of Mrs. Thrale whether she loved me as well as she used to do.

He is better in health than I have ever seen him before; his journey has been very serviceable to him, and he has taken very good resolutions to reform his diet;—so has my Daddy Crisp. I wish I could pit them one against the other, and see the effect of their emulation.

I wished twenty times to have transmitted to paper the conversation of the evening, for Dr. Johnson was as brilliant as I have ever known him,—and that's saying something;—but I was not very well, and could only attend to him for present entertainment.

JULY 10.—Since I wrote last, I have been far from well,—but I am now my own man again—*à peu-pres*.

Very concise, indeed, must my journal grow, for I have now hardly a moment in my power to give it; however, I will keep up its chain, and mark, from time to time, the general course of things.

Sir Philip Jennings has spent three days here, at the close of which he took leave of us for the summer, and set out for his seat in Hampshire. We were all sorry to lose him; he is a most comfortable man in society, for he is always the same—easy, good-humoured, agreeable, and well-bred. He has made himself a favourite to the whole house, Dr. Johnson included, who almost always prefers the company of an intelligent man of the world to that of a scholar.

Lady Ladd spent the day here last Sunday. Did I ever do her the justice to give you a sketch of her since I have been more acquainted with her than when I first did her that favour? I think not.

She is gay, even to levity, wholly uncultivated as to letters, but possesses a very good natural capacity, and a fund of humour and sport that makes her company far more entertaining than that of half the best-educated women in the kingdom. The pride I have mentioned never shows itself without some provo-

cation, and wherever she meets with respect, she returns it with interest.

In the course of the day she said to me in a whisper, "I had a gentleman with me yesterday who is crazy to see you—and he teased me to bring him here with me, but I told him I could not till I had paved the way."

I found, afterwards, that this gentleman is Mr. Edmund Phipps, a younger brother of Lord Mulgrave, and of the Harry Phipps Hetty danced with at Mr. Laluze's masquerade. Lady Ladd appointed the next Tuesday to bring him to dinner. As he is a particular favourite with Mrs. Thrale, her ladyship had no difficulty in gaining him admittance.

I think times have come to a fine pass, if people are to come to Streatham with no better views.

Well,—on Tuesday I was quite ill,—and obliged to be blooded,—so I could not go down to dinner.

Mr. Seward accompanied Lady Ladd and Mr. E. Phipps, and added to the provocation of my confinement.

Lady Ladd and Mrs. Thrale both persuaded me to make my appearance, and as my head grew much easier, I thought it better so to do, than to increase a curiosity I was sure of disappointing, by any delay I had power to prevent.

"You will like him, I dare say," said Mrs. Thrale, "for he is very like you."

I heard afterwards that, when they returned to the parlour, Mr. Phipps, among other questions, asked, "Is she very pretty?"

N.B.—I wish there was no such question in the language.

"Very pretty?—no," said Mrs. Thrale; "but she is very like you. Do you think yourself very handsome, Mr. Phipps?"

"Pho!" cried he; "I was in hopes she was like her own 'Evelina.'"

"No, no such thing," said Mrs. Thrale, "unless it is in timidity, but neither in beauty nor in ignorance of life."

I am very glad this passed before I came down,—for else I think I should have struck him all of a heap.

Now it's my turn to speak of him.

He is very tall—not very like me in that, you'll say—very brown—not very unlike me in that, you'll say ; for the rest however, the compliment is all to me.

I saw but little of him, as they all went about an hour after I came down ; but I had time to see that he is very sensible, very elegant in his manners, and very unaffected and easy.

* * * * *

A propos to books, I have not been able to read Wraxall's Memoirs yet—I wish Mrs. Ord had not lent them me ; and now Lady Ladd, too, has brought me two volumes, called Sketches from Nature, written by Mr. Keate. What I have read of them repaid me nothing for the time they took up—a mere and paltry imitation of Sterne's Sentimental Journey.

JULY 20.—What a vile journalist do I grow !—it is, however, all I can do to keep it at all going ; for, to let you a little into the nature of things, you must know my studies occupy almost every moment that I spend by myself. Dr. Johnson gives us a Latin lesson every morning. I pique myself somewhat upon being ready for him ; so that really, when the copying my play, and the continual returning occurrences of every fresh day are considered, you will not wonder that I should find so little opportunity for scrawling letters.

What progress we make in this most learned scheme I know not ; but, as I have always told you, I am sure I fag more for fear of disgrace than for hope of profit. To devote so much time to acquire something I shall always dread to have known, is really unpleasant enough, considering how many things there are I might employ myself in that would have no such drawback. However, on the other side, I am both pleased and flattered that Dr. Johnson should think me worth inviting to be his pupil, and I shall always recollect with pride and with pleasure the instructions he has the goodness to give me ; so, since I cannot without dishonour alter matters, as 'tis well to turn Frenchwoman, and take them in the *tant mieux* fashion.

* * * * *

A new light is of late thrown upon the death of poor Sophy P——. Dr. Hervey, of Tooting, who attended her the day

before she expired, is of opinion that she killed herself by quackery, that is, by cosmetics and preparations of lead or mercury, taken for her complexion, which, indeed, was almost unnaturally white. He thinks, therefore, that this pernicious stuff got into her veins and poisoned her. Peggy P——, nearly as white as her sister, is suspected strongly of using the same beautifying methods of destroying herself; but as Mrs. Thrale has hinted this suspicion to her, and charged her to take care of herself, we hope she will be frightened, and warned to her safety. Poor foolish girls! how dearly do they pay for the ambition of being fairer than their neighbours! I say they, for poor Peggy looks upon the point of death already.

Yesterday Mrs. Vesey* came hither to tea. I'm sure if Anstey saw her he would make an exception to his assertion, that "he never should see an old woman again!" for she has the most wrinkled, sallow, time-beaten face I ever saw. She is an exceeding well-bred woman, and of agreeable manners; but all her name in the world must, I think, have been acquired by her dexterity and skill in selecting parties, and by her address in rendering them easy with one another—an art, however, that seems to imply no mean understanding.

The breaking-up of our Spa journey my father has doubtless told you. The fears and dangers of being taken by the enemy, which prevented that journey, have proved to be but too well grounded, for Mrs. Vesey informed us that the Duchess of Leinster, Lady F. Campbell, and several others, were all actually taken by a French privateer, in crossing the sea in order to proceed to Spa. We have, however, heard that they are all safe and at liberty.

* Mrs. Vesey was the lady at whose house the celebrated *bas bleu* meetings of the time were first held; and indeed with her the phrase itself is said to have originated. It is related that, on inviting Mr. Stillingfleet to one of her literary parties, he wished to decline attending it, on the plea of his want of an appropriate dress for an evening assembly. "Oh—never mind dress," said she; "come in your blue stockings!"—which he was wearing at the time. He took her at her word, and on entering the room directed her attention to the fact of his having come in his *blue stockings*: and her literary meetings retained the name of *bas bleu* ever after.

Miss F. Burney to Mr. Crisp.

Friday, July 30th, 1779.

Now, my dear daddy, let me attempt something like an answer to your two last most kind letters.

In the first place, I have the pleasure to tell you that Mr. Thrale is as well as ever he was in health, though the alarming and terrible blow he so lately received has, I fear, given a damp to his spirits that will scarce ever be wholly conquered. Yet he grows daily rather more cheerful; but the shock was too rude and too cruel to be ever forgotten.

I am not half so well satisfied with your account of yourself as I hoped to have been; I fear you are not so steady in your intended reformation as to diet and exercise as you proposed being? Dr. Johnson has made resolutions exactly similar to yours, and in general adheres to them with strictness, but the old Adam, as you say, stands in his way, as well as in his neighbours'. I wish I could pit you against each other, for the sake of both. Yet he professes an aversion to you, because he says he is sure you are very much in his way with me! however, I believe you would neither of you retain much aversion if you had a fair meeting.

I cannot tell you how kind I take your invitations to me. I had half feared I was to be left out of the scrape now; and I am sure I should wish all my new friends at Jericho if their goodness to me procured coldness, neglect, or suspicion from my old and deep-rooted ones. I will most certainly and thankfully contrive to accept your kind offer, and, if possible, when Mrs. Gast is with you, as that would be doubling my pleasure; but you, my dear daddy, must let me know what time will be most convenient and comfortable to yourself for seeing me, and then I will manage matters as well as I can, to conform to it.

All you say of the times made me shudder; yet I was sure, such would be your sentiments, for all that has happened you actually foresaw and represented to me in strong colours last spring—I mean in relation to the general decline of all trade, opulence, and prosperity.

This seems a strange, unseasonable period for my undertaking among the rest; but yet, my dear daddy, when you have read my conversation with Mr. Sheridan, I believe you will agree that I must have been wholly insensible, nay, almost ungrateful, to resist encouragement such as he gave me—nay, more than encouragement, entreaties, all of which he warmly repeated to my father.

Now, as to the play itself, I own I had wished to have been the bearer of it when I visit Chesington; but you seem so urgent, and my father himself is so desirous to carry it you, that I have given that plan up.

O, my dear daddy, if your next letter were to contain your real opinion of it, how should I dread to open it! Be, however, as honest as your good-nature and delicacy will allow you to be, and assure yourself I shall be very certain that all your criticisms will proceed from your earnest wishes to obviate those of others, and that you would have much more pleasure in being my panegyrist.

As to Mrs. Gast, I should be glad to know what I would refuse to a sister of yours. Make her, therefore, of your *coterie*, if she is with you while the piece is in your possession.

And now let me tell you what I wish in regard to this affair. I should like that your first reading should have nothing to do with me—that you should go quick through it, or let my father read it to you—forgetting all the time, as much as you can, that Fannikin is the writer, or even that it is a play in manuscript, and capable of alterations;—and then, when you have done, I should like to have three lines, telling me, as nearly as you can trust my candour, its general effect. After that take it to your own desk, and lash it at your leisure.

Adieu, my dear daddy! I shall hope to hear from you very soon, and pray believe me,

Yours ever and ever,

FRANCES BURNEY.

P.S.—Let it fail never so much, the manager will have nothing to reproach me with: is not that a comfort? He would really listen to no denial.

Miss F. Burney to Dr. Burney.

The fatal knell, then, is knolled, and “down among the dead men” sink the poor “Witlings”—for ever, and for ever, and for ever!

I give a sigh, whether I will or not, to their memory! for, however worthless, they were *mes enfans*, and one must do one's nature, as Mr. Crisp will tell you of the dog.

You, my dearest sir, who enjoyed, I really think, even more than myself, the astonishing success of my first attempt, would, I believe, even more than myself, be hurt at the failure of my second; and I am sure I speak from the bottom of a very honest heart, when I most solemnly declare, that upon your account any disgrace would mortify and afflict me more than upon my own; for whatever appears with your knowledge, will be naturally supposed to have met with your approbation, and, perhaps, your assistance; therefore, though all particular censure would fall where it ought—upon me—yet any general censure of the whole, and the plan, would cruelly, but certainly, involve you in its severity.

Of this I have been sensible from the moment my “authorshipness” was discovered, and, therefore, from that moment, I determined to have no opinion of my own in regard to what I should thenceforth part with out of my own hands. I would long since have burnt the fourth act, upon your disapprobation of it, but that I waited, and was by Mrs. Thrale so much encouraged to wait, for your finishing the piece.

You have finished it now in every sense of the word. Partial faults may be corrected; but what I most wished was, to know the general effect of the whole; and as that has so terribly failed, all petty criticisms would be needless. I shall wipe it all from my memory, and endeavour never to recollect that I ever wrote it.

You bid me open my heart to you—and so, my dearest sir, I will, for it is the greatest happiness of my life that I dare be sincere to you. I expected many objections to be raised—a thousand errors to be pointed out—and a million of alterations

to be proposed ; but the suppression of the piece were words I did not expect ; indeed, after the warm approbation of Mrs. Thrale, and the repeated commendations and flattery of Mr. Murphy, how could I ?

I do not, therefore, pretend to wish you should think a decision, for which I was so little prepared, has given me no disturbance ; for I must be a far more egregious witling than any of those I tried to draw, to imagine you could ever credit that I wrote without some remote hope of success now—though I literally did when I composed “Evelina !”

But my mortification is not at throwing away the characters, or the contrivance ;—it is all at throwing away the time,—which I with difficulty stole, and which I have buried in the mere trouble of writing.

What my Daddy Crisp says, “that it would be the best policy, but for pecuniary advantages, for me to write no more,” is exactly what I have always thought since “Evelina” was published. But I will not now talk of putting it in practice,—for the best way I can take of showing that I have a true and just sense of the spirit of your condemnation, is not to sink sulky and dejected under it, but to exert myself to the utmost of my power in endeavours to produce something less reprehensible. And this shall be the way I will pursue as soon as my mind is more at ease about Hetty and Mrs. Thrale, and as soon as I have read myself into a forgetfulness of my old *dramatis personæ*,—lest I should produce something else as witless as the last.

Adieu, my dearest, kindest, truest, best friend. I will never proceed so far again without your counsel, and then I shall not only save myself so much useless trouble, but you, who so reluctantly blame, the kind pain which I am sure must attend your disapprobation. The world will not always go well, as Mrs. Sapient might say, and I am sure I have long thought I have had more than my share of success already.

I expect another disappointment to follow ; *i.e.*—that of the Spa journey ; for I believe poor Mrs. Thrale will not be able to go anywhere ; but I must get in practice with a little philosophy, and then make myself amends for all evils by a conceited notion of bearing them well.

Once more, adieu, dearest sir ! and never may my philosophy be put to the test of seeing any abatement of true kindness from you,—for that would never be decently endured by

Your own,

FRANCES BURNEY.*

Miss F. Burney to Mr. Crisp.

Well ! “there are plays that are to be saved, and plays that are not to be saved !” so good night, Mr. Dabbler !—good night, Lady Smatter,—Mrs. Sapient,—Mrs. Voluble,—Mrs. Wheedle,—Censor,—Cecilia,—Beaufort,—and you, you great oaf, Bobby !—good night ! good night !

And good morning, Miss Fanny Burney !—I hope now you have opened your eyes for some time, and will not close them in so drowsy a fit again—at least till the full of the moon.

I won't tell you I have been absolutely *ravie* with delight at the fall of the curtain ; but I intend to take the affair in the *tant mieux* manner, and to console myself for your censure by this greatest proof I have ever received of the sincerity, candour, and, let me add, esteem, of my dear daddy. And as I happen to love myself rather more than my play, this consolation is not a very trifling one.

As to all you say of my reputation and so forth, I perceive the kindness of your endeavours to put me in humour with myself, and prevent my taking huff, which, if I did, I should deserve to receive, upon any future trial, hollow praise from you—and the rest from the public.

As to the MS., I am in no hurry for it. Besides, it ought not to come till I have prepared an ovation, and the honours of conquest for it.

The only bad thing in this affair is, that I cannot take the

* The following note is appended to this letter, in the handwriting of Miss Burney, at a subsequent period. “The objection of Mr. Crisp to the MS. play of ‘The Witlings,’ was its resemblance to Molière’s *Femmes Sçavantes* and consequent immense inferiority. It is, however, a curious fact, and to the author a consolatory one, that she had literally never read the *Femmes Sçavantes* when she composed ‘The Witlings.’”

comfort of my poor friend Dabbler, by calling you a crabbed fellow, because you write with almost more kindness than ever; neither can I (though I try hard) persuade myself that you have not a grain of taste in your whole composition.

This, however, seriously I do believe,—that when my two daddies put their heads together to concert for me that hissing, groaning, catcalling epistle they sent me, they felt as sorry for poor little Miss Bayes as she could possibly do for herself.

You see I do not attempt to repay your frankness with the art of pretended carelessness. But though somewhat disconcerted just now, I will promise not to let my vexation live out another day. I shall not browse upon it, but, on the contrary, drive it out of my thoughts, by filling them up with things almost as good of other people's.

Our Hettina is much better; but pray don't keep Mr. B. beyond Wednesday, for Mrs. Thrale makes a point of my returning to Streatham on Tuesday, unless, which God forbid, poor Hetty should be worse again.

Adieu, my dear daddy, I won't be mortified, and I won't be *downed*,—but I will be proud to find I have, out of my *own* family, as well as in it, a friend who loves me well enough to speak plain truth to me.

Always do thus, and always you shall be tried by,

Your much obliged

And most affectionate,

FRANCES BURNEY.

Mr. Crisp to Miss F. Burney.

MY DEAR FANNIKIN,

I have known half a letter filled up with recapitulating the tedious and very particular reasons why and wherefore, &c., &c., &c., it was not sent before.—I don't like the example, and shall not follow it.—I will only tell you that I have been far from well. I should not say thus much, but from an anxious care lest a Fannikin should think I am supine in anything that relates either to her interest or fame. Thus much for preface.

Your other daddy (who hardly loves you better than I do) I understand has written you his sentiments on the subject of your last letter. I cannot but be of the same opinion; and have too sincere a regard for you not to declare it. This sincerity I have smarted for, and severely too, ere now; and yet, happen what will (where those I love are concerned), I am determined never to part with it. All the world (if you will believe them) profess to expect it, to demand it, to take it kindly, thankfully, &c., &c.; and yet how few are generous enough to take it as it is meant!—it is imputed to envy, ill-will, a desire of lowering, and certainly to a total want of taste. Is not this, by vehement importunity, to draw your very entrails from you, and then to give them a stab?—On this topic I find I have, ere I was aware, grown warm; but I have been a sufferer. My plain-dealing (after the most earnest solicitations, professions, and protestations) irrecoverably lost me Garriek. But his soul was little!—Greville, for a while, became my enemy, though afterwards, through his constitutional inconstancy, he became more attached than before; and since that time, through absence, whim, and various accidents, all is (I thank Fortune) dwindled to nothing.

How have I wandered! I should never have thought aloud in this manner, if I had not perfectly known the make and frame of a Fannikin's inmost soul; and by this declaration I give her the most powerful proof I am capable of, how highly I think of her generosity and understanding.

Now, then, to the point—I have considered, as well as I am able, what you state as Mrs. Thrale's idea—of new modelling the play; and I observe what you say, that the pursuing this project is the only chance you have of bringing out anything this year, and that with hard fagging perhaps you might do that. I agree with you that for this year you say true; but, my dear Fanny, don't talk of hard fagging. It was not hard fagging that produced such a work as "Evelina!"—it was the ebullition of true sterling genius—you wrote it because you could not help it—it came, and so you put it down on paper. Leave fagging and labour to him

“ Who, high in Drury Lane,
Lull'd by soft zephyrs through the broken pane,
Rhymes ere he wakes, and prints before term ends,
Compell'd by hunger and request of friends.”

'Tis not sitting down to a desk with pen, ink, and paper, that will command inspiration.

Having now so frankly spoken my mind on the present production, concerning which I am sorry and ashamed to differ from much wiser heads than my own, I shall acquaint you with a fancy of mine. Your daddy doctor related to me something of an account you had given him of a most ridiculous family in your present neighbourhood, which, even in the imperfect manner he described it, struck me most forcibly—the * * * He says you gave it him with so much humour, such painting, such description, such fun, that in your mouth it was a perfect comedy. He described (from you) some of the characters, and a general idea of the act. I was quite animated—there seemed to me an inexhaustible fund of matter for you to work on, and the follies of the folks of so general a nature as to furnish you with a profusion of what you want, to make out a most spirited, witty, moral, useful comedy, without descending to the invidious and cruel practice of pointing out individual characters, and holding them up to public ridicule. Nothing can be more general than the reciprocal follies of parents and children—few subjects more striking—they, if well drawn, will seize the attention, and interest the feelings of all sorts, high and low. In short, I was delighted with the idea. The proceedings of this family, as he gave them, seemed so preposterous, so productive of bad consequences, so ludicrous besides, that their whole conduct might be termed the right road to go wrong.

Your daddy doctor talks of Mrs. Thrale's coming over to this place, to fetch back him and madam. Cannot you prevail on her to drop you here for a little while? I long to have a good talk with you, as the Cherokees call it—I cannot by letter say my say—my say, look ye, Fanny, is honest—and that is something; and I think is merit enough in these evil days to incline you now and then to turn your ear my way.

I am your loving daddy,

S. C.

BRIGHTHELMSTONE, OCT. 12.—As you say you will accept memorandums in default of journals, my dear Susy, I will scrawl down such things as most readily occur to my remembrance, and, when I get to the present time, I will endeavour to be less remiss in my accounts.

SUNDAY.—We had Lady Ladd at Streatham ; she did not leave us till the next day. She and I are grown most prodigious friends. She is really so entertaining and lively, that it is not often possible to pass time more gaily than in her company.

Mr. Stephen Fuller, the sensible, but deaf old gentleman I have formerly mentioned, dined here also ; as did Mr. R——, whose trite, settled, tonish emptiness of discourse is a never-failing source of laughter and diversion.

“Well, I say, what, Miss Burney, so you had a very good party last Tuesday ?—what we call the family party—in that sort of way ? Pray who had you ?”

“Mr. Chamier.”

“Mr. Chamier, ay ? Give me leave to tell you, Miss Burney, that Mr. Chamier is what we call a very sensible man.”*

“Certainly. And Mr. Pepys.”

“Mr. Pepys ? Ay, very good—very good in that sort of way. I’m quite sorry I could not be here ; but I was so much indisposed—quite what we call the nursing party.”

“I’m very sorry ; but I hope little Sharp is well ?”

“Ma’am, your most humble ! you’re a very good lady, indeed !—quite what we call a good lady ! Little Sharp is perfectly well ; that sort of attention, and things of that sort,—the bow-wow system is very well. But pray, Miss Burney, give me leave to ask, in that sort of way, had you anybody else ?”

“Yes, Lady Ladd and Mr. Seward.”

“So, so !—quite the family system ! Give me leave to tell you, Miss Burney, this commands attention !—what we call a respectable invitation ! I’m sorry I could not come, indeed ; for we young men, Miss Burney, we make it what we call a sort of a

* Anthony Chamier was Member of Parliament for Tamworth, and Under Secretary of State from 1775 till his death in 1780. He was an original member of the celebrated Literary Club.

rule to take notice of this sort of attention. But I was extremely indisposed, indeed—what we call the walnut system had quite——Pray what's the news, Miss Burney?—in that sort of way—is there any news?”

“None, that I have heard. Have you heard any?”

“Why, very bad!—very bad, indeed!—quite what we call poor old England! I was told, in town,—fact—fact, I assure you—that these Dons intend us an invasion this very month!—they and the Monsieurs intend us the respectable salute this very month;—the powder system, in that sort of way! Give me leave to tell you, Miss Burney, this is what we call a disagreeable visit, in that sort of way.”

I think, if possible, his language looks more absurd upon paper even than it sounds in conversation, from the perpetual recurrence of the same words and expressions.

On Tuesday, Mr., Mrs., Miss Thrale, and “yours, ma'am, yours,” set out on their expedition. The day was very pleasant, and the journey delightful; but that which chiefly rendered it so was Mr. Thrale's being apparently the better for it.

I need not tell you how sweet a county for travelling is Kent, as you know it so well. We stopped at Sevenoaks, which is a remarkably well-situated town; and here, while dinner was preparing, my kind and sweet friends took me to Knowle, though they had seen it repeatedly themselves.

The park, which, it seems, is seven miles in circumference, and has, as the gamekeeper told us, 700 head of deer in it, is laid out in a most beautiful manner,—nearly, I think, equal to Hagley, as far as belongs to the disposition of the trees, hills, dales, &c., though, in regard to temples, obelisks, or any sort of buildings, it will bear no comparison to that sweet place, since nothing is there of that sort.

The house, which is very old, has the appearance of an antique chapel, or rather cathedral. Two immense gates and two courtyards precede the entrance into the dwelling part of the house; the windows are all of the small old casements; and the general air of the place is monastic and gloomy. It was begun to be built, as the housekeeper told us, in the reign of Henry II., by

Thomas à Becket, but the modern part was finished in the time of Elizabeth.

The Duke of Dorset was not there himself ; but we were prevented seeing the library, and two or three other modernized rooms, because Madlle. Bacelli was not to be disturbed. The house, however, is so magnificently large, that we only coveted to see that part of it which was hung with pictures. Three state-rooms, however, were curious enough. One of them had been fitted up by an "Earle of Dorsete," for the bed-chamber of King James I. when upon a visit at Knowle: it had all the gloomy grandeur and solemn finery of that time. The second state-room a later earl had fitted up for James II. The two Charleses either never honoured Knowle with their presence, or else condescended to sleep in their father and grandfather's bed. Well, this James II.'s room was more superb than his predecessor's—flaming with velvet, tissue, tapestry, and what not. But the third state-room was magnificence itself: it was fitted up for King William. The bed-curtains, tester, quilt, and valence, were all of gold flowers worked upon a silver ground; its value, even in those days, was 7,000*l*. The table, a superb cabinet, frame of the looking glass, and all the ornaments, and, I believe, all the furniture in the room, were of solid massive silver, curiously embossed. Nothing could be more splendid.

But to leave all this show, and come to what is a thousand times more interesting—the pictures, of which there is, indeed, a delicious collection. I could have spent a day in looking at every room, and yet have longed to see them again. I can, however, give a very imperfect and lame account of them, as we were so hurried by the housekeeper from room to room, and I was so anxious to miss nothing, that the merely glancing over so many beautiful paintings has only left a faint remembrance in my head of each particular picture, though a very strong and deep impression of the pleasure they at the time afforded me.

Amongst such as just now occur to me were Lucretia with a dagger, a large whole-length, by Guido, extremely beautiful, purchased by the present duke in Italy; a Madonna and Child, small size, by Raphael, so lovely I could not turn from it till

called repeatedly ; a Virgin, by Carlo Dolci, that was irresistibly attractive ; a Raphael, by himself, that was noble ; landscapes, by Poussin, and one or two by Claude Lorraine, that were enchanting.

There are several pictures by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and though mixed with those of the best old painters, they are so bewitching, and finished in a style of taste, colouring, and expression, so like their companions, that it is not, at first view, easy to distinguish the new from the old. The celebrated Ugolino family is almost too horrible to be looked at, yet I was glad to see it again ; Two Beggar-boys made an exceedingly pleasing picture ; the Duke himself, by Sir Joshua, among the portraits of his own family, in a state-room, is, I think, by no means a likeness to flatter his Grace's vanity. One room is appropriated to artists, and among them three are by Sir Joshua :—Dr. Johnson, Dr. Goldsmith, and Sacchini,—all charmingly done, and the two I know extremely like.

We dined very comfortably at Sevenoaks, and thence made but one stage to Tunbridge. It was so dark when we went through the town that I could see it very indistinctly. The Wells, however, are about seven miles yet further,—so that we saw that night nothing ; but I assure you, I felt that I was entering into a new country pretty roughly, for the roads were so *sidelum* and *jumblum*, as Miss L—— called those of Teignmouth, that I expected an overturn every minute. Safely, however, we reached the Sussex Hotel, at Tunbridge Wells.

Having looked at our rooms, and arranged our affairs, we proceeded to Mount Ephraim, where Miss Streatfield resides. We found her with only her mother, and spent the evening there.

Mrs. Streatfield is very—very little, but perfectly well made, thin, genteel, and delicate. She has been quite beautiful, and has still so much of beauty left, that to call it only the remains of a fine face seems hardly doing her justice. She is very lively, and an excellent mimic, and is, I think, as much superior to her daughter in natural gifts as her daughter is to her in acquired ones : and how infinitely preferable are parts without education to education without parts !

The fair S. S. is really in higher beauty than I have ever yet seen her ; and she was so caressing, so soft, so amiable, that I felt myself insensibly inclining to her with an affectionate regard. "If it was not for that little gush," as Dr. Delap said, I should certainly have taken a very great fancy to her : but tears so ready—oh, they blot out my fair opinion of her ! Yet whenever I am with her, I like, nay, almost love her, for her manners are exceedingly captivating ; but when I quit her, I do not find that she improves by being thought over—no, nor talked over ; for Mrs. Thrale, who is always disposed to half adore her in her presence, can never converse about her without exciting her own contempt by recapitulating what has passed. This, however, must always be certain, whatever may be doubtful, that she is a girl in no respect like any other.

But I have not yet done with the mother ; I have told you of her vivacity and her mimicry, but her character is not yet half told. She has a kind of whimsical conceit, and odd affectation, that, joined to a very singular sort of humour, makes her always seem to be rehearsing some scene in a comedy. She takes off, if she mentions them, all her own children, and, though she quite adores them, renders them ridiculous with all her power. She laughs at herself for her smallness and for her vagaries, just with the same ease and ridicule as if she were speaking of some other person ; and, while perpetually hinting at being old and broken, she is continually frisking, flaunting, and playing tricks, like a young coquette.

When I was introduced to her by Mrs. Thrale, who said, "Give me leave, ma'am, to present to you a friend of your daughter's—Miss Burney," she advanced to me with a tripping pace, and, taking one of my fingers, said, "Allow me, ma'am, will you, to create a little acquaintance with you."

And, indeed, I readily entered into an alliance with her, for I found nothing at Tunbridge half so entertaining, except, indeed, Miss Birch, of whom hereafter.

The next morning the S. S. breakfasted with us : and then they walked about to show me the place.

The Sussex Hotel, where we lived, is situated at the side of

the Pantiles, or public walk, so called because paved with pan-tiles; it is called so also, like the long room at Hampstead, because it would be difficult to distinguish it by any other name; for it has no beauty in itself, and borrows none from foreign aid, as it has only common houses at one side, and little millinery and Tunbridge-ware shops at the other, and at each end is choked up by buildings that intercept all prospect. How such a place could first be made a fashionable pleasure-walk, everybody must wonder.

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Tunbridge Wells is a place that to me appeared very singular: the country is all rock, and every part of it is either up or down hill; scarce ten yards square being level ground in the whole place: the houses, too, are scattered about in a strange, wild manner, and look as if they had been dropped where they stand by accident, for they form neither streets nor squares, but seem strewed promiscuously, except, indeed, where the shopkeepers live, who have got two or three dirty little lanes, much like dirty little lanes in other places.

Mrs. Streatfield and I increased our intimacy marvellously. She gave me the name of "*the dove*," for what reason I cannot guess, except it be that the dove has a sort of greenish grey eye, something like mine: be that as it may, she called me nothing else while I stayed at Tunbridge.

In the evening we all went to the rooms. The rooms, as they are called, consisted, for this evening, of only one apartment, as there was not company enough to make more necessary; and a very plain, unadorned and ordinary apartment that was.

There were very few people, but among them Mr. Wedderburne, the attorney-general.* You may believe I rather wished to shrink from him, if you recollect what Mrs. Thrale said of him, among the rest of the Tunbridge coterie, last season, who discussed "*Evelina*" regularly each evening; and that he, siding with Mrs. Montagu, cut up the Branghtons, and had, as well as

* Alexander Wedderburne, afterwards Lord Loughborough. This gentleman is understood to have been the chief mover in procuring Dr. Johnson's pension.

Mrs. Montagu, almost a quarrel with Mrs. Greville upon the subject, because she so warmly vindicated, or rather applauded them. Lady Louisa, however, I remember he spoke of with very high praise, as Mrs. Montagu did of the Dedication; and if such folks can find anything to praise, I find myself amply recompensed for their censures, especially when they censure what I cannot regret writing, since it is the part most favoured by Dr. Johnson.

Mr. Wedderburne joined us immediately. Mrs. Thrale presently said, "Mr. Wedderburne I must present my daughter to you—and Miss Burney."

I courtesied mighty gravely, and shuffled to the other end of the party.

Amongst the company, I was most struck with the Hon. Mrs. W——, lately Miss T——. She ran away with a Mr. W——, a man nearly old enough to be her father, and of most notorious bad character, both as a sharper and a libertine. This wretch was with her—a most hackneyed, ill-looking object as I ever saw; and the foolish girl, who seems scarce sixteen, and looks a raw school-girl, has an air of so much discontent, and seems in a state of such dismal melancholy, that it was not possible to look at her without compassionating a folly she has so many years to live regretting. I would not wish a more striking warning to be given to other such forward, adventurous damsels, than to place before them this miserable runaway, who has not only disgraced her family, and enraged her friends, but rendered herself a repentant mourner for life.

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The next morning we had the company of two young ladies at breakfast—the S. S. and a Miss Birch, a little girl but ten years old, whom the S. S. invited, well foreseeing how much we should all be obliged to her.

This Miss Birch is a niece of the charming Mrs. Pleydell, and so like her, that I should have taken her for her daughter, yet she is not, now, quite so handsome; but as she will soon know how to display her beauty to the utmost advantage, I fancy, in a few years, she will yet more resemble her lovely and most

bewitching aunt. Everybody, she said, tells her how like she is to her aunt Pleydell.

As you, therefore, have seen that sweet woman, only imagine her ten years old, and you will see her sweet niece. Nor does the resemblance rest with the person; she sings like her, laughs like her, talks like her, caresses like her, and alternately softens and animates just like her. Her conversation is not merely like that of a woman already, but like that of a most uncommonly informed, cultivated, and sagacious woman; and at the same time that her understanding is thus wonderfully premature, she can, at pleasure, throw off all this rationality, and make herself a mere playful, giddy, romping child. One moment, with mingled gravity and sarcasm, she discusses characters, and the next, with school-girl spirits, she jumps round the room; then, suddenly, she asks, "Do you know such, or such a song?" and instantly, with mixed grace and buffoonery, singles out an object, and sings it; and then, before there has been time to applaud her, she runs into the middle of the room, to try some new step in a dance; and after all this, without waiting till her vagaries grow tiresome, she flings herself, with an affectionate air, upon somebody's lap, and there, composed and thoughtful, she continues quiet till she again enters into rational conversation.

Her voice is really charming—ininitely the most powerful, as well as sweet, I ever heard at her age. Were she well and constantly taught, she might, I should think, do anything—for, two or three Italian songs, which she learnt out of only five months' teaching by Parsons, she sung like a little angel, with respect to taste, feeling, and expression; but she now learns of nobody, and is so fond of French songs, for the sake, she says, of the sentiment, that I fear she will have her wonderful abilities all thrown away. Oh, how I wish my father had the charge of her!

She has spent four years out of her little life in France, which has made her distractedly fond of the French operas, "Rose et Colas," "Annette et Lubin," &c., and she told us the story quite through of several I never heard of, always singing the *sujet* when she came to the airs, and comically changing parts in the

duets. She speaks French with the same fluency as English, and every now and then, addressing herself to the S. S.—“*Que je vous adore !*”—“*Ah, permettez que je me mette à vos pieds !*” &c., with a dying languor that was equally laughable and lovely.

When I found, by her taught songs, what a delightful singer she was capable of becoming, I really had not patience to hear her little French airs, and entreated her to give them up; but the little rogue instantly began pestering me with them, singing one after another with a comical sort of malice, and following me round the room, when I said I would not listen to her, to say, “But is not this pretty?—and this?—and this?” singing away with all her might and main.

She sung without any accompaniment, as we had no instrument; but the S. S. says she plays too, very well. Indeed, I fancy she can do well whatever she pleases.

We hardly knew how to get away from her when the carriage was ready to take us from Tunbridge, and Mrs. Thrale was so much enchanted with her that she went on the Pantiles and bought her a very beautiful inkstand.

“I don’t mean, Miss Birch,” she said, when she gave it to her, “to present you this toy as to a child, but merely to beg you will do me the favour to accept something that may make you now and then remember us.”

She was much delighted with this present, and told me, in a whisper, that she should put a drawing of it in her journal.

So you see, Susy, other children have had this whim. But something being said of novels, the S. S. said:

“Selina, do you ever read them?”—And, with a sigh, the little girl answered:

“But too often!—I wish I did not!”

The only thing I did not like in this seducing little creature was our leave-taking. The S. S. had, as we expected, her fine eyes suffused with tears, and nothing would serve the little Selina, who admires the S. S. passionately, but that she, also, must weep—and weep, therefore, she did, and that in a manner as pretty to look at, as soft, as melting, and as little to her discomposure, as the weeping of her fair exemplar. The child’s

success in this pathetic art made the tears of both appear to the whole party to be lodged, as the English merchant says, "very near the eyes!"

Doubtful as it is whether we shall ever see this sweet syren again, nothing, as Mrs. Thrale said to her, can be more certain than that we shall hear of her again, let her go whither she will.

Charmed as we all were with her, we all agreed that to have the care of her would be distraction! "She seems the girl in the world," Mrs. Thrale wisely said, "to attain the highest reach of human perfection as a man's mistress!—as such she would be a second Cleopatra, and have the world at her command."

Poor thing! I hope to Heaven she will escape such sovereignty and such honours!

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We left Tunbridge Wells, and got, by dinner time, to our first stage, Uckfield, which afforded me nothing to record, except two lines of a curious epitaph which I picked up in the churchyard:—

"A wife and eight little children had I,
And two at a birth who never did cry."

Our next stage brought us to Brighthelmstone, where I fancy we shall stay till the Parliament calls away Mr. Thrale.

The morning after our arrival, our first visit was from Mr. Kipping, the apothecary, a character so curious that Foote designed him for his next piece, before he knew he had already written his last. He is a prating, good-humoured old gossip, who runs on in as incoherent and unconnected a style of discourse as Rose Fuller, though not so tonish.

The rest of the morning we spent, as usual at this place, upon the Steyne, and in booksellers' shops. Mrs. Thrale entered all our names at Thomas's, the fashionable bookseller; but we find he has now a rival, situated also upon the Steyne, who seems to carry away all the custom and all the company. This is a Mr. Bowen, who is just come from London, and who seems just the man to carry the world before him as a shopkeeper. Extremely civil, attentive to watch opportunities of obliging, and assiduous to make use of them—skilful in discovering the taste or turn of

mind of his customers, and adroit in putting in their way just such temptations as they are least able to withstand. Mrs. Thrale, at the same time that she sees his management and contrivance, so much admires his sagacity and dexterity, that, though open-eyed, she is as easily wrought upon to part with her money, as any of the many dupes in this place, whom he persuades to require indispensably whatever he shows them.

He did not, however, then at all suspect who I was, for he showed me nothing but schemes for raffles, and books, pocket-cases, &c., which were put up for those purposes. It is plain I can have no authoress air, since so discerning a bookseller thought me a fine lady spendthrift, who only wanted occasions to get rid of money.

In the evening we went to the rooms, which, at this time, are open every other night at Shergold's, or the New Assembly Rooms, and the alternate nights at Hicks's, or the Ship Tavern. This night they were at the latter.

There was very little company, and nobody that any of us knew, except two or three gentlemen of Mr. Thrale's acquaintance, among whom was that celebrated wit and libertine, the Hon. Mr. Beauclerk,* and a Mr. Newnham, a rich counsellor, learned in the law, but, to me, a displeasing man.

Almost everybody but ourselves went to cards; we found it, therefore, pretty stupid, and I was very glad when we came home.

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Sunday morning, as we came out of church, we saw Mrs. Cumberland, one of her sons, and both her daughters. Mrs. Thrale spoke to them, but I believe they did not recollect me. They are reckoned the flashers of the place, yet everybody laughs at them for their airs, affectations, and tonish graces and imperinences.

* The Hon. Topham Beauclerk was son of Lord Sydney Beauclerk, and grandson of the first Duke of St. Albans. Of this celebrated man Johnson said, "Beauclerk's talents were those which he had felt himself more disposed to envy than those of any he had known." He afterwards said of him, in a letter to Boswell, "Such another will not often be found among mankind." Beauclerk died about three months after the notice of him which occurs in this volume.

In the evening, Mrs. Dickens, a lady of Mrs. Thrale's acquaintance, invited us to drink tea at the rooms with her, which we did, and found them much more full and lively than the preceding night.

Mrs. Dickens is, in Mrs. Thrale's phrase, a sensible, hard-headed woman, and her daughter, Miss Dickens, who accompanied us, is a pretty girl of fifteen, who is always laughing, not, however, from folly, as she deserves the same epithet I have given her mother, but from youthful good humour, and from having from nature, as Mr. Thrale comically said to her, after examining her some minutes, "a good merry face of her own."

The folks of most consequence with respect to rank, who were at the rooms this night, were Lady Pembroke and Lady Di Beauclerk,* both of whom have still very pleasing remains of the beauty for which they have been so much admired. But the present beauty, whose remains our children (*i. e.* nieces) may talk of, is a Mrs. Musters,† an exceeding pretty woman, who is the reigning toast of the season.

While Mrs. Thrale, Mrs. Dickens, and I were walking about after tea, we were joined by a Mr. Cure, a gentleman of the former's acquaintance. After a little while he said,

"Miss Thrale is very much grown since she was here last year; and besides, I think she's vastly altered."

"Do you, sir?" cried she; "I can't say I think so."

"Oh vastly!—but young ladies at that age are always altering. To tell you the truth, I did not know her at all."

This, for a little while, passed quietly; but soon after, he exclaimed,

"Ma'am, do you know I have not yet read 'Evelina?'"

"Have not you so, sir?" cried she laughing.

"No, and I think I never shall, for there's no getting it; the booksellers say they never can keep it a moment, and the folks

* This lady was celebrated in her day as an amateur artist. Her beautiful illustrations of Horace Walpole's "Mysterious Mother," are well known to all who have visited Strawberry-hill.

† This lady was the mother of J. Musters, Esq., who married Miss Chaworth, Lord Byron's early love.

that hire it keep lending it from one to another in such a manner that it is never returned to the library. It's very provoking."

"But," said Mrs. Thrale, "what makes you exclaim about it so to me?"

"Why, because, if you recollect, the last thing you said to me when we parted last year, was—be sure you read 'Evelina.' So as soon as I saw you I recollected it all again. But I wish Miss Thrale would turn more this way."

"Why, what do you mean, Mr. Cure? do you know Miss Thrale now?"

"Yes, to be sure," answered he, looking full at me, "though I protest I should not have guessed at her had I seen her with anybody but you."

"Oh ho!" cried Mrs. Thrale, laughing; "so you mean Miss Burney all this time."

"What?—how?—eh?—why is that—is not that Miss Thrale? is not that your daughter?"

"No, to be sure it is not—I wish she was!"

Mr. Cure looked aghast, Mrs. Dickens laughed aloud, and I, the whole time, had been obliged to turn my head another way, that my sniggering might not sooner make him see his mistake.

As soon, I suppose, as he was able, Mr. Cure, in a low voice, repeated, "Miss Burney! so then that lady is the authoress of 'Evelina' all this time."

And rather abruptly, he left us and joined another party.

I suppose he told his story to as many as he talked to, for, in a short time, I found myself so violently stared at that I could hardly look any way without being put quite out of countenance—particularly by young Mr. Cumberland, a handsome, soft-looking youth, who fixed his eyes upon me incessantly, though but the evening before, when I saw him at Hicks's, he looked as if it would have been a diminution of his dignity to have regarded me twice.

This ridiculous circumstance will, however, prevent any more mistakes of the same kind, I believe, as my "authorshipness" seems now pretty well known and spread about Brighthelmstone.

And now, if by the mention of a ball, I have raised in you any expectations of adventures, which with Charlotte, at least, I doubt not has been the case—I am sorry to be obliged to blast them all by confessing that none at all happened.

One thing, however, proved quite disagreeable to me, and that was the whole behaviour of the whole tribe of the Cumberlands, which I must explain.

Mr. Cumberland, when he saw Mrs. Thrale, flew with eagerness to her and made her take his seat, and he talked to her, with great friendliness and intimacy, as he has been always accustomed to do—and inquired very particularly concerning her daughter, expressing an earnest desire to see her. But when, some time after, Mrs. Thrale said, “Oh, there is my daughter, with Miss Burney,” he changed the discourse abruptly,—never came near Mrs. Thrale, and neither then nor since, when he has met Mrs. Thrale, has again mentioned her name: and the whole evening he seemed determined to avoid us both.

Mrs. Cumberland contented herself with only looking at me as at a person she had no reason or business to know.

The two daughters, but especially the eldest, as well as the son, were by no means so quiet; they stared at me every time I came near them as if I had been a thing for a show; surveyed me from head to foot, and then again, and again, and again returned to my face, with so determined and so unabating a curiosity, that it really made me uncomfortable.

All the folks here impute the whole of this conduct to its having transpired that I am to bring out a play this season: for Mr. Cumberland, though in all other respects an agreeable and a good man, is so notorious for hating and envying and spiting all authors in the dramatic line, that he is hardly decent in his behaviour towards them.

He has little reason, at present at least, to bear me any ill-will; but if he is capable of such weakness and malignity as to have taken an aversion to me merely because I can make use of pen and ink, he deserves not to hear of my having suppressed my play, or of anything else that can gratify so illiberal a disposition.

Dr. Johnson, Mr. Cholmondeley, and Mr. and Mrs. Thrale, have all repeatedly said to me, "Cumberland no doubt hates you heartily by this time;" but it always appeared to me a speech of mingled fun and flattery, and I never dreamed of its being possible to be true. However, perhaps yet all this may be accidental, so I will discuss the point no longer.

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A few days since we drank tea at Mrs. Dickens's, where, with other company, we met Sir John and Lady S——. Sir John prides himself in being a courtier of the last age. He is abominably ugly, and a prodigious puffer—now of his fortune, now of his family, and now of his courtly connexions and feats. His lady is a beautiful woman, tall, genteel, and elegant in her person, with regular features, and a fine complexion. For the rest, she is well-bred, gentle, and amiable.

She invited us all to tea at her house the next evening, where we met Lady Pembroke, whose character, as far as it appears, seems exactly the same as Lady S——'s. But the chief employment of the evening was listening to Sir John's braggadocios of what the old king said to him,—which of the ladies of quality were his cousins,—how many acres of land he enjoyed in Sussex, and other such modest discourse.

After tea, we all went to the rooms, Lady Pembroke having first retired. There was a great deal of company, and among them the Cumberlands. The eldest of the girls, who was walking with Mrs. Musters, quite turned round her whole person every time we passed each other, to keep me in sight, and stare at me as long as possible; so did her brother. I never saw anything so ill-bred and impertinent; I protest I was ready to quit the rooms to avoid them; till at last Miss Thrale, catching Miss Cumberland's eye, gave her so full, determined, and *downing* a stare, that whether cured by shame or by resentment, she forbore from that time to look at either of us. Miss Thrale, with a sort of good-natured dryness, said, "Whenever you are disturbed with any of these starers, apply to me,—I'll warrant I'll cure them. I dare say the girl hates me for it; but what shall I be the worse for that? I would have served master Dickey so too, only I could not catch his eye."

OCT. 20.—Last Tuesday, at the request of Lady S——, who patronised a poor actor, we all went to the play,—which was Dryden's "Tempest,"—and a worse performance have I seldom seen. Shakespeare's "Tempest," which for fancy, invention, and originality, is at the head of beautiful improbabilities, is rendered by the additions of Dryden a childish chaos of absurdity and obscenity; and the grossness and awkwardness of these poor unskilful actors rendered all that ought to have been obscure so shockingly glaring, that there was no attending to them without disgust. All that afforded me any entertainment was looking at Mr. Thrale, who turned up his nose with an expression of contempt at the beginning of the performance, and never suffered it to return to its usual place till it was ended!

The play was ordered by Mrs. Cumberland. These poor actors never have any company in the boxes unless they can prevail upon some lady to bespeak a play, and desire her acquaintance to go to it. But we all agreed we should not have been very proud to have had our names at the head of a play-bill of Dryden's "Tempest."

By the way, Mrs. Cumberland has never once waited on Mrs. Thrale since our arrival, though, till now, she always seemed proud enough of the acquaintance. Very strange! Mr. Cumberland, after a week's consideration and delay, called at last, and chatted with Mr. and Mrs. Thrale very sociably and agreeably. I happened to be upstairs, and felt no great desire, you may believe, to go down, and Mrs. Thrale archly enough said afterwards:

"I would have sent to you, but hang it, thought I, if I only name her, this man will snatch his hat and make off!"

The other morning the two Misses came into Thomas's shop while we were there, and the eldest, as usual, gave me, it seems, the honour of employing her eyes the whole time she stayed.

We afterwards met them on the Steyne, and they courtesied to Mrs. Thrale, who stopped and inquired after their father, and then a dawdling conversation took place.

"How were you entertained at the play, ma'am?—did you ever see anything so full?"

"Oh," cried Mrs. Thrale, "the ladies are all dying of it! such holding up of fans!"

"Oh, because it was so hot," cried Miss Cumberland, entirely misunderstanding her: "it was monstrous hot, indeed!"

The next time I meet them, I intend to try if I can stop this their staring system, by courtesying to them immediately. I think it will be impossible, if I claim them as acquaintance, that they can thus rudely fasten their eyes upon me.

We have had a visit from Dr. Delap. He told me that he had another tragedy, and that I should have it to read.

He was very curious to see Mr. Cumberland, who, it seems, has given evident marks of displeasure at his name, whenever Mrs. Thrale has mentioned it. That poor man is so wonderfully narrow-minded in his authorship capacity, though otherwise good, humane, and generous, that he changes countenance at either seeing or hearing of any writer whatsoever. Mrs. Thrale, with whom, this foible excepted, he is a great favourite, is so enraged with him for his littleness of soul in this respect, that, merely to plague him, she vowed at the rooms she would walk all the evening between Dr. Delap and me. I wished so little to increase his unpleasant feelings, that I determined to keep with Miss Thrale and Miss Dickens entirely. One time, though, Mrs. Thrale, when she was sitting by Dr. Delap, called me suddenly to her, and when I was seated, said, "Now let's see if Mr. Cumberland will come and speak to me!" But he always turns resolutely another way when he sees her with either of us; though at all other times he is particularly fond of her company.

"It would actually serve him right," says she, "to make Dr. Delap and you strut at each side of me, one with a dagger, and the other with a mask, as tragedy and comedy."

"I think, Miss Burney," said the doctor, "you and I seem to stand in the same predicament. What shall we do for the poor man?—suppose we burn a play apiece?"

"Depend upon it," said Mrs. Thrale, "he has heard, in town, that you are both to bring one out this season, and perhaps one of his own may be deferred on that account."

"Well, he's a fine man," cried the doctor; "pray, Miss Burney, show me him when you see him."

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On the announcement of the carriage, we went into the next room for our cloaks, where Mrs. Thrale and Mr. Cumberland were in deep conversation.

"Oh, here's Miss Burney!" said Mrs. Thrale aloud. Mr. Cumberland turned round, but withdrew his eyes instantly; and I, determined not to interrupt them, made Miss Thrale walk away with me. In about ten minutes she left him, and we all came home.

As soon as we were in the carriage,

"It has been," said Mrs. Thrale, warmly, "all I could do not to affront Mr. Cumberland to-night!"

"Oh, I hope not!" cried I; "I would not have you for the world!"

"Why, I have refrained; but with great difficulty!"

And then she told me the conversation she had just had with him. As soon as I made off, he said, with a spiteful tone of voice,

"Oh, that young lady is an author, I hear!"

"Yes," answered Mrs. Thrale, "author of 'Evelina!'"

"Humph—I am told it has some humour!"

"Ay, indeed! Johnson says nothing like it has appeared for years!"

"So," cried he, biting his lips, and waving uneasily in his chair, "so, so!"

"Yes," continued she; "and Sir Joshua Reynolds told Mr. Thrale he would give fifty pounds to know the author!"

"So, so—oh, vastly well!" cried he, putting his hand on his forehead.

"Nay," added she, "Burke himself sat up all night to finish it!"

This seemed quite too much for him; he put both his hands to his face, and waving backwards and forwards, said,

"Oh, vastly well!—this will do for anything!" with a tone as much as to say, Pray, no more! Then Mrs. Thrale bid him good night, longing, she said, to call Miss Thrale first, and say, "So you won't speak to my daughter?—why, she is no author!"

I much rejoice that she did not, and I have most earnestly entreated her not to tell this anecdote to anybody here, for I really am much concerned to have ever encountered this sore man, who, if already he thus burns with envy at the success of my book, will, should he find his narrowness of mind resented by me, or related by my friends, not only wish me ill, but do me every ill office hereafter in his power. Indeed, I am quite shocked to find how he avoids and determines to dislike me; for hitherto I have always been willing and able to hope that I had not one real enemy or ill-wisher in the world. I shall still, however, hope, if I can but keep Mrs. Thrale's indignant warmth of friendship within bounds, to somewhat conciliate matters, and prevent any open enmity, which authorises all ill deeds, from taking place. All authorship contention I shudder to think of.

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I must now have the honour to present to you a new acquaintance, who this day dined here—Mr. B——y, an Irish gentleman, late a commissary in Germany. He is between sixty and seventy, but means to pass for about thirty; gallant, complaisant, obsequious, and humble to the fair sex, for whom he has an awful reverence; but when not immediately addressing them, swaggering, blustering, puffing, and domineering. These are his two apparent characters; but the real man is worthy, moral, religious, though conceited and parading.

He is as fond of quotations as my poor "*Lady Smatter*," and, like her, knows little beyond a song, and always blunders about the author of that. His language greatly resembles Rose Fuller's, who, as Mrs. Thrale well says, when as old, will be much such another personage. His whole conversation consists in little French phrases, picked up during his residence abroad, and in anecdotes and story-telling, which are sure to be re-told daily and daily in the same words.

Having given you this general sketch, I will endeavour to illustrate it by some specimens; but you must excuse their being unconnected, and only such as I can readily recollect.

Speaking of the ball in the evening, to which we were all going, "Ah, madam!" said he to Mrs. Thrale, "there was a

time when—tol-de-rol, tol-de-rol [rising, and dancing and singing], tol-de-rol!—I could dance with the best of them; but, now a man, forty and upwards, as my Lord Ligonier used to say—but—tol-de-rol!—there was a time!”

“Ay, so there was, Mr. B——y,” said Mrs. Thrale, “and I think you and I together made a very venerable appearance!”

“Ah! madam, I remember once, at Bath, I was called out to dance with one of the finest young ladies I ever saw. I was just preparing to do my best, when a gentleman of my acquaintance was so cruel as to whisper me—‘B——y! the eyes of all Europe are upon you!’—for that was the phrase of the times. ‘B——y!’ says he, ‘the eyes of all Europe are upon you!’—I vow, ma’am, enough to make a man tremble!—tol-de-rol, tol-de-rol! [dancing]—the eyes of all Europe are upon you!—I declare, ma’am, enough to put a man out of countenance!”

Dr. Delap, who came here some time after, was speaking of Horace.

“Ah! madam,” cried Mr. B——y, “this Latin—things of that kind—we waste our youth, ma’am, in these vain studies. For my part, I wish I had spent mine in studying French and Spanish—more useful, ma’am. But, bless me, ma’am, what time have I had for that kind of thing? Travelling here, over the ocean, hills and dales, ma’am—reading the great book of the world—poor ignorant mortals, ma’am—no time to do anything!”

“Ay, Mr. B——y,” said Mrs. Thrale, “I remember how you downed Beauclerk and Hamilton, the wits, once at our house, when they talked of ghosts!”

“Ah! ma’am, give me a brace of pistols, and I warrant I’ll manage a ghost for you! Not but Providence may please to send little spirits—guardian angels, ma’am—to watch us: that I can’t speak about. It would be presumptuous, ma’am—for what can a poor, ignorant mortal know?”

“Ay, so you told Beauclerk and Hamilton.”

“Oh yes, ma’am. Poor human beings can’t account for anything—and call themselves *esprits forts*. I vow ’tis presumptuous, ma’am! *Esprits forts*, indeed! they can see no farther than their noses, poor, ignorant mortals! Here’s an admiral,

and here's a prince, and here's a general, and here's a dipper—and poor Smoker, the bather, ma'am! What's all this strutting about, and that kind of thing? and then they can't account for a blade of grass!"

After this, Dr. Johnson being mentioned,

"Ay," said he, "I'm sorry he did not come down with you. I liked him better than those others: not much of a fine gentleman, indeed, but a clever fellow—a deal of knowledge—got a deuced good understanding!"

Dr. Delap rather abruptly asked my Christian name: Mrs. Thrale answered, and Mr. B——y tenderly repeated,

"Fanny! a prodigious pretty name, and a pretty lady that bears it. Fanny! Ah! how beautiful is that song of Swift's—

‘When Fanny, blooming fair,
First caught my ravish'd sight,
Struck with her mien and air——’"

"Her face and air," interrupted Mrs. Thrale, "for 'mien and air' we hold to be much the same thing."

"Right, ma'am, right! You, ma'am — why, ma'am — you know everything; but, as to me—to be sure, I began with studying the old Greek and Latin, ma'am: but, then, travelling, ma'am!—going through Germany, and then France, and Spain, ma'am! and dipping at Brighthelmstone, over hills and dales, reading the great book of the world! Ay, a little poetry now and then, to be sure, I have picked up.

‘My Phœbe and I,
O'er hills, and o'er dales, and o'er valleys will fly,
And love shall be by!’

But, as you say, ma'am!—

‘Struck with her face and air,
I felt a strange delight!’

How pretty that is: how progressive from the first sight of her! Ah! Swift was a fine man!"

"Why, sir, I don't think it's printed in his works!" said Dr. Delap.

"No!" said Mrs. Thrale, "because 'tis Chesterfield's!"

"Ay, right, right, ma'am ! so it is."

Now, if I had heard all this before I wrote my play, would you not have thought I had borrowed the hint of my "Witlings" from Mr. B——y ?

"I am glad, Mr. Thrale," continued this hero, "you have got your fireplace altered. Why, ma'am, there used to be such a wind, there was no sitting here. Admirable dinners—excellent company—*très bon* fare—and, all the time, 'Signor Vento' coming down the chimney ! Do you remember, Miss Thrale, how, one day at dinner, you burst out a-laughing, because I said a *très bon* goose ?"

But if I have not now given you some idea of Mr. B——y's conversation, I never can, for I have written almost as many words as he ever uses, and given you almost as many ideas as he ever starts ! And as he almost lives here, it is fitting I let you know something of him.

Well, in the evening we all went to the ball, where we had appointed to meet Lady S——, Mrs. Dickens, and Mr., Mrs., and the Misses S——, of Lewes.

The eldest Miss S—— had for a partner a most odiously vulgar young man, short, thick, and totally under-bred.

"I wonder," said she to me, between one of the dances, "what my partner's name is—do you know ?"

"I am not sure," quoth I, "but I fancy Mr. Squab !"

"Mr. Squab !" repeated she. "Well, I don't like him at all. Pray, do you know who that gentleman is that jumps so ?" pointing to Mr. Cure.

"Yes," answered I, "'tis a Mr. Kill !"

"Well," cried she, "I don't like his dancing at all. I wonder who that officer is ?" pointing to a fat, coarse sort of a man, who stooped immoderately.

"Captain Slouch," quoth I.

"Well," said she, "I think the people here have very odd names !"

And thus, though the names I gave them were merely and markedly descriptive of their persons, did this little noodle and her sister instantly believe them.

When the dancing was over, and we walked about, Mr. Cure, with his usual obsequiousness, came to speak to me, and for awhile joined us; and these girls, who penned me between them, tittered, and pinched me, and whispered observations upon "Mr. Kill," till I was obliged to assume the most steady gravity, to prevent his discovering how free I had made with him.

Just before we came away, Mr. S—— came up to his daughter, and said, "Pray, my dear, who was the gentleman you danced with?"

"Mr. Squab, papa," answered she.

"A good, tight young man," said Mr. S——. "I must go and make a bow to him before we go."

All the Cumberlands were there. Mr. Cumberland avoids Miss Thrale as much as he does me, merely, I suppose, because she is commonly with me. However, if such is his humour, he was not made too happy this night, for Mrs. Thrale told me, that while she was seated next him, as he was playing at cards, Dr. Delap came to her, and began singing my *éloge*, and saying how I should be adored in France; that that was the paradise of lady wits, and that, for his part, if he had not known I was Dr. Burney's daughter, he thought I had so much a French face and look that he should have guessed me for a daughter of Voltaire's, —and other such speeches, all of which, I fear, were so many torments to poor Mr. Cumberland.

"But," said Mrs. Thrale, "let him be tormented, if such things can torment him. For my part I'd have a starling taught to halloo 'Evelina!'"

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I am absolutely almost ill with laughing. This Mr. B——y half convulses me; yet I cannot make you laugh by writing his speeches, because it is the manner which accompanies them, that, more than the matter, renders them so peculiarly ridiculous. His extreme pomposity, the solemn stiffness of his person, the conceited twinkling of his little old eyes, and the quaint importance of his delivery, are so much more like some pragmatistical old coxcomb represented on the stage, than like anything in real and common life, that I think, were I a man, I should sometimes be

betrayed into clapping him for acting so well. As it is, I am sure no character in any comedy I ever saw has made me laugh more extravagantly.

He dines and spends the evening here constantly, to my great satisfaction.

At dinner, when Mrs. Thrale offers him a seat next her, he regularly says,

“But where are *les charmantes*?” meaning Miss T. and me. “I can do nothing till they are accommodated!”

And, whenever he drinks a glass of wine, he never fails to touch either Mrs. Thrale’s, or my glass, with “*est-il-permis*?”

But at the same time that he is so courteous, he is proud to a most sublime excess, and thinks every person to whom he speaks honoured beyond measure by his notice,—nay, he does not even look at anybody without evidently displaying that such notice is more the effect of his benign condescension, than of any pretension on their part to deserve such a mark of his perceiving their existence. But you will think me mad about this man.

By far the best among our men acquaintance here, and him whom, next to Mr. Selwyn, I like the best, is a Mr. Tidy. You will probably suspect, as Lady Hesketh did last night when she met him here, that this is a nickname only, whereas he hath not, Heaven knows, a better in the world! He appears a grave, reserved, quiet man; but he is a sarcastic, observing, and ridiculing man. No trusting to appearances, no, not even to wigs! for a meaner, more sneaking, and pitiful wig—a wig that less bespeaks a man worth twopence in his pocket, or two ideas in his head, did I never see than that of Mr. Tidy.

But the most agreeable part of the evening was the time I spent with Mr. Selwyn, to whom I have taken a prodigious fancy, and a very odd one you will say, if you inquire the “peticklers,” for it is neither for brilliancy, talents, wit, person, nor youth, since he is possessed of none of these; but the fact is, he appears to me uncommonly good, full of humanity, generosity, delicacy, and benevolence.

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Do you know I have been writing to Dr. Johnson! I tremble to mention it; but he sent a message in a letter to Mrs. Thrale, to wonder why his pupils did not write to him, and to hope they did not forget him; Miss Thrale, therefore, wrote a letter immediately, and I added only this little postscript:

“P.S.—Dr. Johnson’s other pupil a little longs to add a few lines to this letter,—but knows too well that all she has to say might be comprised in signing herself his obliged and most obedient servant, F. B.: so that’s better than a long rigmarole about nothing.”

Nov. 3.—Last Monday we went again to the ball. Mr. B——y, who was there, and seated himself next to Lady Pembroke, at the top of the room, looked most sublimely happy!—He continues still to afford me the highest diversion. Rose Fuller was never half so entertaining; and Mr. Selwyn, who has long known him, and has all his stories and sayings by heart, studies to recollect all his favourite topics, and tells me beforehand what he will say upon the subject he prepares me for leading him to. Indeed, between him and Mrs. Thrale, almost all he has to say is almost exhausted.

As he is notorious for his contempt of all artists, whom he looks upon with little more respect than upon day-labourers, the other day, when painting was discussed, he spoke of Sir Joshua Reynolds as if he had been upon a level with a carpenter or farrier.

“Did you ever,” said Mrs. Thrale, “see his Nativity?”

“No, madam,—but I know his pictures very well; I knew him many years ago, in Minorca; he drew my picture there, and then he knew how to take a moderate price; but now, I vow, ma’am, ’tis scandalous—scandalous indeed! to pay a fellow here seventy guineas for scratching out a head!”

“Sir!” cried Dr. Delap, “you must not run down Sir Joshua Reynolds, because he is Miss Burney’s friend.”

“Sir,” answered he, “I don’t want to run the man down; I like him well enough in his proper place; he is as decent as any man of that sort I ever knew; but for all that, sir, his prices are

shameful. Why, he would not [*looking at the poor doctor with an enraged contempt*] he would not do *your* head under seventy guineas!"

"Well," said Mrs. Thrale, "he had one portrait at the last exhibition, that I think hardly could be paid enough for; it was of a Mr. Stuart; I had never done admiring it."

"What stuff is this, ma'am!" cried Mr. B——y, "how can two or three dabs of paint ever be worth such a sum as that?"

"Sir," said Mr. Selwyn (always willing to draw him out), "you know not how much he is improved since you knew him in Minorca; he is now the finest painter, perhaps in the world."

"Pho, pho, sir," cried he, "how can you talk so? you, Mr. Selwyn, who have seen so many capital pictures abroad?"

"Come, come, sir," said the ever odd Dr. Delap, "you must not go on so undervaluing him, for, I tell you, he is a friend of Miss Burney's."

"Sir," said Mr. B——y, "I tell you again I have no objection to the man; I have dined in his company two or three times; a very decent man he is, fit to keep company with gentlemen; but, ma'am, what are all your modern dabblers put together to one ancient? Nothing!—a set of—not a Rubens among them!" I vow, ma'am, not a Rubens among them!"

But, perhaps, his contempt of Dr. Delap's plea that he was my friend, may make you suppose that I am not in his good graces; whereas, I assure you it is not so: for the other evening, when they were all at cards, I left the room for some time, and, on my return, Mr. Selwyn said,

"Miss Burney, do not your cheeks tingle?"

"No," quoth I, "why should they?"

"From the conversation that has just passed," answered he; and afterwards I heard from Mrs. Thrale, that Mr. B——y had been singing my praises, and pronouncing me "a dear little *charmante*."

BRIGHTHELMSTONE.—To go on with the subject I left off with last—my favourite subject you will think it—Mr. B——y. I must inform you that his commendation was more astonishing to me than anybody's could be, as I had really taken it for

granted he had hardly noticed my existence. But he has also spoken very well of Dr. Delap—that is to say, in a very condescending manner. “That Dr. Delap, says he, “seems a good sort of man ; I wish all the cloth were like him ; but, lackaday ! ’tis no such thing ; the clergy in general are but odd dogs.”

Whenever plays are mentioned, we have also a regular speech about them.

“I never,” he says, “go to a tragedy,—it’s too affecting ; tragedy enough in real life : tragedies are only fit for fair females ; for my part, I cannot bear to see Othello tearing about in that violent manner ;—and fair little Desdemona—ma’am, ’tis too affecting ! to see your kings and your princes tearing their pretty locks,—oh, there’s no standing it ! ‘A straw-crown’d monarch,’—what is that, Mrs. Thrale ?

‘A straw-crown’d monarch in mock majesty.’

I can’t recollect now where that is ; but for my part, I really cannot bear to see such sights. And then out come the white handkerchiefs, and all their pretty eyes are wiping, and then come poison and daggers, and all that kind of thing,—Oh ma’am, ’tis too much ; but yet the fair tender hearts, the pretty little females, all like it !”

This speech, word for word, I have already heard from him literally four times.

When Mr. Garrick was mentioned, he honoured him with much the same style of compliment as he had done Sir Joshua Reynolds.

“Ay, ay,” said he, “that Garrick is another of those fellows that people run mad about. Ma’am, ’tis a shame to think of such things ! an actor living like a person of quality ! scandalous ! I vow, scandalous !”

“Well,—commend me to Mr. B——y !” cried Mrs. Thrale, “for he is your only man to put down all the people that everybody else sets up.”

“Why, ma’am,” answered he, “I like all these people very well in their proper places ; but to see such a set of poor beings living like persons of quality,—’tis preposterous ! common sense,

madam, common sense is against that kind of thing. As to Garrick, he is a very good mimic, an entertaining fellow enough, and all that kind of thing; but for an actor to live like a person of quality—oh, scandalous!”

Some time after, the musical tribe was mentioned. He was at cards at the time with Mr. Selwyn, Dr. Delap, and Mr. Thrale, while we “fair females,” as he always calls us, were speaking of Agujari. He constrained himself from flying out as long as he was able; but upon our mentioning her having fifty pounds a song, he suddenly, in a great rage, called out “Catgut and rosin!—ma’am, ’tis scandalous!”

We all laughed, and Mr. Selwyn, to provoke him on, said:

“Why, sir, how shall we part with our money better?”

“Oh fie! fie!” cried he, “I have not patience to hear of such folly; common sense, sir, common sense is against it. Why, now, there was one of these fellows at Bath last season, a Mr. Rauzzini,—I vow I longed to cane him every day! such a work made with him! all the fair females sighing for him! enough to make a man sick!”

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I have always, at dinner, the good fortune to sit next the General, for I am sure if I had not I could not avoid offending him, because I am eternally upon the titter when he speaks, so that if I faced him he must see my merriment was not merely at his humour, but excited by his countenance, his language, his winking, and the very tone of his voice.

Mr. Selwyn, who, as I have already hinted, indulges my enjoyment of Mr. B——y’s conversation, by always trying to draw him out upon such topics as he most shows off in, told me, some days since, that he feared I had now exhausted all his stories, and heard him discuss all his shining subjects of discourse; but afterwards, recollecting himself, he added, that there was yet one in reserve, which was “ladies learning Greek,” upon which he had, last year, flourished very copiously. The occasion was Miss Streatfield’s knowledge of that language, and the General, who wants two or three phrases of Latin to make him pass for a man of learning (as he fails not daily to repeat

his whole stock), was so much incensed that a "fair female" should presume to study Greek, that he used to be quite outrageous upon the subject. Mr. Selwyn, therefore, promised to treat me with hearing his dissertation, which he assured me would afford me no little diversion.

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The other day, at dinner, the subject was married life, and, among various husbands and wives, Lord L—— being mentioned, Mr. B——y pronounced his panegyric, and called him his friend.

Mr. Selwyn, though with much gentleness, differed from him in opinion, and declared he could not think well of him, as he knew his lady, who was an amiable woman, was used very ill by him.

"How, sir?" cried Mr. B——y.

"I have known him," answered Mr. Selwyn, "frequently pinch her till she has been ready to cry with pain, though she has endeavoured to prevent its being observed."

"And I," said Mrs. Thrale, "know that he pulled her nose, in his frantic brutality, till he broke some of the vessels of it; and when she was dying she still found the torture he had given her by it so great, that it was one of her last complaints."

The General, who is all for love and gallantry, far from attempting to vindicate his friend, quite swelled with indignation at this account, and, after a pause, big with anger, exclaimed,

"Wretched doings, sir, wretched doings!"

"Nay, I have known him," added Mr. Selwyn, "insist upon handing her to her carriage, and then, with an affected kindness, pretend to kiss her hand, instead of which he has almost bit a piece out of it!"

"Pitiful!—pitiful! sir," cried the General; "I know nothing more shabby!"

"He was equally inhuman to his daughter," said Mrs. Thrale, "for, in one of his rages, he almost throttled her."

"Wretched doings!" again exclaimed Mr. B——y, "what! cruel to a fair female! Oh fie! fie! fie!—a fellow who can be

cruel to females and children, or animals, must be a pitiful fellow indeed. I wish we had had him here in the sea. I should like to have had him stripped, and that kind of thing, and been well banged by ten of our dippers here with a cat-o'-nine-tails. Cruel to a fair female! Oh fie! fie! fie!"

I know not how this may read, but I assure you its sound was ludicrous enough.

However, I have never yet told you his most favourite story, though we have regularly heard it three or four times a day;—And this is about his health.

"Some years ago," he says—"let's see, how many? in the year '71—ay, '71, '72—thereabouts—I was taken very ill, and, by ill-luck, I was persuaded to ask advice of one of these Dr. Gallipots:—oh, how I hate them all! Sir, they are the vilest pick-pockets—know nothing, sir! nothing in the world! poor ignorant mortals! and then they pretend—in short, sir, I hate them all; I have suffered so much by them, sir—lost four years of the happiness of my life—let's see, '71, '72, '73, '74—ay, four years, sir!—mistook my case, sir!—and all that kind of thing. Why, sir, my feet swelled as big as two horses' heads! I vow I will never consult one of these Dr. Gallipot fellows again! lost me, sir, four years of the happiness of my life!—why I grew quite an object!—you would hardly have known me!—lost all the calves of my legs!—had not an ounce of flesh left!—and as to the rouge—why, my face was the colour of that candle!—those deuced Gallipot fellows!—why they robbed me of four years—let me see, ay, '71, '72——"

And then it all goes over again!

This story is always *à propos*; if health is mentioned, it is instanced to show its precariousness; if life, to bewail what he has lost of it; if pain, to relate what he has suffered; if pleasure, to recapitulate what he has been deprived of; but if a physician is hinted at, eagerly indeed is the opportunity seized of inveighing against the whole faculty.

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Tuesday was a very agreeable day indeed, and I am sure a merry one to me; but it was all owing to the General, and I do

not think you seem to have a true taste for him, so I shall give you but a brief account of my entertainment from him.

We had a large party of gentlemen to dinner. Among them was Mr. Hamilton, commonly called Single-speech Hamilton, from having made one remarkable speech in the House of Commons against Government, and receiving some *douceur* to be silent ever after.* This Mr. Hamilton is extremely tall and handsome; has an air of haughty and fashionable superiority; is intelligent, dry, sarcastic, and clever. I should have received much pleasure from his conversational powers, had I not previously been prejudiced against him, by hearing that he is infinitely artful, double, and crafty.

The dinner conversation was too general to be well remembered; neither, indeed, shall I attempt more than partial scraps relating to matters of what passed when we adjourned to tea.

Mr. Hamilton, Mr. Selwyn, Mr. Tidy, and Mr. Thrale seated themselves to whist; the rest looked on: but the General, as he always does, took up the newspaper, and, with various comments, made aloud, as he went on, reading to himself, diverted the whole company. Now he would cry, "Strange! strange that!"—presently, "What stuff! I don't believe a word of it!"—a little after, "O Mr. Bate, I wish your ears were cropped!"—then, "Ha! ha! ha! *funnibus! funnibus!* indeed!"—and, at last, in a great rage, he exclaimed, "What a fellow is this, to presume to arraign the conduct of persons of quality!"

Having diverted himself and us in this manner, till he had read every column methodically through, he began all over again, and presently called out, "Ha! ha! here's a pretty thing!" and then, in a plaintive voice, languished out some wretched verses.

Although the only mark of approbation with which the company favoured these lines was laughing at them, the General presently found something else equally bad, which he also praised, also read, and also raised a laugh at.

* William Gerrard Hamilton, (better known as "Single-speech Hamilton"), was, at the time he is referred to, Chancellor of the Exchequer of Ireland.

A few minutes after, he began puffing and blowing, with rising indignation, and, at last, cried out, "What a fellow is this? I should not be at all surprised if General Burgoyne cut off both his ears!"

"You have a great variety there," cried Mr. Hamilton, drily; "but I think, Mr. B——y, you have read us nothing to-day about the analeptic pills!"

Though we all smiled at this, the General, unconscious of any joke, gravely answered,

"No, sir! I have not seen them yet, but I dare say I shall find them by-and-by!"

And, by the time the next game was finished, he called out "No! I see nothing of the analeptic pills to-day; but here's some Samaritan drops!"

Soon after he began to rage about some baronet, whose title began Sir Carnaby. "Well," he cried, "what names people do think of! Here's another now, Sir Onesiphoras Paul! why, now, what a name is that! Poor human beings here, inventing such a name as that! I can't imagine where they met with it: it is not in the Bible."

"There you are a little mistaken!" said Mr. Hamilton, coolly.

"Is it? Well, I protest, Onesiphoras! ha! ha!"

"But you don't exactly pronounce it right," returned Mr. Hamilton, "it is Onesiphorus—not *as*, as you say it."

Mr. B——y made no answer, but went on reading the newspaper to himself.

Mr. Hamilton, who had now given his place at the whist-table to Mr. Bateson, related to us a very extraordinary cure performed by a physician, who would not write his prescriptions, "Because," said he, "they should not appear against him, as his advice was out of rule; but the cure was performed, and I much honour, and would willingly employ such a man."

"How!" exclaimed Mr. B——y, who always fires at the very name of a physician, "What! let one of those fellows try his experiments upon you? For my part, I'll never employ one again as long as I live! I've suffered too much by them; lost

me five years of the happiness of my life—ever since the year—let's see, '71, 72——”

“Mrs. Thrale,” interrupted Mr. Hamilton, “I was in some hopes Dr. Johnson would have come hither with you.”

Mrs. Thrale answered him; but Mr. B——y went on.

“One of those Dr. Gallipots, now—Heberden—attended a poor fellow I knew. ‘Oh,’ says he, ‘he’ll do vastly well!’ and so on, and so on, and all that kind of thing: but the next morning, when he called, the poor gentleman was dead! There’s your Mr. Heberden for you! Oh, fie! fie!”

“What will you do without them?” said Mr. Hamilton.

“Do, sir? Why, live like men! Who wants a pack of their nostrums? I’ll never employ one again while I live! They mistook my case, sir; they played the very devil with me! Let me see, ’71, 72——”

“What!” interrupted Mr. Hamilton, “are you seventy-two?”

The dry humour with which he asked this, set the whole company in a roar. Mr. B——y angrily answered:

“No, sir, no! no such thing; but I say——”

And then he went on with his story: no calves to his legs; mistook his case; feet swelled as big as horses’ heads; not an ounce of flesh;—and all the old phrases were repeated with so sad a solemnity, and attended to by Mr. Hamilton with so contemptuous a frigidity, that I was obliged to take up a newspaper to hide my face. Miss Thrale ran out of the room; Mr. Selwyn laughed till he could hardly hold his cards; Captain W—— hallooed quite indecently; and Mr. Tidy shook all over as if he was in an ague; and yet the General never found it out.

Miss F. Burney to Mr. Crisp.

St. Martin’s-street, Dec., 1779.

MY DEAREST DADDY,

I have deferred writing from day to day, in expectation of being able to fix some time for my long and most earnestly coveted visit to dear Chesington; but my father’s own move-

ments have been so uncertain, that I found it impossible to tease him about fixing mine. At length, however, we have come to the point. He has desired me to sift for what room you have, and to sound as to convenience. Now I know the shortest way of doing this is by coming plump upon the question; and, therefore, both to save myself the trouble of a long half-meaning, half-hinting, half-intelligible rigmarole, and you the trouble of vague suspicions, and puzzling conjectures, I think the best method is plainly to say, that, in about ten days, he thinks he can come to Chesington, if, without difficulty, you can then accommodate him.

Not one word has he yet said about the rest of the family; but I know he means not to travel *solus*: and I know, too, that it is not any secret to him that I, for one, build upon accompanying him, as a thing of course.

I am extremely gratified by your approbation of my journal. Miss Birch, I do assure you, exists exactly such as I have described her. I never mix truth and fiction: all that I relate in journalising is strictly, nay plainly, fact. I never, in all my life, have been a sayer of the thing that is not; and now I should be not only a knave but a fool also, in so doing, as I have other purposes for imaginary characters than filling letters with them. Give me credit, therefore, on the score of interest, and common sense, if not of principle. But, however, the world, and especially the Great world, is so filled with absurdity of various sorts, now bursting forth in impertinence, now in pomposity, now giggling in silliness, and now yawning in dulness, that there is no occasion for invention to draw what is striking in every possible species of the ridiculous.

I hope to be very comfortable with you, when I can get to you. I will bring you the little sketch I made of the heroine you seem to interest yourself in, and perhaps by your advice may again take her up, or finally let her rest.

Adieu, dearest daddy; kindest love to you from all quarters—
mostly from—

F. B.

CHAPTER VII.

1780.

Miss Burney to Mr. Crisp—The Troubles of Popularity—Ladies' Dress—Miss Burney's Comedy of "The Witlings"—Sheridan's application to her—Plot and Characters of "The Witlings"—Lord Sandwich—Captain Cook—His Death—Hon. Captain Walsingham—George III. and the Navy—Dr. Hunter—Dr. Solander—Murphy—His Oddities—Table-talk—Mr. Crisp to Miss Burney—Excellent advice about her Comedy—Colley Cibber—Pacchierotti—Journey to Bath—The Lawrence Family at Devizes—The late President of the Royal Academy at Ten Years of Age—Prince Hoare—Arrival at Bath—Description of the Place and Company—Parties—Lady Miller's Vase—Mrs. Montagu—The Theatre—The Bowdler Family—Dr. Woodward—Dr. Harrington—Mrs. Byron—Lord Mulgrave—The Hon. Augustus Phipps—Table-talk—Anecdotes of the late General Phipps—Illustrations of "Evelina"—Dr. Johnson—The Provost of Eton—Bath Society—Dean of Ossory—Mrs. Montagu—A Witling—Mrs. Montagu and Mrs. Thrale contrasted—Letter from Mr. Crisp—The Duchess of Marlborough—A Scotch Bishop—Duchess of Portland—Colley Cibber—Sheridan—Bath—Lord Mulgrave—The Bowdler Family—The Byrons—A Pleasant Meeting—A Mistake—An Evening Party—A Pretty Poet—Mrs. Siddons as Belvidera—A Pink and White Poet—Anstey, Author of the "New Bath Guide."

From Miss F. Burney to Mr. Crisp.

St. Martin's-street, January 22nd, 1780.

MY DEAREST DADDY,

As this sheet is but to contain a sequel of what I writ last, not to aspire as being regarded as a separate or answer-claiming letter, I shall proceed without fresh preamble.

You make a *comique* kind of inquiry about my "incessant and uncommon engagements."—Now, my dear daddy, this is an inquiry I feel rather small in answering, for I am sure you expect to hear something respectable in that sort of way, whereas I have nothing to enumerate that commands attention, or that will make

a favourable report. For the truth is, my “uncommon” engagements have only been of the *visiting system*, and my “incessant” ones only of the *working party*;—for perpetual dress requires perpetual replenishment, and that replenishment actually occupies almost every moment I spend out of company.

“Fact! fact!” I assure you—however paltry, ridiculous, or inconceivable, it may sound. Caps, hats, and ribbons make, indeed, no venerable appearance upon paper;—no more do eating and drinking;—yet the one can no more be worn without being made, than the other can be swallowed without being cooked; and those who can neither pay milliners nor keep scullions, must either toil for themselves, or go capless and dinnerless. So, if you are for a high-polished comparison, I’m your man!

Now, instead of furbelows and gewgaws of this sort, my dear daddy probably expected to hear of duodecimos, octavos, or quartos!—*Hélas!* I am sorry that is not the case,—but not one word, no, not one syllable did I write to any purpose, from the time you left me at Streatham, till Christmas, when I came home. But now I have something to communicate concerning which I must beg you to give me your opinion.

As my play was settled in its silent suppression, I entreated my father to call on Mr. Sheridan, in order to prevent his expecting anything from me, as he had had a good right to do, from my having sent him a positive message that I should, in compliance with his exhortations at Mrs. Cholmondeley’s, try my fortune in the theatrical line, and send him a piece for this winter. My father did call, but found him not at home, neither did he happen to see him till about Christmas. He then acquainted him that what I had written had entirely dissatisfied me, and that I desired to decline for the present all attempts of that sort.

Mr. Sheridan was pleased to express great concern,—nay, more, to protest he would not accept my refusal. He begged my father to tell me that he could take no denial to seeing what I had done—that I could be no fair judge for myself—that he doubted not but it would please, but was glad I was not satisfied, as he had much rather see pieces before their authors were contented with them than afterwards, on account of sundry small

changes always necessary to be made by the managers, for theatrical purposes, and to which they were loth to submit when their writings were finished to their own approbation. In short, he said so much, that my father, ever easy to be worked upon, began to waver, and told me he wished I would show the play to Sheridan at once.

This very much disconcerted me : I had taken a sort of disgust to it, and was myself most earnestly desirous to let it die a quiet death. I therefore cooled the affair as much as I conveniently could, and by evading from time to time the conversation, it was again sinking into its old state,—when again Mr. Sheridan saw my father, and asked his leave to call upon me himself.

This could not be refused.

Well,—I was now violently fidgeted, and began to think of alterations,—and by setting my head to work, I have actually now written the fourth act from beginning to end, except one scene.—Mr. Sheridan, however, has not yet called, and I have so little heart in the affair, that I have now again quite dropped it.

Such is the present situation of my politics. Now, I wish you much to write me your private opinion what I had best do in case of an emergency. Your letters are always sacred, so pray write with your usual sincerity and openness. I know you too well to fear your being offended if things should be so managed that your counsel cannot be followed ; it will, at any rate, not be thrown away, since it will be a fresh proof of your interest in my affairs and my little self.

My notions I will also tell you ; they are (in case I must produce this piece to the manager) :—

To entirely omit all mention of the club ;—

To curtail the parts of Smatter and Dabbler as much as possible ;—

To restore to Censor his 500*l.* and not trouble him even to offer it ;—

To give a new friend to Cecilia, by whom her affairs shall be retrieved, and through whose means the catastrophe shall be brought to be happy ;—

And to change the nature of Beaufort's connexions with Lady

Smatter, in order to obviate the unlucky resemblance the adopted nephew bears to our female pride of literature.

This is all I have at present thought of. And yet, if I am so allowed, even these thoughts shall all turn to nothing; for I have so much more fear than hope, and anxiety than pleasure, in thinking at all of the theatre, that I believe my wisest way will be to shirk—which, if by evasive and sneaking means I can, I shall.

Now concerning Admiral Jem;—you have had all the accounts of him from my mother; whether or not he has made any change in his situation we cannot tell. *The Morning Post* had yesterday this paragraph:—

“We hear Lieutenant Burney has succeeded to the command of Capt. Clerke’s ship.”

That this, as Miss Waldron said of her hair, is all a falsity, we are, however, certain, as Lord Sandwich has informed my father that the first lieutenant of poor Capt. Cook was promoted to the *Discovery*. Whether, however, Jem has been made first lieutenant of the *Resolution*, or whether that vacancy has been filled up by the second lieutenant of that ship, we are not informed. The letter from my admiral has not, it seems, been very clear, for I met the Hon. Capt. Walsingham last week on a visit, and he said he had been at court in the morning. “And the king,” he continued, “said to me, ‘Why, I don’t think you captains in the navy shine much in the literary way!’ ‘No, sir,’ answered I; ‘but then, in return, no more do your Majesty’s captains in the army’—except Burgoyne, I had a good mind to say!—but I did not dare.”

I shall give you some further particulars of my meeting this Capt. Walsingham in some future letter, as I was much pleased with him.

I am sure you must have been grieved for poor Captain Cook.* How hard, after so many dangers, so much toil,—to die in so shocking a manner—in an island he had himself discovered—among savages he had himself, in his first visit to them, civilised,

* The news of Captain Cook’s melancholy death had just reached England. It took place in the preceding February.

and rendered kind and hospitable, and in pursuit of obtaining justice in a cause in which he had himself no interest, but zeal for his other captain! He was, besides, the most moderate, humane, and gentle circumnavigator who ever went out upon discoveries; agreed the best with all the Indians, and, till this fatal time, never failed, however hostile they met, to leave them his friends.

Dr. Hunter, who called here lately, said that he doubted not but Capt. Cook had trusted them too unguardedly; for as he always had declared his opinion that savages never committed murder without provocation, he boldly went among them without precautions for safety, and paid for his incautious intrepidity with his very valuable life.

The Thrales are all tolerably well,—Mr. Thrale, I think and hope, much better. I go to them very often, and they come here certainly once every week, and Mrs. Thrale generally oftener. I have had some charming meetings at their house, which, though in brief, I will enumerate.

At the first, the party was Mr. Murphy, Mr. Seward, Mr. Evans, Dr. Solander, and Lady Ladd. Dr. Johnson had not then settled in the borough.

Mr. Evans is a clergyman, very intimate with the Thrales, and a good-humoured and a sensible man.

Dr. Solander* whom I never saw before, I found very sociable, full of talk, information, and entertainment. My father has very exactly named him, in calling him a philosophical gossip.

The others you have heard of frequently.

Mr. Murphy “made at me” immediately;—he took a chair next mine, and would talk to me, and to me only, almost all the day. He attacked me about my play, entreated me most earnestly to show him the rest of it, and made it many compliments. I told him that I had quite given it up—that I did not like it now it was done, and would not venture to try it, and therefore could not consent to show it. He quite flew at this—vowed I should not be its judge.

* The Swedish naturalist, who accompanied Capt. Cook in his first voyage round the world.

“What!” cried he, “condemn in this manner!—give up such writing! such dialogue! such character! No, it must not be. Show it me—you shall show it me. If it wants a few stage-tricks trust it with me, and I will put them in. I have had a long experience in these matters. I know what the galleries will and will not bear. I will promise not to let it go out of my hands without engaging for its success.”

This, and much more, he went on with in a low voice, obliging me by the nature of the subject to answer him in the same, and making everybody stare at the closeness of our confab, which I believe was half its pleasure to him, for he loves mischievous fun as much as if he was but sixteen.

While we were thus discoursing, Mr. Seward, who I am sure wondered at us, called out, “Miss Burney, you don’t hear Dr. Solander.” I then endeavoured to listen to him, and found he was giving a very particular account to the company of Captain Cook’s appearance at Khamschatka—a subject which they naturally imagined would interest me. And so indeed it did; but it was in vain, for Mr. Murphy would not hear a word; he continued talking to me in a whisper, and distracted my attention in such a manner that I heard both and understood neither.

Again, in a few minutes, Mr. Seward called out, “Miss Burney, you don’t hear this;” and yet my neighbour would not regard him, nor would allow that I should. Exhortation followed exhortation, and entreaty entreaty, till, almost out of patience, Mr. Seward a third time exclaimed:

“Why, Miss Burney, Dr. Solander is speaking of your brother’s ship.”

I was half ashamed, and half ready to laugh.

“Ay,” said Mrs. Thrale, “Mr. Murphy and Miss Burney are got to flirtation, so what care they for Captain Cook and Captain Clerke.”

“Captain Cook and Captain Clerke?” repeated Mr. Murphy, —“who mentioned them?”

Everybody laughed.

“Who?” said Mrs. Thrale. “Why Dr. Solander has been talking of them this hour.”

"Indeed!" exclaimed he; "why, then, it's Miss Burney's fault: she has been talking to me all this time on purpose to prevent my listening."

Did you ever hear such assurance?

I can write no more particulars of my visit, as my letter is so monstrously long already; but in conclusion, Dr. Solander invited the whole party to the Museum that day week, and Lady Ladd, who brought me home, invited us all to dine with her after seeing it. This was by all accepted, and I will say something of it hereafter. I am very sorry I have forgot to ask for franks, and must not forget to ask your pardon.

And so God bless you, my dear daddy! and bless Mrs. Gast, Mrs. Ham, and Kitty, and do you say God bless

Your ever loving and affectionate

F. B.

Mr. Crisp to Miss F. Burney.

Chesington, Feb. 23, 1780.

MY DEAR FANNIKIN,

Our letters crossed each other. I did not receive yours till the day after mine was sent off, otherwise I should not have then omitted what you seemed to require—my notions on the subject of Mr. Sheridan's importunity. My great scruple all along has been the consideration of the great stake you are playing for, how much you have to lose, and how unequal your delicate and tender frame of mind would be to sustain the shock of a failure of success, should that be the case. You can't easily imagine how much it goes against me to say anything that looks like discouragement to a spirit already too diffident and apprehensive. Nothing but so rooted a regard for my Fannikin, and her peace and happiness, as I feel at this instant, could ever have prevailed on me to have used that freedom with her, which though all authors pretend to insist on from the friends they consult, yet ninety-nine out of a hundred are offended at; and not only so, but bear a secret grudge and enmity for the sincerity

they have demanded, and in some measure extorted. I myself have met with and smarted for some instances of this kind ; but that shall not hinder me from delivering my real sentiments to those I love when called upon, and particularly my own creature, Fannikin, for I think I know her generosity too well to suspect her of taking amiss what can proceed from no motive but friendship and fidelity.

Well, then, this is my idea. The play has wit enough and enough—but the story and the incidents don't appear to me interesting enough to seize and keep hold of the attention and eager expectations of the generality of audiences. This, to me, is its capital defect.

The omissions you propose are right, I think ; but how the business of the piece is to go on with such omissions and alterations as you mention, it is impossible for me to know. What you mean to leave out—the club and the larger share of Smatter and Dabbler—seems to have been the main subject of the play. Cecilia's loss and unexpected restoration of her fortune, is not a new incident by any means ; however, anything is preferable to Censor's interfering in the business by his unaccountable generosity.

Now, as to the very great importance, and, indeed (to my thinking), the indispensable necessity, of an interesting plot or story,—let me recommend you to borrow, or get from the circulating library, “An Apology for the Life of Mr. Colley Cibber.” This book chance has thrown in my way since I last wrote to you ; and in running it over, I very unexpectedly met with a full and copious detail of all my very thoughts on this subject to a most minute exactness. The passage itself begins thus :—

“Reader, by your leave, I will but just speak a word or two to any author that has not yet writ one word of his next play, and then I will come to the point again.”

He then goes on, ending with these words, viz. :—

“I imagined these observations might convince some future author, of how great advantage a fable well planned must be, to a man of any tolerable genius.”

The echo of my sentiments of the matter for these forty years

past! No man living was ever a better judge of stage interests and stage politics than Cibber.

What to advise, I profess I know not—only thus much: I should have a much greater deference for the opinion of Sheridan than of Murphy; I take him in himself to be much deeper; and he is besides deeply interested in the fate of whatever he brings forward on his own stage. Upon the whole, as he is so pressing to see what you have done, I should almost incline to consent.

Your other daddy and madam were kind enough last Sunday to come on purpose from London to see me; for which I think myself greatly obliged to them. They tell me of a delightful tour you are to make this autumn on the other side of the water, with Mr. and Mrs. Thrale, Dr. Johnson, Mr. Murphy, &c. Where will you find such another set? O, Fanny, set this down as the happiest period of your life; and when you come to be old and sick, and health and spirits are fled (for the time may come), then live upon remembrance, and think that you have had your share of the good things of this world, and say,—For what I have received, the Lord make me thankful!

And now, my Fanny, let me hear from you soon the result of your theatrical councils; also a continuation of your own other adventures, and likewise (what you have hitherto shirked me of) the Susannitical Journal of Brighthelmstone.

Your loving daddy,

S. C.

Journal resumed.

BATH, APRIL 7.—A thousand thanks, my dearest Susy, for your kind and very satisfactory letter. I had, indeed, been extremely anxious to hear of poor Pacchierotti, for the account of his illness in the newspapers had alarmed me very much. You are very good for being so circumstantial. I long to hear of his more perfect recovery, for, to use his own words, he has made himself an interest in my regard more than for his profession. Merely for the profession never can I admire more passionately than I did Millico; but I now consider Pacchierotti as an

estimable friend, and as such I value him sincerely and affectionately, and you, I think, my little Susanna, are in this also of "one mind" with me.

Don't be angry that I have been absent so long without writing, for I have been so entirely without a moment to myself, except for dressing, that I really have not had it in my power. This morning, being obliged to have my hair dressed early, I am a prisoner, that I may not spoil it by a hat, and therefore I have made use of my captivity in writing to my dear Susy; and, briefly, I will now chronicle what has occupied me hitherto.

The journey was very comfortable; Mr. Thrale was charmingly well and in very good spirits, and Mrs. Thrale must be charming, well or ill. We only went to Maidenhead Bridge the first night, where I found the caution given me by Mr. Smelt, of not attempting to travel near Windsor on a hunting-day, was a very necessary one, as we were with difficulty accommodated even the day after the hunt; several stragglers yet remaining at all the inns, and we heard of nothing but the king and royal huntsmen and huntswomen.

The second day we slept at Speen Hill, and the third day we reached Devizes.

And here, Mrs. Thrale and I were much pleased with our hostess, Mrs. Lawrence, who seemed something above her station in her inn. While we were at cards before supper, we were much surprised by the sound of a pianoforte. I jumped up, and ran to listen whence it proceeded. I found it came from the next room, where the overture to the "*Buona Figliuola*" was performing. The playing was very decent, but as the music was not quite new to me, my curiosity was not whole ages in satisfying, and therefore I returned to finish the rubber.

Don't I begin to talk in an old-cattish manner of cards?

Well, another deal was hardly played, ere we heard the sound of a voice, and out I ran again. The singing, however, detained me not long, and so back I whisked: but the performance, however indifferent in itself, yet surprised us at the Bear at Devizes, and, therefore, Mrs. Thrale determined to know from whom it came. Accordingly, she tapped at the door. A very handsome

girl, about thirteen years old, with fine dark hair upon a finely-formed forehead, opened it. Mrs. Thrale made an apology for her intrusion, but the poor girl blushed and retreated into a corner of the room: another girl, however, advanced, and obligingly and gracefully invited us in, and gave us all chairs. She was just sixteen, extremely pretty, and with a countenance better than her features, though those were also very good. Mrs. Thrale made her many compliments, which she received with a mingled modesty and pleasure, both becoming and interesting. She was, indeed, a sweetly-pleasing girl.

We found they were both daughters of our hostess, and born and bred at Devizes. We were extremely pleased with them, and made them a long visit, which I wished to have been longer. But though those pretty girls struck us so much, the wonder of the family was yet to be produced. This was their brother, a most lovely boy of ten years of age, who seems to be not merely the wonder of their family, but of the times, for his astonishing skill in drawing.* They protest he has never had any instruction, yet showed us some of his productions that were really beautiful. Those that were copies were delightful—those of his own composition amazing, though far inferior. I was equally struck with the boy and his works.

We found that he had been taken to town, and that all the painters had been very kind to him, and Sir Joshua Reynolds had pronounced him, the mother said, the most promising genius he had ever met with. Mr. Hoare† has been so charmed with this sweet boy's drawings that he intends sending him to Italy with his own son.

This house was full of books, as well as paintings, drawings, and music; and all the family seem not only ingenious and industrious, but amiable; added to which, they are strikingly handsome.

* This boy was afterwards the celebrated painter, Sir Thomas Lawrence, President of the Royal Academy.

† Mr. C. Prince Hoare. The intended patronage did not take place. The Lawrences left Devizes almost immediately after the date of the above notice, and henceforth the whole family were supported by the extraordinary talents of the boy artist,

I hope we shall return the same road, that we may see them again.

I forgot to mention that when we were at Reading, we walked to see Coley, the seat of Miss Thompsons, sisters-in-law of Sir Philip Jennings Clerke. The house is large, old-fashioned, new vamped, and rambling.

I shall now skip to our arrival at this beautiful city, which I really admire more than I did, if possible, when I first saw it. The houses are so elegant, the streets are so beautiful, the prospects so enchanting, I could fill whole pages upon the general beauty of the place and country, but that I have neither time for myself, nor incitement for you, as I know nothing tires so much as description.

We alighted at York House, and Mrs. Thrale sent immediately to Sir Philip Jennings Clerke, who spent the Easter holidays here. He came instantly, with his usual alacrity to oblige, and told us of lodgings upon the South Parade, whither in the afternoon we all hied, and Mr. Thrale immediately hired a house at the left corner. It was most deliciously situated; we have meadows, hills, Prior park, "the soft-flowing Avon"—whatever Nature has to offer, I think, always in our view. My room commands all these; and more luxury for the eye I cannot form a notion of.

We stayed that night, Friday, at York House, and Sir Philip Clerke supped with us, and came to breakfast the next morning. I am quite sorry this Sir Philip is so violent and so wrong in his political opinions and conduct, for in private life he is all gentleness, good breeding, and friendliness. I was very sorry, too, when he left us, which he was obliged to do at noon, and to quit Bath the next day.

Well, we spent Saturday morn in removing hither, and then immediately followed an engagement. It was to spend the afternoon with some relations of Mrs. T.

The relations were Mrs. C——, an ugly, proud old woman, but marvellous civil to me; Mr. L——, a sensible man of eighty-two, strong, healthy, and conversable as he could have been at thirty-two; his wife, a dull muzzy old creature; his sister a ditto.

Our afternoon was horribly wearying.

When we came away, Mr. Thrale ordered our chairs to the playhouse; Mr. Thrale would not accompany us. We were just in time for "The Padlock," which was almost as bad to me as the company I had just left. Yet the performers here are uncommonly good: some of them as good as almost any we have in town.

SUNDAY.—We went to St. James's Church, heard a very indifferent preacher, and returned to read better sermons of our own choosing.

In the evening we had again an engagement. This, however, was far more agreeable than our last. It was at Mrs. Lambart's. Mrs. Lambart is a widow of General Lambart, and a sister of Sir Philip Jennings. She is an easy, chatty, sensible woman of the world.

There was a good deal of company; among them, all that I much observed were two clergymen and a Miss Lewis.

One of the clergymen was Mr. W——, a young man, who has a house on the Crescent, and is one of the best supporters of Lady Miller's vase at Bath Easton.* He is immensely tall, thin, and handsome, but affected, delicate, and sentimentally pathetic; and his conversation about his own "feelings," about "amiable motives," and about the wind, which, at the Crescent, he said, in a tone of dying horror, "blew in a manner really frightful!" diverted me the whole evening. But Miss Thrale, not content with private diversion, laughed out at his expressions, till I am sure he perceived and understood her merriment.

The young lady, Miss Lewis, is a daughter of the Dean of Ossory; she is very handsome, and mighty gay and giddy, half tonish, and half hoydenish; and every other word she utters is "Horrible!"

* Lady Miller, of Bath Easton. Her "Vase" and its objects are thus alluded to by Horace Walpole:—"They hold a Parnassus-fair every Thursday, give out rhymes and themes, and all the flux at Bath contend for the prizes. A Roman vase, dressed with pink ribbons and myrtles, receives the poetry, which is drawn out every festival. Six judges of these Olympic games retire and select the brightest composition, which the respective successful ten candidates acknowledge."

Well, I must now to Monday.

In the morning Miss Gregory called ; she is here with Mrs. Montagu. She made a long visit, and she brought me a very polite message from sweet Mr. Smelt's daughter, Mrs. Cholmley, who had told Miss Gregory that her father had written to charge her to get acquainted with me, in terms too civil to repeat ; and she was very willing, but did not know how.

"And so," said Miss Gregory, "I told her I would ask you."

I begged her to give my respects to Mrs. Cholmley, and to tell her I should certainly wait upon her.

In the evening we had company at home,—Mrs. Lambart, Miss Gregory, and Mrs. Montagu.

Mrs. Montagu was in very good spirits and extremely civil to me, taking my hand, and expressing herself well pleased that I had accompanied Mrs. Thrale hither. She was very flashy, and talked away all the evening ; but Miss Gregory was as much disposed to talk herself, and she took to me this night as she did to Mrs. Campbell at Mrs. Ord's, and, therefore, I could scarce hear a word that Mrs. Montagu said.

BATH, APRIL 9.—Tuesday morning we spent in walking all over the town, viewing the beautiful Circus, the company-crowded Pump-room, and the exquisite Crescent, which, to all the excellence of architecture that adorns the Circus, adds all the delights of nature that beautify the Parades. We made various visits, and I called upon Mrs. Cholmley, but was not admitted, and upon Miss Bowdler, who was also invisible. We then went to Mrs. Lambart's, where we again met Miss Lewis, and heard abundance of Bath chit-chat and news, and were all invited for Friday to cards. I am, however, determined never to play but when we are quite alone, and a fourth is indispensably wanted. I have, therefore, entreated Mrs. Thrale not to make known that I can.

In the evening we went to the play, and saw "The School for Scandal" and "The Critic ;" both of them admirably well acted, and extremely entertaining.

APRIL 10.—In the morning, Miss Bowdler returned my visit : I was glad to see her, for old acquaintance sake. She does not look

well, but is more agreeable than formerly, and seems to have thrown aside her pedantry and ostentatious display of knowledge; and, therefore, as she is very sensible, and uncommonly cultivated, her conversation and company are very well worth seeking. I introduced her to Mrs. Thrale, which I saw was a great satisfaction, as she had long known her by fame, and wished much to be presented to her.

We had much talk of Teignmouth, and I inquired about my old friend Mr. Crispen, who I find now lives at Clifton.

Mrs. Thrale inquired of Miss Bowdler if she knew anything of Miss Cooper, and where she lived? And then Miss Bowdler, in a very respectful manner, begged permission to invite us all to meet Miss Cooper at her father's, for that very evening, as Mrs. Montagu was also engaged there; and Mrs. Thrale, with her usual frankness and good-humour, accepted the invitation without further ceremony.

In the afternoon we all went to Alfred-buildings, where Mr. Bowdler lives. He was not at home, but his wife and two daughters did the honours.

We found Mrs. Montagu, Miss Gregory, Miss Cooper, and Mrs. Sydney Lee already assembled.

This Mrs. Sydney Lee is a maiden sister of the famous rebel General.* She is a very agreeable woman.

Miss Cooper you must have heard of: she is Miss Streatfield's darling friend, and a very amiable and gentle old maid. I have seen her twice at Streatham.

Mrs. Bowdler is very sensible and intelligent, and my namesake was very rational and entertaining.

Mrs. Montagu and Mrs. Thrale both flashed away admirably; but I was again engrossed by Miss Gregory, who raved of nothing but Mr. Seward.

When we returned home I found a note from Mrs. Cholmley,

*Charles Lee, the person alluded to under the name of the Rebel General, was an English officer who, after having served with honour in America, being disappointed of promotion on his return home, joined the insurgent colonies, and is said to have been the first who suggested the idea of a separation from the mother country. He died at Philadelphia in 1782.

inviting me to meet Mrs. Montagu on Friday. I was already engaged to a large party at Mrs. Lambart's, but my kind Mrs. Thrale, perceiving which way my inclination led, undertook to make my apologies for the beginning of the evening, and to allow me to join her after my own visit was paid. I therefore wrote my thanks to Mrs. Cholmley, and accepted her invitation.

THURSDAY.—The kindness of this family seems daily to increase towards me; not indeed that of Mrs. Thrale, for it cannot, so sweetly and delightfully she keeps it up; she has not left herself power to do more;—but Mr. Thrale evidently interests himself more and more about me weekly—as does his fair daughter.

This morning a milliner was ordered to bring whatever she had to recommend, I believe, to our habitation, and Mr. Thrale bid his wife and daughter take what they wanted, and send him the account.

But, not content with this, he charged me to do the same. You may imagine if I did. However, finding me refractory, he absolutely insisted upon presenting me with a complete suite of gauze lino, and that in a manner that showed me a refusal would greatly disoblige him. And then he very gravely desired me to have whatever I pleased at any time, and to have it added to his account. And so sincere I know him to be, that I am sure he would be rather pleased than surprised if I should run him up a new bill at this woman's. He would fain have persuaded me to have taken abundance of other things, and Mrs. Thrale seemed more gratified than with what he did for herself. Tell my dear father all this.

Dr. Woodward called this morning. He is a physician here, and a chatty, agreeable man.

At dinner, we had Dr. Harrington, another physician, and my father's friend and correspondent, upon whose account he was excessively civil to me. He is very sensible, keen, quiet, and well-bred.

In the evening we were all engaged to the Belvidere, to visit Mrs. Byron,* who arrived at Bath two days before.

* Wife of the Hon. Admiral John Byron, and grandmother of the poet Her daughter, Augusta Barbara Charlotte (mentioned by Miss Burney)

The Belvidere is a most beautiful spot ; it is on a high hill, at one of the extremities of the town, of which, as of the Avon and all the adjacent country, it commands a view that is quite enchanting.

Poor Mrs. Byron is very far from well, though already better than when I last saw her in town ; but her charming spirits never fail her, and she rattled and shone away with all the fire and brilliancy of vigorous health. Augusta is much improved in her person, but preserves the same engaging simplicity of manners that distinguished her at Brighthelmstone. She was quite overjoyed at meeting me, and talked quite in raptures of renewing our acquaintance and seeing me often. I never hardly met with so artless an enthusiasm for what she loves as in this fair Augusta, whom I must love in return, whether I will or not.

In our way home we stopped at the theatre, and saw the farce of the "Two Misers"—wretched, wretched stuff indeed !

FRIDAY.—In the evening I had to make my first visit to Mrs. Cholmley, and a most formidable business it was, for she had had company to dinner, and a formal circle was already formed when my name was announced ; added to which, as I knew not the lady of the house from her guests, you may imagine I entered the room without astonishing the company by my brass. Mrs. Cholmley made it as little awkward as she could to me, by meeting me almost at the door. She received me in a most elegant manner, making all sorts of polite speeches about my goodness in making the first visit, and so forth. She seems very gentle and well-bred, and perfectly amiable in character and disposition.

The party I found assembled was Mrs. Montagu, Mrs. Poyntz, a relation of Lady Spencer, Miss Gregory, Lord Mulgrave, Hon. Augustus Phipps, Sir Cornwallis Maud, Mr. Cholmley, Miss Ann Cholmley, and one or two more that I did not hear named.

Mrs. Cholmley very obligingly placed me between herself and Miss Gregory, who is now become the most intimate acquaint-

married Vice-Admiral Christopher Parker, eldest son of the late Sir Peter Parker, Bart., and died in 1794.

ance I have here, and I find her far more agreeable than I believed she could have been. Mrs. Cholmley and I talked of nothing but our fathers; she told me I could not have more affection and respect for her father than she had for mine; and I told her that if we should make any acquaintance with each other, I hoped nothing but good would come of it, for no connexion ever had a more dutiful foundation; and then we went on, she praising Dr. Burney, and I Mr. Smelt, till our party lessened, and all the gentlemen were gone.

Mrs. Poyntz, then, who had been at our side of the room, went over to Mrs. Montagu, who whispered her, and looked towards me.

"Ay," said Miss Gregory, "Mrs. Montagu has just now, I believe, found out Miss Burney."

"Yes," said Mrs. Montagu, smiling at me, "I never knew her till this moment: but it was very cruel in you, Miss Gregory, to let me remain so long in ignorance; you know I cannot see anybody three yards off. I asked my Lord Mulgrave who it was, but he could not tell me; and I asked Sir Cornwallis, but he did not know; at last Mrs. Poyntz informed me."

By the way, that Mrs. Poyntz is a very sensible old gentlewoman. Of Lord Mulgrave and Sir Cornwallis I saw too little to speak.

I was obliged now to take my own leave; and Mrs. Montagu, when I was departing, arose and followed me, and took my hand, and inquired earnestly concerning Mr. Thrale, who is a great favourite with her, and was all graciousness to me: and Mrs. Cholmley made me promise to repeat my visit; and all did wondrous well.

Mr. Cholmley handed me to the chair, and I then proceeded to Mrs. Lambart's. Here I found two rooms with company: whist-players in one, and a commerce party in the other. Fortunately, I escaped the latter by being very late. Among the folks were the Dean of Ossory, who is a well-bred, gentleman-like dean, Mrs. Lewis, his wife, a very civil woman, and his daughter, &c.

When I had given an account of my preceding visit to my own

friends, Mrs. Lambart made me sit next her, for she did not play herself, and we had some very comfortable talk till the commerce table broke up, and then a certain Miss Willis came to my other side, and entered into conversation with me very facetiously. A mighty good-natured, foolish girl.

While we were prating, Mr. E——, the clergyman I have mentioned before, joined us, and told Miss Willis how to call herself in Latin.

"Go," said he, "to your father, and say, 'How do you do, Mr. Voluntas-est?'"

This conceited absurdity diverted her and Miss Lewis amazingly.

"But, dear!" she cried, "it's so long I shan't remember it. I do think Latin words sound very odd. I dare say, Miss Burney, you know Latin very well?"

I assured her to the contrary.

"Well," said the little fool, "I know one word."

"Do you? pray what is it?"

"Why, it's *cogitabund*. It's a very droll word."

* * * * *

MONDAY.—Lord Mulgrave, Augustus Phipps, Miss Cooper, Dr. Harrington, and Dr. Woodward dined with us.

I like Lord Mulgrave very much. He has more wit, and a greater readiness of repartee, than any man I have met with this age. During dinner he was all brilliancy; but I drew myself into a little scrape with him, from which I much wanted some of his wit to extricate myself. Mrs. Thrale was speaking of the House of Commons, and lamenting that she had never heard any debates there.

"And now," said she, "I cannot, for this General Johnson has turned us all out most barbarously."

"General Johnson?" repeated Lord Mulgrave.

"Ay, or colonel—I don't know what the man was, but I know he was no man of gallantry."

"Whatever he was," said his lordship, "I hope he was a land officer."

"I hope so too, my lord," said she.

"No, no, no," cried Mr. Thrale, "it was Commodore Johnson."

"That's bad, indeed!" said Lord Mulgrave, laughing. "I thought, by his manners, he had belonged to the army."

"True," said I: "they were hardly polished enough for the sea."

This I said *à demi-voix*, and meant only for Mrs. Thrale; but Lord Mulgrave heard and drew up upon them, and, pointing his finger at me with a threatening air, exclaimed,

"Don't you speak, Miss Burney? What's this, indeed?"

They all stared, and to be sure I rouged pretty high.

"I did not expect this from you," continued he, "but take care! I shall tell you of it a twelvemonth hence!"

I could not, at the moment, understand him, but I afterwards found he was thinking of poor Jem, and meant to threaten me with putting the quarrel into his hands. And so, for more reasons than one, I only answered by laughing.

"Miss Burney," said Mrs. Thrale, "should be more respectful to be sure, for she has a brother at sea herself."

"I know it," said he, "and for all her, we shall see him come back from Khamschatka as polished a beau as any he will find."

Poor Jem! God send him safe back, polished or rough.

Lord Mulgrave's brother Edmund is just entered into the army.

"He told me t'other day," said his lordship, "that he did not like the thoughts of being a parson."

"'Very well,' said I, 'you are old enough to choose for yourself; what will you be then?'"

"'Why a soldier,' says he.

"'A soldier? will you so? Why then the best thing you can do is to embark with your brother Henry immediately, for you won't know what to do in a regiment by yourself.' Well, no sooner said than done! Henry was just going to the West Indies in Lord Harrington's regiment, and Edmund ordered a chaise, and drove to Portsmouth after him. The whole was settled in half an hour."

Curious enough. But I am sorry Edmund has taken this freak. He is an amiable young man, and I had rather he had kept clear of this fighting system, and "things of that sort."

In the evening, we had our company enlarged. Mrs. Montagu came first, and was followed by Miss Gregory, Mrs. Sydney Lee, Mrs. Bowdler, and Fanny Bowdler.

While I made tea, Lord Mulgrave sat next to me, and with a comical mock resentment told me he had not yet forgiven me for that sneer at his profession.

"However," he added, "if I can be of any use to you here at the tea-table, out of neighbourly charity, I will."

I declined his offer with thanks, but when I was putting away the tea-chest,

"So," he cried, taking it from me, "cannot I put that down? am I not polished enough for that?"

And afterwards, upon other similar opportunities, he said,

"So you are quite determined not to trust me?"

WEDNESDAY.—I received Charlotte's most agreeable account of Edward's stained drawings from "Evelina," and I am much delighted that he means them for the Exhibition, and that we shall thus show off together. His notion of putting a portrait of Dr. Johnson into Mr. Villars's parlour was charming. I shall tell the doctor of it in my next letter, for he makes me write to him.

In the evening we had Mrs. Lambart, who brought us a tale, called "Edwy and Edilda," by the sentimental Mr. W——, and unreadably soft, and tender, and senseless is it.

THURSDAY MORNING, APRIL 13.—I am now come to the present time, and will try, however brief, to be tolerably punctual.

Dr. Johnson has sent a bitter reproach to Mrs. Thrale of my not writing to him, for he has not yet received a scrawl I have sent him. He says Dr. Barnard, the provost of Eton, has been singing the praises of my book, and that old Dr. Lawrence has read it through three times within this last month! I am afraid he will pass for being superannuated for his pains!

"But don't tell Burney this," adds Dr. Johnson, "because she will not write to me, and values me no more than if I were a Branghton!"

Our party to-night at the Dean of Ossory's has by no means proved enchanting, yet Mrs. Montagu was there, and Hoare, the painter, and the agreeable Mrs. Lambart. But I was unfortu-

nate enough not to hear one word from any of them, by being pestered with wiflings all the night.

First I was seated next the eldest Miss L——, not the pretty girl I have mentioned, Charlotte, who is the second daughter. This Miss L—— is very heavy and tiresome, though she was pleased to promise to call upon me, and to cultivate acquaintance with me in most civil terms.

This was my fag till after tea, and then Mr. E—— joined us; I have always endeavoured to shirk this gentleman, who is about as entertaining and as wise as poor Mr. Pugh, but for whom not having the same regard, I have pretty soon enough of him; and so, as I rather turned away, he attacked Miss L——, and I spent another half-hour in hearing them.

After this, he aimed at me downright, inquiring if I had been at Bath before, and so forth, and a mighty insipid discourse ensued.

This lasted till Miss L—— proposed a “miss” party in the next room. Accordingly, off we moved; Miss Gregory went first, and I was following, when she ran back, and said the Dean was there writing. I would then also have made off, but he came out after us, and taking my hand, would lead me into his library, protesting he had just sealed his letter. And then the other misses followed, and that wearisome Mr. E——, and another young man yet sillier.

The dean is very musical, and was much disappointed, I believe, that I did not play to him. However, we had a good deal of talk together, and he promised to contrive for me a hearing of Miss Guest, a lady whose pianoforte-playing I have heard extolled by all here, and whom I shall be much obliged to him for meeting with.

Soon after he went to join the party in the next room. And then two hours, I believe, were consumed in the most insipid manner possible. I will give you a specimen, though, to judge of.

Mr. E. : “I never had the pleasure of being in company with Mrs. Montagu before—I was quite pleased at it.”

And yet the booby could not stay where she was!

“Mrs. Montagu! let’s see,” he continued, “pray, Miss Burney, did she not write ‘Shakespeare Moralised?’”

I simpered a little, I believe, but turned to Miss Gregory to make the answer.

"No, sir," said she, "only an 'Essay on the Genius of Shakespeare.'"

"I think," said this wight, "nobody must have so much pleasure at a play as Mrs. Montagu, if it's well done; if not, nobody must suffer so much, for that's the worst of too much knowledge, it makes people so difficult."

"Ay, that is to say," said the other wiseacre, "that the more wisdom, the less happiness."

"That's all the better," said Miss L——, "for there are more people in the world ignorant than wise."

"Very true," said Mr. E——; "for, as Pope says,

'If ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise.'

Pope says! Did you ever hear such "witlings?"

But I won't write a word more about the evening—it was very stupid, and that's enough.

* * * * *

We see Mrs. Montagu very often, and I have already spent six evenings with her at various houses.

I am very glad at this opportunity of seeing so much of her; for, allowing a little for parade and ostentation, which her power in wealth, and rank in literature, offer some excuse for, her conversation is very agreeable: she is always reasonable and sensible, and sometimes instructive and entertaining; and I think of our Mrs. Thrale, we may say the very reverse, for she is always entertaining and instructive, and sometimes reasonable and sensible; and I write this because she is just now looking over me—not but what I think it too!

Mr. Crisp to Miss F. Burney.

April 27, 1780.

MY DEAR FANNIKIN,

I am very glad you are now with the Thrales, in the midst of the Bath circle. Your time could not be better em-

ployed, for all your St. Martin's daddy wanted to retain you for some other purpose. You are now at school, the great school of the world, where swarms of new ideas and new characters will continually present themselves before you,

. . . "Which you'll draw in,
As we do air, fast as 'tis ministered!"

My sister Gast, in her younger days, was a great favourite with an old lady who was a particular crony and intimate of old Sarah Marlborough, who, though much of the jade, had undoubtedly very strong parts, and was indeed remarkably clever. When Mrs. Hinde (the old lady) would sometimes talk to her about books, she'd cry out, "Prithee, don't talk to me about books; I never read any books but men and cards!" But let anybody read her book, and then tell me if she did not draw characters with as masterly a hand as Sir Joshua Reynolds.

The portion you allowed me of your Tunbridge and Brighton Journal I sucked in with much pleasure and avidity. Why, you have begun already, and make good what I have said above—you take down whatever you see. Sophy Streatfield's mother is a character entirely new, and strongly marked. I pronounce it to be like, and, though to a degree uncommon, is natural.

I am glad the Attorney-General is a Scotchman, for I have heard it is a settled observation, that the Scotch, though deeply learned, great lawyers, great philosophers, physicians, historians, mathematicians, &c., are remarkable for having no turn, neither talents nor relish, for humour. Does not one of the letters in Swift's works speak of some bishop who was a Scot, and when asked his opinion of Gulliver's Travels, wondered how people could read such a heap of nonsensical, improbable lies? I hope Mr. Wedderburne is a better judge of law than of satire and ridicule, or the Lord have mercy on the suitors in the Court of Common Pleas!

Mrs. Montagu, too! How it flatters me to have my idea of her, formed above thirty years ago, confirmed by this instance.

I believe I have told you of several letters the Duchess of Portland showed me of hers formerly (for I had no acquaintance

with herself), so full of affectation, refinement, attempts to philosophise, talking metaphysics—in all which particulars she so bewildered and puzzled herself and her readers, and showed herself so superficial,—nay, really ignorant in the subjects she paraded on—that, in my own private mind's pocket-book, I set her down for a vain, empty, conceited pretender, and little else. I know I am now treading on tender ground; therefore mum for your life, or rather for my life. Were Mrs. Thrale to know of my presumption, and that I dare to vent such desperate treason to her playmate, what would she say to me?

You take no notice of several particulars I want to hear of. Your unbeautiful, clever heroine, beset all round for the sake of her great fortune—what is become of her? I am persuaded she'd make her own fortune, whatever were the fate of her hunters. The idea is new and striking, and presents a large field for unhackneyed characters, observations, subjects for satire and ridicule, and numberless advantages you'd meet with by walking in such an untrodden path.

Have you yet met with Colley Cibber, and read the passage I recommended to you?

I can't say I am sorry your affair with Mr. Sheridan is at present at a stand. In the mean time, the refusal coming from yourself, and not the manager, tells highly in your favour: your coyness will tend to enhance your fame greatly in public opinion.

“'Tis expectation makes the blessing dear!”

Your loving daddy,

S. C.

Journal resumed.

BATH, FRIDAY.—This evening we have all been at Mrs. Montagu's, where we met Mrs. and Miss Bowdler, Lord Mulgrave, Mr. Cholmley, and Miss Cooper. Miss Gregory, of course. Poor Mrs. Cholmley never ventures out of her own house in an evening, as her health is extremely delicate.

We had a very entertaining evening, for Mrs. Montagu, Mrs. Thrale, and Lord Mulgrave talked all the talk, and talked it so well, no one else had a wish beyond hearing them.

Just before we came away, Miss Bowdler, who had been seated so far from me that I had not once spoken with her, crossed over to me, and said,

"I have been longing this great while to get to you, but could not bear to cross the circle; but there is a lady now at Bath, an acquaintance of mine, who wishes most eagerly to be an acquaintance of yours. She is a relation of Mr. Crisp."

"Mr. Crisp?" exclaimed I. "Don't you mean Mr. Crispen?"

"No, Mr. Crisp!" repeated she; "and this lady wishes to see you so much."

"Oh, so do I to see her," quoth I, "if she is a relative of Mr. Crisp!"

"I have promised," continued she, "to endeavour to introduce her to you: will you, therefore, be so good as to meet her at my house?"

"Oh, with the greatest pleasure in the world, at any time you please!"

"She has heard a great deal of you, and has seen some of your letters, and is so impatient, that the first moment you can spare——"

We then immediately settled next Monday morning, when I shall breakfast with them.

I am much delighted with the prospect of seeing a relation of my beloved daddy; but I am very much concerned, nay, and hurt, and half angry, that this lady whose name it seems is Leigh, should have seen any of my letters. It is not fair, and I am sure it is not pleasant; however, I shall write to Chesington about it.

I have one packet ready for him, which I shall send to-morrow. I dare not scold in that, because I am so much in arrears, I have not assurance; but when I get out of that shame I shall at both him and Mrs. Gast, whom I believe to be an accomplice.

SATURDAY.—We walked in the beautiful meadows round the city all the morning, and went to drink tea with the ugly Mrs. C—— in the evening.

But no more of the beauty of meadows, or ugliness of poor old women, for I must now speak, and thank you (I would, if I knew how) for your very delightful packet, with the account of Rinaldo. You do very well to compassionate me for missing such a rehearsal—I was half moped in reading it; yet your relation, my dearest Susy, is the very next best thing to having been there, because it is so circumstantial, so warm, and so full of feeling. Oh that I could but have been with you? Pacchierotti's having so much to do in the *cantabile* style is just what I have always wished, and I was almost thrilled only with your account of his energy, and fire, and exertion in his last song. Oh that I could but have heard him! Do, pray, tell him how much I repine at my unfortunate absence.

APRIL 29TH.—It is such an age since I have written, that had I not kept memorandums in my tablets, I could not possibly give any account of our proceedings.

But I shall begin where I left off, with again thanking you for your long relation of sweet Pacchierotti's visit after his illness, and for your design of making him begin his letter *sur-le-champ*; but in truth, I'm a little disappointed that he makes me wait so long. It will be very good-natured in you to tease him for me; but of all things, I desire you not to help him; for much as I love your letters, I hate even Garrick thus at second hand, and would not give a fig a-dozen for compilations of that sort. His note to Sheridan made me laugh, yet it much surprised me. O these Italians! no meekness can guard them from the rage of revenge; yet I do most firmly believe nothing but almost intolerable ill-usage would provoke it in our Pac.

Now back to my memorandums.

SUNDAY.—We had Mrs. Byron and Augusta, and Mrs. Lee, to spend the afternoon. Augusta opened her whole heart to me, as we sat together, and told me all the affairs of her family. Her brother, Captain George Byron, is lately returned from the West Indies, and has brought a wife with him from Barbadoes, though he was there only three weeks, and knew not this girl he has married till ten days before he left it!

Poor Mrs. Byron seems destined for mortification and humilia-

tion ; yet such is her native fire, and so wonderful are her spirits, that she bears up against all calamity, and though half mad one day with sorrow and vexation, is fit the next to entertain an assembly of company ;—and so to entertain them as to make the happiest person in the company, by comparison with herself, seem sad.

Augusta is a very amiably-ingenuous girl, and I love her the more for her love of her sisters : she talked to me of them all, but chiefly of Sophia, the youngest next to herself, but who, having an independent fortune, has quarrelled with her mother, and lives with one of her sisters, Mrs. Byron, who married a first cousin, and son of Lord Byron.

“Ah, Miss Burney,” she says continually, “if you knew Sophy, you would never bear me ! she is so much better than I am,—and so handsome, and so good, and so clever—and I used to talk to her of you by the hour together. She longs so to know you ! ‘Come,’ she says, ‘now tell me something more about your darling, Miss Burney.’ But I ought to hope you may never see her, for if you did I should be so jealous !”

You wish to hear more of Mrs. Sydney Lee, but Augusta so entirely occupied me, that I could talk to no one else. But it was an odd sort of meeting between the sister of the rebel general, and the wife of the king’s admiral ! Mrs. Lee corresponds with her brother, and had a letter from him not long since, —almost torn, she says, to pieces, it had been so often opened and read in its voyage and journey.

MONDAY.—According to my appointment I breakfasted at the Bowdlers’. I was immediately introduced to my daddy’s cousin, Miss Leigh. She is a tall, pretty, elegant girl, very sensible in her conversation, and very gentle and pleasing in her manners. I went prepared to like her for Mr. Crisp’s sake, and I came away forced to like her for her own.

She came up to me in a flattering manner, to tell me how much she had wished to make the acquaintance, and so forth : and then I told her how happy I was to see a relation of Mr. Crisp.

“What Mr. Crisp is it ?” cried Mrs. Bowdler ; “is it Sam ?”

"Yes, ma'am," said I, staring at her familiarity.

"What!" cried she again, "do you know little Sam Crisp?"

"I don't know for little," returned I, much surprised; "but he is the most intimate friend I have in the world, and the dearest. Do you know him then?"

"Do I?—yes, very well; I have known little Sam Crisp this long while."

"I can't imagine," cried I, half affronted at her manner of naming him, "why you should so 'little' him; I know not any one thing in the world in which he is little,—neither in head, nor heart,—neither in understanding, persons, talents, nor mind."

"I fancy, ma'am," said Miss Leigh, "you hardly mean the Mr. Crisp Miss Burney does."

"I mean Sam Crisp," said she, "the Greenwich Traveller."

This appeased me,—and we cleared up the mistake. But Mrs. Bowdler, though a very clever woman, is not a very delicate one. For, after this, Miss F. Bowdler had a letter brought her,—and presently read aloud from it, "I long extremely to know Miss Burney,—I hope she will not leave Bath till I return."

"Pray," said I, "may I ask who that is from?"

"From my sister Harriet," answered she.

"Yes," bolted out Mrs. Bowdler, "Harriet is one of the greatest admirers of 'Evelina.'"

These sort of abrupt speeches from people one hardly knows are amazingly disagreeable: and Fanny Bowdler and Miss Leigh looked almost as awkward as myself.

The rest of the visit was almost wholly devoted to the praise of Mr. Crisp and Mrs. Gast; Miss Leigh adores Mrs. Gast, and so the brother and the sister were in good hands. She lives here with her mother, from whom she brought me many kind speeches, and whom I readily promised to wait upon.

This evening, the only one since we came, we spent at home without company.

TUESDAY.—We all went to Mrs. Bowdler's.

Mr. Bowdler, a very worthy, extremely little man (much less than Sam Crisp, I assure you, Mrs. Bowdler), appeared to-day; but only appeared, for he was shy, and spoke not. I have

neglected to mention that the eldest Miss Bowdler, by a dreadful cold, has quite lost her voice—lost all possible power of speech! I never heard of so extraordinary or so horrible a circumstance; she has been wholly dumb for three years. She seems perfectly resigned, and very mild and patient; but it is really painful to be in a room with her.

Besides their own family, we met Mr. Jerningham, the poet.* I have lately been reading his poems, if his they may be called. He seems a mighty delicate gentleman; looks to be painted, and is all daintification in manner, speech, and dress.

The rest of the company I shall not trouble you with mentioning, save Miss Leigh, who sat next me, and filled up all the evening with hearing of Mr. Crisp, and talking of Mrs. Gast, except what was given to attending to Mr. Jerningham's singing to his own accompaniment upon the harp. He has about as much voice as Sacchini, and very sweet-toned, though very English; and he sung and played with a fineness that somewhat resembled the man we looked at at Piozzi's benefit; for it required a painful attention to hear him. And while he sings, he looks the gentlest of all-dying Corydons!

Oh, what must he have thought of Mrs. Bowdler, who, when he was trying to recollect an air from the "Hermit," called out:

"Pray, Mr. Jerningham, can't you sing us some of your own poetry?"

I really feared he would have fainted away at so gross a question; but, to my great relief, I observed he only looked down and smiled.

WEDNESDAY.—At the desire of Miss F. Bowdler, we all went to the play, to see an actress she is dotingly fond of, Mrs. Siddons, in "Belvidera;" but instead of falling in love with her, we fell in love with Mr. Lee, who played *Pierre*—and so well! I did not believe such an actor existed now our dear Garrick is gone: a better, except Garrick, never did I see—nor any one nearly equal to him—for sense, animation, looks, voice, grace—oh, for everything the part would admit—he is indeed delightful.

* Edward Jerningham, brother of Sir William Jerningham, Bart. He published three volumes of verse.

Augusta Byron and Miss Gregory were of our party. They are both so much my friends, that they made me divide the evening between them.

In the evening we had Mrs. L——, a fat, round, panting, short-breathed old widow; and her daughter, a fussy, good-humoured, laughing, silly, merry old maid. They are rich folks, and live together very comfortably, and the daughter sings—not in your fine Italian taste! no, that she and her mother agree to hold very cheap—but all about Daphne, and Chloe, and Damon, and Phillis, and Jockey!

FRIDAY.—In the morning, to my great concern, Lord Mulgrave called to take leave. He takes away with him more wit than he leaves behind him in all Bath, except what is lodged with Mrs. Thrale. As to Mrs. Montagu, she reasons well, and harangues well, but wit she has none. Mrs. Thrale has almost too much; for when she is in spirits, it bursts forth in a torrent almost overwhelming. Ah! 'tis a fault she has as much to herself as her virtues!

Mrs. Cholmley was so kind as to call this morning, and as I happened to be alone, we had a very comfortable chat together, and then Mrs. Thrale came in, and I had the pleasure of introducing them to each other. She is a woman of as much real delicacy as Mr. Jerningham (whom Lord Mulgrave calls a pink-and white poet—for not only his cheeks, but his coat is pink) is a man of affected delicacy.

In the evening we went to visit Mrs. K——.

Mrs. K—— is a Welsh lady, of immense fortune, who has a house in the Crescent, and lives in a most magnificent style. She is about fifty, very good-humoured, well-bred, and civil, and her waist does not measure above a hog'shead. She is not very deep, I must own; but what of that? If all were wits, where would be the admirers at them?

She received me very graciously, having particularly desired Mrs. Thrale to bring me: for she is an invalid, and makes no visits herself. She told me she knew my uncle at Shrewsbury very well.

“And pray, ma'am, says she, “how does Dr. Burney do?”

"Very well," I thanked her.

"Do you know Dr. Burney, ma'am?" said Mr. Thrale.

"No, sir, but I know his book. I think it's vastly pretty."

"Why, yes, ma'am," said Mrs. Thrale. "Dr. Burney has found out the art of making all people like both him and his book."

It is comical enough to see how she is always provoked at hearing these underlings praise him. She is ready to kill them for liking him, and has a whimsical notion that their applause degrades him.

"Yes, ma'am," answered Mrs. K——, "and there is somebody else too that has made all people like her book."

"True, ma'am; Dr. Burney's daughter inherits that art from him."

"O, ma'am, I was so entertained! Oh, dear! and I was quite ill too, ma'am, quite ill when I read it. But for all that—why, why, ma'am, I was as eager, and I wanted sadly to see the author."

Soon after this, arrived Mrs. Montagu and Miss Gregory. Miss Gregory brought a chair next to mine, and filled up the rest of my evening. I am really half sorry she appeared to such disadvantage that evening we saw her together at Mrs. Ord's, for I now begin to like her very much. She is frank, open, shrewd, and sensible, and speaks her opinion both of matters and things with a plumpness of honesty and readiness that both pleases and diverts me. And though she now makes it a rule to be my neighbour wherever we meet, she has never made me even a hint of a compliment; and that is not nothing as times go.

Afterwards, who should be announced but the author of the "Bath Guide," Mr. Anstey. I was now all eye; but not being able to be all ear, I heard but little that he said, and that little was scarce worth hearing. He had no opportunity of shining, and was as much like another man as you can imagine. It is very unfair to expect wonders from a man all at once; yet it was impossible to help being disappointed, because his air, look, and manner are mighty heavy and unfavourable to him.

But here see the pride of riches! and see whom the simple

Mrs. K—— can draw to her house! However, her party was not thrown away upon her,—as I ought to say, because highly honoured by her exultingly whispering to Mrs. Thrale,

“Now, ma’am, now, Mrs. Thrale, I’m quite happy; for I’m surrounded with people of sense! Here’s Mrs. Montagu, and Mrs. Thrale, and Mr. Anstey, and Miss Burney. I’m quite surrounded, as I may say, by people of sense!”

CHAPTER VIII.

Dr. Harrington—Chatterton—Bishop Porteus—A Dull Evening—A Busy Day—Mrs. Dobson—A Long Story about Nothing—An Evening Party—Pliny Melmoth—A Comical Day—A Fine Lady—A Disappointed Gentleman—A Granddaughter of Richardson—Bath Diary resumed—Dr. Johnson—His Fondness for Miss Burney—Ansted—Bishop of Peterborough—A Bishop's Lady—The Duchess of Devonshire—Lady Spencer—Lord Mulgrave—Sea Captains—Younger Brothers—A Mistake—Bath Gossips—Anecdotes of Abyssinian Bruce—The Bowdler Family—Table-talk—Admiral Byron—Mrs. Cholmley—An Evening Party—Anstey—Lady Miller—An Agreeable Rattle—A Private Concert—An Accident—Lord Althorpe—A Bath Beau—Lord Huntingdon—Lord Mulgrave—The Bishop of Peterborough—Mrs. Elizabeth Carter—Ferry's Folly—A Singular Collation—An Evening Party—A Public Breakfast—A Singular Character—A Female Misanthrope—The Results of Hume's Essays—Love and Suicide—Beattie *versus* Bolingbroke—The Belvidere—Anecdote of Lord Mulgrave—A Bath Ball.

SATURDAY.—In the morning my ever kind Mrs. T. accompanied me to the Belvidere, to call upon Mrs. and Miss Leigh, and to invite the latter to our house in the evening, to meet the Bowdlers. Mrs. Leigh herself cannot make any visits, because she has dreadfully sprained her ankle, and is obliged to wear a large shoe and flannel. She is a very sensible, agreeable woman, not so elegant as her daughter, but very civil, courteous, and good-natured. We talked away about Mr. Crisp and Mrs. Gast like mad. I know no subject upon which I am more fluent; and so I suppose I seldom have, to a new acquaintance, appeared more loquacious. They were both too prudent to mention having seen my letters; but Miss Bowdler has given me intelligence which I shall not make the less use of.

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Is it not a shocking thing, my dear Susette, that I am obliged to write to you upon this decent paper? I never bring half enough riff-raff with me for the volumes I write to you, and yet it always goes to my heart to treat you so genteelly.

Well, to go back to that Saturday that passed an'age ago, where I left off in my last.

Dr. Harrington and Miss Cooper dined here.

Dr. Harrington, I find, is descended in a right line from the celebrated Sir John Harrington, who was god-son of Queen Elizabeth, and one of the gayest writers and flashers of her reign; and it is his son that is the Rev. Henry Harrington, who published those very curious, entertaining and valuable remains of his ancestor under the title "*Nugæ Antiquæ*," which my father and all of us were formerly so fond of.

We had much talk among us of Chatterton, and, as he was best known in this part of the world, I attended particularly to the opinion of Dr. Harrington concerning him; and the more particularly because he is uncommonly well-versed in the knowledge of English antiquities; therefore was I much surprised to find it his opinion that Chatterton was no impostor, and that the poems were authentic, and Rowley's. Much indeed, he said they had been modernized in his copies; not by design, but from the difficulty which attended reading the old manuscript—a difficulty which the genius of Chatterton urged him not to confess but to redress. A book, however, is now publishing that is entirely to clear up this so long-disputed and very mysterious affair, by Dr. Mills, Dean of Exeter.

In the evening we had a great deal more company,—consisting of the Dean of Ossory, Mrs. and Miss Lewis, but not Charlotte Lewis, who is not well, Mrs. and Miss Bowdler, my pretty new acquaintance, Miss Leigh, and Mr. Jerningham.

Miss Leigh and I kept together very rigidly the whole evening, and talked a great deal of talk, and grew very intimate; but one time, when accidentally I took up a book from the table, merely to peep at the title-page, Mr. Jerningham approached me, and said, in a gentle style of raillery:

“Why do you take up a book, Miss Burney?—you know you can’t read.”

“Oh,” answered I, in the same gentle style, “I only do it to make believe.”

And you can’t think how prettily he laughed. He inquired, however, a great deal after my father, and wonders he does not come down here.

Another time he said to me, “Pray were not you the lady that used the glass the other night at the play?”

Here I was quite shocked; but could only defend, not deny; protesting, with great truth, that I only used it for the performers, and could not see at all without it.

“A lady in the box with me,” continued he, “wanted sadly to know which was you; so, indeed, did all the company I was with, and I fancy I pointed right—did not I point right?”

Mrs. Bowdler, to keep up the character I have already given of her, once called out from the furthest end of the room, “Miss Burney, my daughter Harriet longs more and more to see you; she writes us word she hopes to come home in time, or she shall be prodigiously disappointed.”

I had much discourse with the Dean, all about the prospects, and the walks, and the country; he is extremely civil and well-bred.

SUNDAY.—This morning Miss Gregory came to accompany us to St. James’s Church, to hear Dr. Porteus, Bishop of Chester,* preach a charity sermon for an excellent institution here, to enable the poor sick to drink the waters in an hospital. It was an admirable sermon, rational, judicious, forcible, and truth-breathing; and delivered with a clearness, stillness, grace, and propriety that softened and bettered us all—as, I believe, appeared by the collection, for I fancy not a soul left the church without offering a mite.

The evening we spent with old Mrs. C.—, and divers other old gentlewomen assembled at her house. Immensely dull work, indeed!

MONDAY.—This morning we appointed for hearing Miss Guest

* Dr. Beilby Porteus, afterwards Bishop of London. He died in 1808.

play ; and Miss Lawes, that good and odd old maid I have already mentioned, conducted us to her house ; and was delighted beyond measure with a mixture of good-humour for us, and exultation for herself, that she had the credit of the introduction.

Miss Guest is very young, but far from handsome ; she is, however, obliging, humble, unassuming, and pleasing. At her house, by appointment, we met the Dean of Ossory and Dr. Woodward.

She began with playing the third of Eichner, and I wished she had begun with something else, for I have so often heard our dear Etty in this, that I was quite spoiled for Miss Guest, or, I firmly believe, for anybody ; because in Eichner, as in Bach of Berlin, Echard and Boccherini, Etty plays as if inspired, and in taste, expression, delicacy and feeling, leaves nothing to wish. Miss Guest has a very strong hand, and is indeed a very fine player—so fine a one as to make me think of Etty while she plays, though always, and in all particulars, to this poor girl's disadvantage.

She next played the second of Clementi, which seemed to want nothing but a strong hand, and therefore I was full as well content with the player as with the music, but not enchanted with either.

After this she sung, "Io che fedele," and here I thought I liked her better than in her playing. She has but little voice, but it is very sweet. Sacchini was her master, and I fancy, must have taught her this very song, for she really sings it charmingly. Altogether I was so well pleased with her that I was quite sorry we could stay to hear nothing more. I am most greedily hungry for a little music, and have heard nothing at all approaching Miss Guest since I left town. She is to come hither to give lessons to Miss Thrale, and help keep up her singing, and so I shall probably often hear her.

In our way home we met Miss Gregory, who flew up to me, and taking my hand, cried :

"I have received in a letter I had this morning such an *éloge* of 'Evelina'—such a description of you. 'Tis from Mrs. Chapone, too, and I will show you next time we meet."

There's for you! who would not be a blue-stockinger at this rate?

We parted with Miss Lawes upon the Parade and came in to dress, and while I was yet engaged in this important occupation, Mrs. Thrale came laughing into my room to tell me Miss Lawes had just been with her again, and told her she had just been with Mrs. Dobson, "And, dear ma'am, there I heard all about Miss Burney! I was never so surprised. But I am going to the library immediately for the book; though I assure you I read it all when it first came out; but that was nothing like, not knowing anything of the matter; but Mrs. Dobson has let me into the secret, so I wanted to know if it's all true?"

Mr. Thrale readily confirmed it.

"Well," cried she, "I shall run to the library, then, directly and fetch it; but to be sure I thought from beginning that something was the matter, though I could not tell what, because, ma'am, I felt such a panic—I assure you when I sung before Miss Burney I was never in such a panic in my life!"

Mrs. Dobson, I dare say, is not a new name to you; she has made an abridged translation of "Petrarch's Life," and of the "History of the Troubadours." She has long been trying to make acquaintance with Mrs. Thrale, but Mrs. Thrale not liking her advances, has always shrunk from them; however, I find she has prevailed with Miss Lawes to let her be one of her party when her visit is returned.

This evening we all went to Mrs. Cholmley's, in consequence of an elegant invitation from that very elegant lady, to meet Mrs. Montagu, who was there with Miss Gregory, Miss Poyntz, and a Mrs. Wilson.

We had a very cheerful and pleasant evening.

TUESDAY.—This morning I went to the Belvidere to breakfast, by engagement, with Mrs. and Miss Leigh.

I like them more and more, and we talked about dear Chesington, and were quite comfortable, and I was so well pleased with my visit that I stayed with them almost all the morning.

In the evening we went to Mrs. Lambart, who is another of my favourites. I was very ready to like her for the sake of her

brother, Sir Philip Jennings Clerke; and I find her so natural, so chatty, so prone to fun and ridicule, and so sociably agreeable, that I am highly pleased with her acquaintance.

This evening we had plenty of sport with her, of the ridiculous sort, which is quite her favourite style. She had nobody with her at first but a Miss Pleydell, a very unaffected and good-humoured girl, and therefore she produced for our entertainment a new tragedy, in manuscript, written by a Worcester clergyman, who is tutor to her son. This tragedy, it seems, Mr. Sheridan has read, and has promised to bring out next winter. It is called "Timoleon." It is mighty common trash, and written in very clumsy language, and many of the expressions afforded us much diversion by their mock grandeur, though not one affected, interested, or surprised us. But, it seems, when we complained of its length and want of incident, Mrs. Lambart told us that the author was aware of that, and said he knew there was no incident, but that he could not help it, for there was none that he could find in the history! Don't you admire the necessity he was under of making choice of a subject to which he knew such an objection?

I did not, however, hear above half the piece, though enough not to regret missing the rest, for Mr. E—— now made his appearance, and Mrs. Thrale read the rest to herself.

As you seem to have rather a taste for these "Witlings," I will give you another touch of this young divine. He soon found out what we were about, and presently said, "If that play is writ by the person I suspect, I am sure I have a good right to know some of it; for I was once in a house with him, and his study happened to be just over my head, and so there I used to hear him spouting by the hour together."

He spoke this in a tone of complaint that made us all laugh, with which facetiousness, however, he was so far from being disturbed, that he only added, in a voice of fretful plaintiveness,

"I'm sure I've cause enough to remember it, for he has kept me awake by the whole night together."

We were now not content with simpering, for we could not forbear downright laughing: at which he still looked most stupidly unmoved.

"Pray, Mrs. Lambart," said he, "what is its name?"

"Timoleon," answered she.

"Pray," said he, "is it an invention of his own, or an historical fact?"

WEDNESDAY was a sort of grand day. We all dined and spent the evening at Mrs. K——'s. Our party was Mrs. Montagu, Mrs. Poyntz, Miss Gregory, Miss Owen, Dr. Maningham, and Mr. Hunt.

The ladies you have heard of enough. Of the men, Dr. Maningham is very good-humoured, fat, and facetious. He asked me much after my dear father, whom he met with at Buxton, and after the Denoyers, with whom he seemed extremely intimate, and so, indeed, he was well inclined to be with me, for he shook me by the wrist twenty times in the course of the day. Mr. Hunt is a young man of very large independent fortune, very ugly, very priggish, a violent talker, and a *self-piquer* upon immense good breeding.

Miss Gregory and I kept together all the day, and did each of us very well. She told me that the Mrs. Wilson I met at Mrs. Cholmley's wanted to know me, and, if I should not think her "very impudent," would come up to speak to me the first time she saw me on the Parade. I condescended to send her a civil permission.

Mrs. K—— took the first opportunity that presented itself, to make me, in a low voice, abundance of civil speeches about "Evelina." All the loud speeches were made by Mr. Hunt, who talked incessantly, and of nothing but dancing! Poor Mrs. Montagu looked tired to death, and could not get in a word;—it was really ridiculous to see how this coxcomb silenced her.

When everybody was gone but ourselves and Miss Gregory, we Misses growing somewhat facetious in a corner, Mrs. K—— good-humouredly called out, "I'm sure, ladies, I am very glad to see you so merry. Ah,—one of you young ladies,—I don't say which—has given me a deal of entertainment! I'm sure I could never leave off reading; and when Miss Owen came into my room, says I, 'Don't speak a word to me, for I'm so engaged!'—I could not bear to be stopped—and then, Mrs. Thrale, I had

such a prodigious desire to see her—for I said, says I, 'I'm sure she must have a good heart,—here's such fine sentiments,' says I.—Oh! it's a sweet book!"

"Ay, ma'am," said Mrs. Thrale; "and we that know her, like her yet better than her book."

"Well, ma'am," answered she, "and I that know the book best,—to be sure I like that."

"Then, ma'am, you show your taste; and I my judgment."

"And what must I show?" cried I—"my back, I believe, and run away, if you go on so!"

Here, then, it stopped; but when I was taking leave Mrs. K—— repeated her praises, and added:

"I'm sure, ma'am, you must have a very happy way of thinking; and then there's Mrs. Duval—such a natural character!"

THURSDAY.—We were appointed to meet the Bishop of Chester at Mrs. Montagu's. This proved a very gloomy kind of grandeur; the Bishop waited for Mrs. Thrale to speak, Mrs. Thrale for the Bishop; so neither of them spoke at all!

Mrs. Montagu cared not a fig, as long as she spoke herself, and so she harangued away. Meanwhile Mr. Melmoth, the Pliny Melmoth, as he is called, was of the party, and seemed to think nobody half so great as himself, and, therefore, chose to play first-violin without further ceremony. But, altogether, the evening was not what it was intended to be, and I fancy nobody was satisfied. It is always thus in long-projected meetings.

The Bishop, however, seems to be a very elegant man: Mrs. Porteus, his lady, is a very sensible and well-bred woman: he had also a sister with him, who sat quite mum all the night, and looked prodigiously weary.

Mr. Melmoth seems intolerably self-sufficient—appears to look upon himself as the first man in Bath, and has a proud conceit in look and manner, mighty forbidding. His lady is in nothing like the Bishop's; I am sure I should pity her if she were.

The good Miss Cooper was of the party, and a Mrs. Forster. I, as usual, had my friend Greg. at my elbow. If I had not now taken to her, I should absolutely run wild!

FRIDAY was a busy and comical day. We had an engagement of long standing, to drink tea with Miss L——, whither we all went, and a most queer evening did we spend.

When we entered, she and all her company were looking out of the window; however, she found us out in a few minutes, and made us welcome in a strain of delight and humbleness at receiving us, that put her into a flutter of spirits from which she never recovered all the evening.

Her fat, jolly mother took her seat at the top of the room; next to her sat a lady in a riding-habit, whom I soon found to be Mrs. Dobson; below her sat a gentlewoman, prim, upright, neat, and mean; and, next to her, sat another, thin, haggard, wrinkled, fine, and tawdry, with a thousand frippery ornaments and old-fashioned furbelows; she was excellently nicknamed, by Mrs. Thrale, the Duchess of Monmouth. On the opposite side was placed Mrs. Thrale, and, next to her, Queeny. For my own part, little liking the appearance of the set, and half-dreading Mrs. Dobson, from whose notice I wished to escape, I had made up myself to one of the now deserted windows, and Mr. Thrale had followed me. As to Miss L——, she came to stand by me, and her panic, I fancy, returned, for she seemed quite panting with a desire to say something, and an incapacity to utter it.

It proved happy for me that I had taken this place, for in a few minutes the mean, neat woman, whose name was Aubrey, asked if Miss Thrale was Miss Thrale?

“Yes, ma’am.”

“And pray, ma’am, who is that other young lady?”

“A daughter of Dr. Burney’s, ma’am.”

“What!” cried Mrs. Dobson, “is that the lady that has favoured us with that excellent novel?”

“Yes, ma’am.”

Then burst forth a whole volley from all at once. “Very extraordinary, indeed!” said one—“Dear heart, who’d have thought it?” said another—“I never saw the like in my life!” said a third. And Mrs. Dobson, entering more into detail, began praising it through, but chiefly Evelina herself, which she said was the most natural character she had ever met in any book.

Meantime, I had almost thrown myself out of the window, in my eagerness to get out of the way of this gross and noisy applause ; but poor Miss L——, having stood quite silent a long time, simpering, and nodding her assent to what was said, at last broke forth with :

“ I assure you, ma’am, we’ve been all quite delighted : that is, we had read it before, but only now upon reading it again.”

I thanked her, and talked of something else, and she took the hint to have done ; but said :

“ Pray, ma’am, will you favour me with your opinion of Mrs. Dobson’s works ?”

A pretty question, in a room so small that even a whisper would be heard from one end to another ! However, I truly said I had not read them.

Mr. and Mrs. Whalley now arrived, and I was obliged to go to a chair—when such staring followed ; they could not have opened their eyes wider when they first looked at the Guildhall giants ! I looked with all the gravity and demureness possible, in order to keep them from coming plump to the subject again, and, indeed, this, for a while, kept them off.

Soon after, Dr. Harrington arrived, which closed our party. Miss L—— went whispering to him, and then, came up to me, with a look of dismay, and said :

“ Oh, ma’am, I’m so prodigiously concerned ; Mr. Henry won’t come !”

“ Who, ma’am ?”

“ Mr. Henry, ma’am, the doctor’s son. But, to be sure, he does not know you are here, or else—but I’m quite concerned, indeed, for here now we shall have no young gentlemen !”

“ Oh, all the better,” cried I ; “ I hope we shall be able to do very well without.”

“ Oh yes, ma’am, to be sure. I don’t mean for any common young gentlemen ; but Mr. Henry, ma’am, it’s quite another thing ;—however, I think he might have come ; but I did not happen to mention in my card that you were to be here, and so—but I think it serves him right for not coming to see me.”

Soon after the mamma hobbled to me, and began a furious panegyric upon my book, saying, at the same time :

"I wonder, Miss, how you could get at them low characters. As to the lords and ladies, that's no wonder at all; but, as to t'others, why, I have not stirred, night nor morning, while I've been reading it: if I don't wonder how you could be so clever!"

And much, much more. And, scarcely had she unburthened herself, ere Miss L—— trotted back to me, crying in a tone of mingled triumph and vexation:

"Well, ma'am, Mr. Henry will be very much mortified when he knows who has been here; that he will, indeed: however, I'm sure he deserves it!"

I made some common sort of reply, that I hoped he was better engaged, which she vehemently declared was impossible.

We had now some music. But the first time there was a cessation of harmony, Miss L——, again respectfully approaching me, cried:

"Well, all my comfort is that Mr. Henry will be prodigiously mortified! But there's a ball to-night, so I suppose he's gone to that. However, I'm sure if he had known of meeting you young ladies here—but it's all good enough for him, for not coming!"

"Nay," cried I, "if meeting young ladies is a motive with him, he can have nothing to regret while at a ball, where he will see many more than he could here."

"O, ma'am, as to that—but I say no more, because it mayn't be proper; but, to be sure, if Mr. Henry had known—however, he'll be well mortified!"

Soon after this, a chair next mine being vacated, Mrs. Dobson came and seated herself in it, to my somewhat dismay, as I knew what would follow. Plump she came upon her subject, saying:

"Miss Burney, I am come to thank you for the vast entertainment you have given me. I am quite happy to see you; I wished to see you very much. It's a charming book, indeed; the characters are vastly well supported!"

In short, she ran on for half an hour, I believe, in nothing but plain, unadorned, downright praise; while I could only bow, and say she was very good, and long to walk out of the room.

When she had run herself out of breath, and exhausted her store of compliments, she began telling me of her own affairs; talked, without any introduction or leading speeches, of her translations, and took occasion to acquaint me she had made 400*l.* of her "*Petrarca*." She then added some other anecdotes, which I have not time to mention, and then said:

"Miss Burney, I shall be very happy to wait upon you and Mrs. Thrale. I have longed to know Mrs. Thrale these many years: pray, do you think I may wait upon you both on Sunday morning?"

"To be sure, we shall be very happy."

"Well, then, if you don't think it will be an intrusion——but will you be so good as to mention it to Mrs. Thrale?"

I was obliged to say "Yes," and soon after she quitted me to go and give another dose of flummery to Mrs. Thrale.

I was not two minutes relieved, ere Miss L—— returned, to again assure me how glad she was that Mr. Henry would be mortified. The poor lady was quite heart-broken that we did not meet.

The next vacation of my neighbouring chair was filled by Mrs. L——, who brought me some flowers; and when I thanked her, said:

"O, Miss, you deserve everything! You've writ the best and prettiest book. That lord there—I forget his name, that marries her at last, what a fine gentleman he is! You deserve everything for drawing such a character; and then Miss Elena, there, Miss Belmont, as she is at last—what a noble couple of 'em you have put together! As to that t'other lord, I was glad he had not her, for I see he had nothing but a bad design."

Well, have you enough of this ridiculous evening? Mrs. Thrale and I have mutually agreed that we neither of us ever before had so complete a dish of gross flattery as this night. Yet let me be fair, and tell you that this Mrs. Dobson, though coarse, low-bred, forward, self-sufficient, and flaunting, seems to have a strong and masculine understanding, and parts that, had they been united with modesty, or fostered by education, might have made her a shining and agreeable woman; but she has

evidently kept low company, which she has risen above in literature, but not in manners. She obtained Mrs. Thrale's leave to come on Sunday, and to bring with her a granddaughter of Mr. Richardson's, who she said was dying to see Mrs. T. and Miss B., and who Mr. Whalley said had all the elegance and beauty which her grandfather had described in *Clarissa* or *Clementina*.

SUNDAY.—Mrs. Dobson called, and brought with her Miss Ditcher—a most unfortunate name for a descendant of Richardson! However, Mr. Whalley had not much exaggerated, for she is, indeed, quite beautiful, both in face and figure. All her features are very fine; she is tall, looks extremely modest, and has just sufficient consciousness of her attractions to keep off bashfulness, without enough to raise conceit. I think I could take to her very much, but shall not be likely to see her again.

BATH, MAY 28.—I was very happy, my dearest girls, with the account of your safe return from the borough. I never mentioned your having both accompanied me till I had got half-way to Bath; for I found my dear Mrs. Thrale so involved in business, electioneering, canvassing, and letter-writing, that after our first *embrassades*, we hardly exchanged a word till we got into the chaise next morning.

Dr. Johnson, however, who was with her, received me even joyfully; and, making me sit by him, began a gay and spirited conversation, which he kept up till we parted, though in the midst of all this bustle.

The next morning we rose at four o'clock, and when we came downstairs, to our great surprise, found Dr. Johnson waiting to receive and breakfast with us: though the night before he had taken leave of us, and given me the most cordial and warm assurances of the love he has for me, which I do indeed believe to be as sincere as I can wish; and I failed not to tell him the affectionate respect with which I return it; though, as well as I remember, we never came to this open declaration before.

We, therefore, drank our coffee with him, and then he handed

us both into the chaise. He meant to have followed us to Bath, but Mrs. Thrale discouraged him, from a firm persuasion that he would be soon very horribly wearied of a Bath life: an opinion in which I heartily join.

When at last I told Mrs. T. of your adventure of accompanying me to the borough, she scolded me for not bringing you both in; but, as I told her, I am sure you would have been very uncomfortable in a visit so ill-timed. However, she said she hoped she should see you both there when again settled for winter, and make amends for so inhospitable a beginning.

Adventures in our journey we had no time to think of; we flew along as swift as possible, but stopped to change horses at Devizes in preference to Chippenham, merely to inquire after the fair and very ingenious family of the Lawrences; but we only saw the mother and elder son.

We found our dear master charmingly well, and very glad indeed to see us. Miss Cooper, who was with them, and who is made up of quick sensations, manifested the most pleasure of all the party. We have agreed to visit comfortably in town. She is by no means either bright or entertaining, but she is so infinitely good, so charitable to the poor, so kind to the sick, so zealous for the distressed, and in every part of her conduct so blameless where quiet, and so praiseworthy where active, that I am really proud of the kindness she seems to have taken for me, and shall cultivate it with the truest satisfaction.

The next morning we had visitors pouring in to see us after our journey; but the two whose eagerness was infinitely most sincere were the Bishop of Peterborough, who adores, and is adored in return by Mrs. Thrale, and the fair Augusta Byron, my romantically-partial young friend.

In the evening, we all went to the Dean of Ossory's. I felt horribly fagged; but Mrs. Thrale was so gay and so well, in spite of all her fatigues, that I had not courage to complain and desire to be excused joining the party.

There was a great deal of company: among them Mrs. and Miss F. Bowdler, who again spoke very kindly of my mother; but of that I shall write to herself; and Mrs. Lambart, and Mr.

Anstey, and the Bishop of Peterborough; besides others not worth naming.

The bishop, in conversation, is indeed a most shining and superior man,—gay, high-spirited, manly, quick, and penetrating. I was seated, however, between the two Miss L——s, and heard but little conversation besides theirs and my own,—and which of the three afforded me most delight I have now no time to investigate.

Mr. Anstey opens rather more, and approaches nearer to being rather agreeable. If he could but forget he had written the “Bath Guide,” with how much more pleasure would everybody else remember it.

SUNDAY.—We went to the Abbey to hear the bishop preach. He gave us a very excellent sermon, upon the right use of seeking knowledge, namely, to know better the Creator by his works, and to learn our own duty in studying his power.

Mrs. Montagu we miss cruelly, and Miss Gregory I think of everywhere I go, as she used to be my constant elbow companion, and most smiling greeter. Mrs. Montagu has honoured me, in a letter to Mrs. T., with this line: “Give my love to the truly lovely Miss Burney!” I fancy she meant loveable; but be that as it may, I am sure she meant no harm, and therefore I shall take her blindness in good part.

MONDAY.—We went to Mrs. Lambart. Here we met Lady Dorothy English, a Scotchwoman; Sir Robert Pigot, an old Englishman; Mrs. North, the Bishop of Worcester’s handsome wife, and many nameless others.

Mrs. North, who is so famed for tonishness, exhibited herself in a more perfect undress than I ever before saw any lady, great or small, appear in upon a visit. Anything alike worse as better than other folks, that does but obtain notice and excite remark, is sufficient to make happy ladies and gentlemen of the *ton*. I always long to treat them as Daddy Crisp does bad players (when his own partners) at whist, and call to them, with a nod of contemptuous anger, “Bless you! bless you!”

I had no talk but with Mrs. Lambart herself, who now, Mrs. Byron excepted, is far the most agreeable woman in Bath—I

mean among the women mistresses—for among the women misses, of the very first class I reckon Miss F. Bowdler.

TUESDAY.—The bishop and Mrs. Lambart dined with us, and stayed the afternoon, which was far more agreeable, lively, and sociable than when we have more people. I believe I told you that, before I last left Bath, the bishop read to Mrs. T. and me a poem upon Hope, of the Duchess of Devonshire's, obtained with great difficulty from Lady Spencer. Well, this day he brought a tale called "Anxiety," which he had almost torn from Lady Spencer, who is still here, to show to Mrs. T.; and, as before, he extended his confidence to me. It is a very pretty tale, and has in it as much entertainment as any tale upon so hackneyed a subject as an assembly of all the gods and goddesses to bestow their gifts upon mankind can be expected to give.

Lord Mulgrave called this morning. He is returned to Bath for only a few days. He was not in his usual spirits; yet he failed not to give me a rub for my old offence, which he seems determined not to forget; for upon something being said, to which, however, I had not attended, about seamen, he cast an arch glance at me, and cried out:

"Oh, Miss Burney, I know, will take our parts—if I remember right, she is one of the greatest of our enemies!"

"All the sea captains," said Mrs. Thrale, "fall upon Miss Burney: Captain Cotton, my cousin, was for ever plaguing her about her spite to the navy."

This, however, was for the character of Captain Mirvan which, in a comical and good-humoured way, Captain Cotton pretended highly to resent, and so, he told me, did all the captains in the navy.

Augusta Byron, too, tells me that the Admiral, her father, very often talks of Captain Mirvan, and though the book is very high in his favour, is not half pleased with the Captain's being such a brute.

However, I have this to comfort me,—that the more I see of sea captains, the less reason I have to be ashamed of Captain Mirvan; for they have all so irresistible a propensity to wanton mischief,—to roasting beaux, and detesting old women, that I

quite rejoice I showed the book to no one ere printed, lest I should have been prevailed upon to soften his character.

Some time after, while Lord Mulgrave was talking of Captain G. Byron's marrying a girl at Barbadoes, whom he had not known a week, he turned suddenly to me, and called out :

"See, Miss Burney, what you have to expect;—your brother will bring a bride from Khamschatka, without doubt !"

"That," said I, "may perhaps be as well as a Hottentot, for when he was last out, he threatened us with a sister from the Cape of Good Hope."

In the evening, we went to see the "Merchant of Venice," and Augusta was of our party. My favourite Mr. Lee played Shylock, and played it incomparably. With the rest of the performers I was not too much charmed.

THURSDAY.—Lord Mulgrave and Dr. Harrington dined here. Lord Mulgrave was delightful;—his wit is of so gay, so forcible, so splendid a kind, that when he is disposed to exert it, he not only engrosses attention from all the rest of the company, but demands the full use of all one's faculties to keep pace in understanding the speeches, allusions, and sarcasms which he sports. But he will never, I believe, be tired of attacking me about the sea; "he will make me 'eat that leek,' I assure you!"

During dinner, he was speaking very highly of a sea officer whose name, I think, was Reynolds.

"And who is he?" asked Mrs. Thrale; to which his Lordship answered, "Brother to Lord—— something, but I forget what;" and then, laughing and looking at me, he added, "We have all the great families in the navy,—ay, and all the best families, too,—have we not, Miss Burney? The sea is so favourable an element to genius, that there all high-souled younger brothers with empty pockets are sure of thriving; nay, I can say even more for it, for it not only fosters the talents of the spirited younger brothers, it also lightens the dulness even of that poor animal,—an elder brother: so that it is always the most desirable place both for best and worst."

"Well, your Lordship is always ready to praise it," said Mrs. Thrale; "and I only wish we had a few more like you in the

service,—and long may you live, both to defend and to ornament it !”

“Defence,” answered he with quickness, “it does not want,—and, for ornament, it is above all !”

In the evening, we had more company,—the Bishop of Peterborough, Mr. Anstey, Dean of Ossory, Mrs. and Charlotte Lewis, F. Bowdler, and Miss Philips,—a lady with whom the beginning of my acquaintance was by a very strange mistake.

I forget if I ever mentioned to you that Miss Gregory long since told me that a Mrs. Wilson, whom I had seen at Mrs. Cholmley’s, wished to know me, and sent me word she should accost me some day when I was walking on the Parade, if I should not think her very impudent for her pains. Well, divers messages, in consequence of this, passed between us ; and, some time after, as I was sauntering upon the Parade with Mr. Thrale, a lady came out of the house in which I knew Mrs. Wilson resided, and with a smiling face, and a curtesy, made up to us. I took it for granted this was my destined acquaintance, whose face, as I was never near to her, I was too near-sighted to mark. I readily returned her civility, and myself began a conversation with her, of the weather, walks, and so forth, but we were both of us abominably embarrassed, and parted rather abruptly ; and while Mr. Thrale and I were laughing at the encounter, we saw this lady join Mrs. Thrale, and presently we all met again. “And so,” cried Mrs. Thrale to her husband, “you did not know Miss Philips ? she says she made up to you, and you never spoke to her !” I now found my mistake, and that she neither was Mrs. Wilson, nor had intended addressing me. I was, therefore, quite ashamed of my own part in the affair, and obliged to clear it up with all speed.

Miss Philips, however, who is a Welsh lady, and sister to Lady Milford, has been pleased to make me her acquaintance ever since. Two days after, she called, and finding me at home, and alone, sat with me a full hour, and talked away **very** sociably and unreservedly. She presses me to visit and take morning walks with her : but the truth is, though she is sensible and sprightly, she is not much to my taste, and, therefore, I have

evaded availing myself of her civility as much as has been in my power.

Charlotte Lewis, who is a mighty gay, giddy, pretty girl, and says whatever comes uppermost, told me she had heard a very bad account of me the night before at an assembly.

"A gentleman told me," she continued, "that you and Mrs. Thrale did nothing but criticise the play and the players at the 'Merchant of Venice' the whole night."

For the play, I believe it might defy us; but for the players, I confess the case, and am by no means happy in having been so remarked, for Charlotte Lewis declared she had heard the same account since from another gentleman, and from three ladies, though there was not a face in the boxes I ever recollected having seen before; but Bath is as tittle-tattle a town as Lynn; and people make as many reports, and spread as many idle nothings abroad, as in any common little town in the kingdom.

FRIDAY.—In the morning, I waited upon Miss Cooper, to return her a letter, which she had sent me to peruse, from Mr. Bruce to Mr. H. Seaton.

It was in his own handwriting, and contained a curious account of his making a friendship with an Arab, through the means of being known to a Mr. Hamilton, by whom this Arab had been kindly treated when a prisoner in Italy: and, through the friendship of this man, he enabled himself to pass on quietly to various places forbidden to strangers, and to make several of his best drawings, of ruins shown him by this Arab.

SATURDAY.—According to appointment, I went to breakfast at the Bowdlers. I found all the Bowdlers, and Miss Leigh.

Harriet Bowdler is much younger than any of her sisters, but less handsome; she is sprightly, good-humoured, and agreeable. I was introduced to her very quietly by her sister, but soon after, Mrs. Bowdler finding some fault with the manner in which she had pinned her ribbons, applied to me about them. I sided, however, with Harriet, whose method I preferred.

"Ah!" cried Mrs. Bowdler, "there spoke the Evelina—you like that way best because it is whimsical! Well, I like a little whim, too; but Harriet—oh, she is such an admirer of 'Evelina!'"

Harriet modestly hung her head: Fanny, sensibly frowned; and so, to my great ease, the matter went no further. But Mrs. Bowdler has long been dying to come to the point.

The very amiable Miss Leigh, with whom indeed I am greatly pleased, told me she had a favour to request of me, which I gladly promised to perform *d'avance*.

"I have a relation here," said she, "Captain Frodsham, who was made captain by Admiral Byron, to whom he is under very great obligations. Now he has heard that Mrs. Byron is quite incensed with him for not having waited upon her; but as he did not know her, he stayed away merely from fearing she would think a visit from him impertinent. Now if you will be so good as to pave the way for his reception, and make his apologies, he will be greatly obliged to you, and so shall I."

This I most readily undertook: and having stayed prating with them all till twelve o'clock, I broke away, after a very agreeable breakfast, and went to Mrs. Cholmley.

I found her at home and quite alone, and I stayed with her the rest of the morning. I have never yet been near so well pleased with her. She is much better in a *tête-à-tête* than in a mixed company. Her gentleness, good sense, and the delicacy of her mind, all show to advantage in close and intimate conversation; but in a room full of company, they are buried in the tumult of general talk and mere flashy brilliancy. I found her now "soft without insipidity," as my dear father said she was, and every way worthy of her own most sweet *padre*. Not, however, quite neither, for I am still far from believing her talents equal to his. But she is a sweet woman, and I was very happy in being earnestly pressed by her to visit her in town.

In the afternoon we all went to the Whalleys, where we found a large and a highly-dressed company: at the head of which sat Lady Miller. Among the rest were Mr. Anstey, his lady, and two daughters, Miss Weston, Mrs. Aubrey, the thin Quaker-like woman I saw first at Mrs. Lawes', Mrs. Lambart, and various others, male and female, that I knew not.

Miss Weston instantly made up to me, to express her "delight" at my return to Bath, and to beg she might sit by

me. Mrs. Whalley, however, placed me upon a sofa between herself and Mrs. Aubrey ; which, however, I did not repine at, for the extreme delicacy of Miss Weston makes it prodigiously fatiguing to converse with her, as it is no little difficulty to keep pace with her refinement, in order to avoid shocking her by too obvious an inferiority in daintihood and *ton*.

Mr. Whalley, to my great astonishment, so far broke through his delicacy as to call to me across the room, to ask me divers questions concerning my London journey ; during all which, Mr. Anstey, who sat next to him, earnestly fixed his eyes in my face, and both then and for the rest of the evening, examined me with a look of most keen penetration.

As soon as my discourse was over with Mr. Whalley (during which, as he called me by my name, everybody turned towards me, which was not very agreeable), Lady Miller arose, and went to Mrs. Thrale, and whispered something to her. Mrs. Thrale then rose too, and said :

“ If your ladyship will give me leave, I will first introduce my daughter to you ”—making Miss Thrale, who was next her mother, make her reverences.

“ And now,” she continued, “ Miss Burney, Lady Miller desires to be introduced to you.”

Up I jumped, and walked forward ; Lady Miller very civilly more than met me half-way, and said very polite things, of her wish to know me, and regret that she had not sooner met me, and then we both returned to our seats.

Do you know now that, notwithstanding Bath Easton is so much laughed at in London, nothing here is more tonish than to visit Lady Miller, who is extremely curious in her company, admitting few people who are not of rank or of fame, and excluding all those who are not people of character very unblemished.

Some time after, Lady Miller took a seat next mine on the sofa, to play at cards, and was excessively civil indeed—scolded Mrs. Thrale for not sooner making us acquainted, and had the politeness to offer to take me to the balls herself, as she heard Mr. and Mrs. Thrale did not choose to go.

After all this, it is hardly fair to tell you what I think of her

However, the truth is, I always, to the best of my intentions, speak honestly what I think of the folks I see, without being biassed either by their civilities or neglect; and that you will allow is being a very faithful historian.

Well, then, Lady Miller is a round, plump, coarse-looking dame of about forty, and while all her aim is to appear an elegant woman of fashion, all her success is to seem an ordinary woman in very common life, with fine clothes on. Her habits are bustling, her air is mock-important, and her manners very inelegant.

So much for the lady of Bath Easton; who, however, seems extremely good-natured, and who is, I am sure, extremely civil.

The card-party was soon after broken up, as Lady Miller was engaged to Lady Dorothy English, and then I moved to seat myself by Mrs. Lambart.

I was presently followed by Miss Weston, and she was pursued by Mr. Bouchier, a man of fortune, who is in the army or the militia, and who was tormenting Miss Weston, *en badinage*, about some expedition upon the river Avon, to which he had been witness. He seemed a mighty rattling, harem-scarem gentleman, but talked so fluently, that I had no trouble in contributing my mite towards keeping up the conversation, as he talked enough for four; and this I was prodigiously pleased at, as I was in an indolent mood, and not disposed to bear my share. I fancy, when he pleases, and thinks it worth while, he can be sensible and agreeable, but all his desire then was to alarm Miss Weston, and persuade the company she had been guilty of a thousand misdemeanours.

In the midst of this rattle, Mr. Whalley proposed that Miss Thrale should go down stairs to hear a Miss Sage play upon the harpsichord. Miss Sage is a niece of Mrs. Whalley, and about nine years old. I offered to be of the party. Miss Weston joined us, as did the Miss Ansteys, and down we went.

And terribly wearied was I! she played a lesson of Giordani's that seemed to have no end, and repeated all the parts into the bargain; and this, with various little English songs, detained us till we were summoned to the carriage. I had an opportunity, however, of seeing something of the Miss Ansteys.

Mr. Anstey, I cannot doubt, must sometimes be very agreeable; he could not else have written so excellent, so diverting, so original a satire. But he chooses to keep his talents to himself, or only to exert them upon very particular occasions. Yet what he can call particular I know not, for I have seen him with Mrs. Montagu, with Mrs. Thrale, with the Bishop of Peterborough, and with Lord Mulgrave; and four more celebrated folks for their abilities can hardly be found. Yet, before them all he has been the same as when I have seen him without any of them—shyly important, and silently proud!

Well, and there are men who are to be and to make happy, and there are men who are neither to make nor be made so!

Ah, how different and how superior our sweet father! who never thinks of his authorship and fame at all, but who is respected for both by everybody for claiming no respect from anybody; and so, Heaven be praised, Dr. Burney and not Mr. Anstey gave birth to my Susan and to her F. B.

BATH, JUNE 4.—To go on with Saturday evening.

We left the Whalleys at nine, and then proceeded to Sir J. C——, who had invited us to a concert at his house.

We found such a crowd of chairs and carriages we could hardly make our way. I had never seen any of the family, consisting of Sir J. and three daughters, but had been particularly invited. The two rooms for the company were quite full when we arrived, and a large party was standing upon the first-floor landing-place. Just as I got upstairs, I was much surprised to hear my name called by a man's voice who stood in the crowd upon the landing-place, and who said:

“Miss Burney, better go up another flight (pointing upstairs)—if you'll take my advice, you'll go up another flight, for there's no room anywhere else.”

I then recollected the voice, for I could not see the face of Lord Mulgrave, and I began at first to suppose I must really do as he said, for there seemed not room for a sparrow, and I have heard the Sharp family do actually send their company all over their house when they give concerts. However, by degrees we squeezed ourselves into the outer room, and then Mrs. Lambart

made way up to me, to introduce me to Miss C——, who is extremely handsome, genteel, and pleasing, though tonish, and who did the honours, in spite of the crowd, in a manner to satisfy everybody. After that, she herself introduced me to her next sister, Arabella, who is very fat, but not ugly. As to Sir J., he was seated behind a door in the music-room, where, being lame, he was obliged to keep still, and I never once saw his face, though I was on the point of falling over him; for, at one time, as I had squeezed just into the music-room, and was leaning against the door, which was open, and which Lord Althorpe, the Duchess of Devonshire's brother, was also lolling against, the pressure pushed Sir James's chair, and the door beginning to move, I thought we should have fallen backwards. Lord Althorpe moved off instantly, and I started forwards without making any disturbance, and then Mr. Travell came to assure me all was safe behind the door, and so the matter rested quietly, though not without giving me a ridiculous fright.

Mr. Travell, ma'am, if I have not yet introduced him to you, I must tell you is known throughout Bath by the name of Beau Travell; he is a most approved connoisseur in beauty, gives the *ton* to all the world, sets up young ladies in the *beau monde*, and is the sovereign arbitrator of fashions, and decider of fashionable people. I had never the honour of being addressed by him before, though I have met him at the dean's and at Mrs. Lambart's. So you may believe I was properly struck.

Though the rooms were so crowded, I saw but two faces I knew—Lord Huntingdon, whom I have drunk tea with at Mrs. Cholmley's, and Miss Philips; but the rest were all showy tonish people, who are only to be seen by going to the rooms, which we never do.

Some time after, Lord Mulgrave crowded in among us, and cried out to me:

"So you would not take my advice!"

I told him he had really alarmed me, for I had taken him seriously.

He laughed at the notion of sending me up to the garrets, and then poked himself into the concert-room.

Oh, but I forgot to mention Dr. Harrington, with whom I had much conversation, and who was dry, comical, and very agreeable. I also saw Mr. Henry, but as Miss L—— was not present, nothing ensued.

Miss C—— herself brought me a cup of ice, the room being so crowded that the man could not get near me. How ridiculous to invite so many more people than could be accommodated!

Lord Mulgrave was soon sick of the heat, and finding me distressed what to do with my cup, he very good-naturedly took it from me, but carried not only that, but himself also, away, which I did not equally rejoice at.

You may laugh, perhaps, that I have all this time said never a word of the music, but the truth is I heard scarce a note. There were quartettos and overtures by gentlemen performers whose names and faces I know not, and such was the never-ceasing tattling and noise in the card-room, where I was kept almost all the evening, that a general humming of musical sounds, and now and then a twang, was all I could hear.

Nothing can well be more ridiculous than a concert of this sort; and Dr. Harrington told me that the confusion amongst the musicians was equal to that amongst the company; for that, when called upon to open the concert, they found no music. The Miss C—— had prepared nothing, nor yet solicited their *dilettanti* to prepare for them. Miss Harrington, his daughter, who played upon the harpsichord, and by the very little I could sometimes hear, I believe very well, complained that she had never touched so vile an instrument, and that she was quite disturbed at being obliged to play upon it.

About the time that I got against the door, as I have mentioned, of the music-room, the young ladies were preparing to perform, and with the assistance of Mr. Henry, they sang catches. Oh, such singing! worse squalling, more out of tune, and more execrable in every respect, never did I hear. We did not get away till late.

SUNDAY.—We had an excellent sermon from the Bishop of Peterborough, who preached merely at the request of Mrs. Thrale. From the Abbey we went to the pump-room, where

we met Mrs. and Miss Byron, and I gave Captain Frodsham's message, or rather apologies, to Mrs. Byron, who in her warm and rapid way told me she thought it extremely ill-bred that he had not waited upon her, but consented to receive him if he thought proper to come, and I undertook to let him know the same through Miss Leigh.

At the pump-room we also saw the beautiful Miss Ditcher, Richardson's granddaughter, Mr. Whalley, &c. But what gave me most pleasure was meeting with Miss Cooper, and hearing from her that Mrs. Carter was come to Bath, though only for that very day, in her way somewhere farther. I have long languished to see Mrs. Carter,* and I entreated Miss Cooper to present me to her, which she most readily undertook to do, and said we should meet her upon the Parade. Miss F. Bowdler joined us, and we all walked away in search of her, but to no purpose; Mrs. Thrale, therefore, accompanied Miss Cooper to York House, where she was to repose that night, purposely to invite her to spend the evening with us.

At dinner, we had the Bishop and Dr. Harrington; and the Bishop, who was in very high spirits, proposed a frolic, which was, that we should all go to Spring Gardens, where he should give us tea, and thence proceed to Mr. Ferry's, to see a very curious house and garden. Mrs. Thrale pleaded that she had invited company to tea at home, but the Bishop said we would go early, and should return in time, and was so gaily authoritative that he gained his point. He had been so long accustomed to command, when master of Westminster school, that he cannot prevail with himself, I believe, ever to be overcome.

Dr. Harrington was engaged to a patient, and could not be of our party. But the three Thrales, the Bishop, and I, pursued our scheme, crossed the Avon, had a sweet walk through the meadows, and drank tea at Spring Gardens, where the Bishop did the honours with a spirit, a gaiety, and an activity that

* Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, the celebrated translator of "Epictetus." At the date of the passages in which she is referred to in the Diary, she was about sixty-three years of age. She died in 1806, at the age of eighty-nine years.

jovialised us all, and really we were prodigiously lively. We then walked on to Mr. Ferry's habitation.

Mr. Ferry is a Bath alderman; his house and garden exhibit the house and garden of Mr. Tattersall, enlarged. Just the same taste prevails, the same paltry ornaments, the same crowd of buildings, the same unmeaning decorations, and the same unsuccessful attempts at making something of nothing.

They kept us half an hour in the garden, while they were preparing for our reception in the house, where after parading through four or five little vulgarly showy closets, not rooms, we were conducted into a very gaudy little apartment, where the master of the house sat reclining on his arm, as if in contemplation, though everything conspired to show that the house and its inhabitants were carefully arranged for our reception. The bishop had sent in his name by way of gaining admission.

The Bishop, with a gravity of demeanour difficult to himself to sustain, apologised for our intrusion, and returned thanks for seeing the house and garden. Mr. Ferry started from his pensive attitude, and begged us to be seated, and then a curtain was drawn, and we perceived through a glass a perspective view of ships, boats, and water! This raree-show over, the maid who officiated as show-woman had a hint given her, and presently a trap-door opened, and up jumped a covered table, ornamented with various devices. When we had expressed our delight at this long enough to satisfy Mr. Ferry, another hint was given, and presently down dropped an eagle from the ceiling, whose talons were put into a certain hook at the top of the covering of the table, and when the admiration at this was over, up again flew the eagle, conveying in his talons the cover, and leaving under it a repast of cakes, sweetmeats, oranges, and jellies.

When our raptures upon this feat subsided, the maid received another signal, and then seated herself in an armchair, which presently sunk down underground, and up in its room came a barber's block, with a vast quantity of black wool on it, and a high head-dress.

This, you may be sure, was more applauded than all the rest: we were *en extase*, and having properly expressed our gratitude, were soon after suffered to decamp.

You may easily believe that these sights occasioned us a good merry walk home ; indeed we laughed all the way, and thought but little how time went till we were again crossing the Avon, when we were reminded of it by seeing the windows full of company.

This was the worst part of the story. Mrs. Thrale was in horrid confusion ; but as the Bishop gave her absolution, her apologies were very goodnaturedly accepted in general. But Mrs. Byron, half-affronted, had decamped before we returned ; and Mr. Travell, the beau, looked very grim at this breach of etiquette, and made his bow just after we returned. But what was to me most vexatious, was finding that Mrs. Carter had been waiting for us near an hour. The loss of her company I most sincerely regretted, because it was irretrievable, as she was to leave Bath next day.

The rest of the party waiting consisted of Miss Cooper, Misses F. and Harriet Bowdler, Miss Sharp, who is always with Mrs. Carter ; Mrs. Lambart, and my gentle friend Augusta. The two latter had been to Spring Gardens in search of us, where they had drunk tea, but we were then at Mr. Ferry's.

As soon as the general apologies were over, Miss Cooper, who knew my earnest desire of being introduced to Mrs. Carter, kindly came up to me, and taking my hand, led me to her venerable friend, and told her who I was. Mrs. Carter arose, and received me with a smiling air of benevolence that more than answered all my expectations of her. She is really a noble-looking woman ; I never saw age so graceful in the female sex yet ; her whole face seems to beam with goodness, piety, and philanthropy.

She told me she had lately seen some relations of mine at Mrs. Ord's, who had greatly delighted her by their musical talents—meaning, I found, Mr. Burney and our Etty ; and she said something further in their praise, and of the pleasure they had given her ; but as I was standing in a large circle, all looking on, and as I kept her standing, I hardly could understand what she said, and soon after returned to my seat.

She scarce stayed three minutes longer. When she had left

the room, I could not forbear following her to the head of the stairs, on the pretence of inquiring for her cloak. She then turned round to me, and looking at me with an air of much kindness, said, "Miss Burney, I have been greatly obliged to you long before I have seen you, and must now thank you for the very great entertainment you have given me."

This was so unexpected a compliment, that I was too much astonished to make any answer. However, I am very proud of it from Mrs. Carter, and I will not fail to seek another meeting with her when I return to town,—which I shall be able enough to do by means of Miss Cooper, or Miss Ord, or Mrs. Pepys.

* * * * *

You are, indeed, a most good and sweet girl for writing so copiously, and you oblige and indulge me more than I can express.

Well, after I had read your letter, I went to the Belvidere, and made Mr. Thrale accompany me by way of exercise, for the Belvidere is near a mile from our house, and all up hill.

Mrs. Leigh and her fair daughter received me with their usual kindness, which, indeed, is quite affectionate, and I found with them Miss Harriet Bowdler and Captain Frodsham. I negotiated matters with all the address in my power, and softened Mrs. Byron's haughty permission into a very civil invitation, which I hoped would occasion an agreeable meeting. Captain Frodsham is a very sensible, well-bred, and pleasing young man: he returned me many thanks for my interference, and said he would wait upon Mrs. Byron very speedily.

We made a long visit here, as the people were mighty likeable, and then Miss Harriet Bowdler, Miss Leigh, and Captain Frodsham accompanied us to the Parade, *i.e.* home.

In the evening we all went to Mrs. Cholmley's, where we met Mrs. Poyntz, and were, as usual at that house, sociable, cheerful, and easy.

TUESDAY.—This morning, by appointment, we met a party at the pump-room, thence to proceed to Spring Gardens, to a public breakfast. The folks, however, were not to their time, and we sallied forth only with the addition of Miss Weston and Miss Byron.

As soon as we entered the gardens, Augusta, who had hold of my arm, called out, "Ah! there's the man I danced with at the ball! and he plagued me to death, asking me if I liked this, and that, and the other, and, when I said 'No,' he asked me what I did like? So, I suppose he thought me a fool, and so, indeed, I am! only you are so good to me that I wrote my sister Sophy word you had almost made me quite vain; and she wrote to me t'other day a private letter, and told me how glad she was you were come back, for, indeed, I had written her word I should be quite sick of my life here, if it was not for sometimes seeing you."

The gentleman to whom she pointed presently made up to us, and I found he was Captain Bouchier, the same who had rattled away at Mr. Whalley's. He instantly joined Miss Weston and consequently our party, and was in the same style of flighty raillery as before. He seems to have a very good understanding, and very quick parts, but he is rather too conscious of both: however, he was really very entertaining, and as he abided wholly by Miss Weston, whose delicacy gave way to gaiety and flash, whether she would or not, I was very glad that he made one among us.

The rest of the company soon came, and were Mr. and Mrs. Whalley, Mrs. Lambart, Mrs. Aubrey, Colonel Campbell, an old officer and old acquaintance of Mr. Thrale, and some others, both male and female, whose names I know not.

We all sat in one box, but we had three tea-makers. Miss Weston presided at that table to which I belonged, and Augusta, Captain Bouchier, and herself were of our set. And gay enough we were, for the careless rattle of Captain Bouchier, which paid no regard to the daintiness of Miss Weston, made her obliged, in her own defence, to abate her finery, and laugh, and rally, and rail, in her turn. But, at last, I really began to fear that this flighty officer would bring on a serious quarrel, for, among other subjects he was sporting, he, unfortunately, started that of the Bath Easton Vase, which he ridiculed without mercy, and yet, according to all I have heard of it, without any injustice; but Mrs. Whalley, who overheard him, was quite irritated with him.

Sir John and Lady Miller are her friends, and she thought it incumbent upon her to vindicate even this vain folly, which she did weakly and warmly, while Captain Bouchier only laughed and ridiculed them the more. Mrs. Whalley then coloured, and grew quite enraged, reasoning upon the wickedness of laughing at her good friends, and talking of generosity and sentiment. Meanwhile, he scampered from side to side, to avoid her ; laughed, shouted, and tried every way of braving it out ; but was compelled at last to be serious, and enter into a solemn defence of his intentions, which were, he said, to ridicule the vase, not the Millers.

In the evening we went to Mrs. Lambart's ; but of that visit, in which I made a very extraordinary new acquaintance, in my next packet ; for this will not hold the account.

WEDNESDAY.—To go on with Mrs. Lambart. The party was Mr. and Mrs. Vanbrugh—the former a good sort of man—the latter, Captain Bouchier says, reckons herself a woman of humour, but she kept it prodigious snug ; Lord Huntingdon, a very deaf old lord ; Sir Robert Pigot, a very thin old baronet ; Mr. Tyson, a very civil master of the ceremonies ; Mr. and Mrs. White, a very insignificant couple ; Sir James C——, a bawling old man ; two Misses C——, a pair of tonish misses ; Mrs. and Miss Byron ; Miss W——, and certain others I knew nothing of.

Augusta Byron, according to custom, had entered into conversation with me, and we were talking about her sisters, and her affairs, when Mr. E—— (whose name I forgot to mention) came to inform me that Mrs. Lambart begged to speak to me. She was upon a sofa with Miss W——, who, it seemed, desired much to be introduced to me, and so I took a chair facing them.

Miss W—— is young and pleasing in her appearance, not pretty, but agreeable in her face, and soft, gentle, and well-bred in her manners. Our conversation, for some time, was upon the common Bath topics ; but when Mrs. Lambart left us—called to receive more company—we went insensibly into graver matters.

As soon as I found, by the looks and expressions of this young lady, that she was of a peculiar cast, I left all choice of subjects

to herself, determined quietly to follow as she led; and very soon, and I am sure I know not how, we had for topics the follies and vices of mankind, and, indeed, she spared not for lashing them. The women she rather excused than defended, laying to the door of the men their faults and imperfections; but the men, she said, were all bad—all, in one word, and without exception, sensualists!

I stared much at a severity of speech for which her softness of manner had so ill-prepared me; and she, perceiving my surprise, said:

“I am sure I ought to apologise for speaking my opinion to you—you, who have so just and so uncommon a knowledge of human nature. I have long wished ardently to have the honour of conversing with you; but your party has, altogether, been regarded as so formidable, that I have not had courage to approach it.”

I made—as what could I do else?—disqualifying speeches, and she then led to discoursing of happiness and misery: the latter she held to be the invariable lot of us all; and “one word,” she added, “we have in our language, and in all others, for which there is never any essential necessity, and that is—*pleasure!*” And her eyes filled with tears as she spoke.

“How you amaze me!” cried I; “I have met with misanthropes before, but never with so complete a one; and I can hardly think I hear right when I see how young you are!”

She then, in rather indirect terms, gave me to understand that she was miserable at home, and in very direct terms, that she was wretched abroad; and openly said, that to affliction she was born, and in affliction she must die, for that the world was so vilely formed as to render happiness impossible for its inhabitants.

There was something in this freedom of repining that I could by no means approve, and, as I found by all her manner that she had a disposition to even respect whatever I said, I now grew very serious, and frankly told her that I could not think it consistent with either truth or religion to cherish such notions.

“One thing,” answered she, “there is, which I believe might make me happy, but for that I have no inclination: it is an

amorous disposition ; but that I do not possess. I can make myself no happiness by intrigue."

"I hope not, indeed!" cried I, almost confounded by her extraordinary notions and speeches; "but, surely, there are worthier subjects of happiness attainable!"

"No, I believe there are not, and the reason the men are happier than us, is because they are more sensual!"

"I would not think such thoughts," cried I, clasping my hands with an involuntary vehemence, "for worlds!"

The Misses C—— then interrupted us, and seated themselves next to us; but Miss W—— paid them little attention at first, and soon after none at all; but in a low voice, continued her discourse with me, recurring to the same subject of happiness and misery, upon which, after again asserting the folly of ever hoping for the former, she made this speech:

"There may be, indeed, one moment of happiness, which must be the finding one worthy of exciting a passion which one should dare own to himself. That would, indeed, be a moment worth living for! but that can never happen—I am sure, not to me—the men are so low, so vicious, so worthless! No, there is not one such to be found!"

What a strange girl! I could do little more than listen to her, from surprise at all she said.

"If, however," she continued, "I had your talents, I could, bad as this world is, be happy in it. There is nothing, there is nobody I envy like you. With such resources as yours there can never be *ennui*; the mind may always be employed, and always be gay! Oh, if I could write as you write!"

"Try," cried I, "that is all that is wanting: try, and you will soon do much better things!"

"Oh no! I have tried, but I cannot succeed."

"Perhaps you are too diffident. But is it possible you can be serious in so dreadful an assertion as that you are never happy? Are you sure that some real misfortune would not show you that your present misery is imaginary?"

"I don't know," answered she, looking down, "perhaps it is so—but in that case, 'tis a misery so much the harder to be cured."

"You surprise me more and more," cried I; "is it possible you can so rationally see the disease of a disordered imagination, and yet allow it such power over your mind?"

"Yes, for it is the only source from which I draw any shadow of felicity. Sometimes when in the country, I give way to my imagination for whole days, and then I forget the world and its cares, and feel some enjoyment of existence."

"Tell me what is then your notion of felicity? Whither does your castle-building carry you?"

"Oh, quite out of the world—I know not where, but I am surrounded with sylphs, and I forget everything besides."

"Well, you are a most extraordinary character, indeed; I must confess I have seen nothing like you!"

"I hope, however, I shall find something like myself, and, like the magnet rolling in the dust, attract some metal as I go."

"That you may attract what you please, is of all things the most likely; but if you wait to be happy for a friend resembling yourself, I shall no longer wonder at your despondency."

"Oh!" cried she, raising her eyes in ecstasy, "could I find such a one!—male or female—for sex would be indifferent to me. With such a one I would go to live directly."

I half laughed, but was perplexed in my own mind whether to be sad or merry at such a speech.

"But then," she continued, "after making, should I lose such a friend, I would not survive."

"Not survive?" repeated I, "what can you mean?"

She looked down, but said nothing.

"Surely you cannot mean," said I, very gravely indeed, "to put a violent end to your life?"

"I should not," she said, again looking up, "hesitate a moment."

I was quite thunderstruck, and for some time could not say a word; but when I did speak, it was in a style of exhortation so serious and earnest, that I am ashamed to write it to you, lest you should think it too much.

She gave me an attention that was even respectful, but when I urged her to tell me by what right she thought herself entitled

to rush unlicensed on eternity, she said, "By the right of believing I shall be extinct."

I really felt horror-struck.

"Where, for Heaven's sake," I cried, "where have you picked up such dreadful reasoning?"

"In Hume," said she; "I have read his Essays repeatedly."

"I am sorry to find they have power to do so much mischief. You should not have read them, at least till a man equal to Hume in abilities had answered him. Have you read any more infidel writers?"

"Yes, Bolingbroke, the divinest of all writers."

"And do you read nothing upon the right side?"

"Yes, the Bible, till I was sick to death of it, every Sunday evening to my mother."

"Have you read Beattie on the 'Immutability of Truth'?"

"No."

"Give me leave, then, to recommend it to you. After Hume's Essays you ought to read it. And even for lighter reading, if you were to look at Mason's 'Elegy on Lady Coventry,' it might be of no disservice to you."

And then I could not forbear repeating to her from that beautiful poem:

"Yet, know, vain sceptics, know, th' Almighty Mind
Who breathed on man a portion of His fire,
Bade his free soul, by earth nor time confined,
To Heaven, to immortality, aspire!

"Nor shall the pile of hope, His mercy rear'd,
By vain philosophy be e'er destroyed.
Eternity—by all, or wish'd, or fear'd,
Shall be by all, or suffer'd or enjoyed."

This was the chief of our conversation, which indeed made an impression upon me I shall not easily get rid of. A young and agreeable infidel is even a shocking sight, and with her romantic, flighty, and unguarded turn of mind, what could happen to her that could give surprise?

Poor misguided girl! I heartily indeed wish she was in good hands. She is in a very dangerous situation, with ideas so loose of religion, and so enthusiastic of love. What, indeed, is there

to restrain an infidel, who has no belief in a future state, from sin and evil of any sort ?

Before we left Mrs. Lambart, Mrs. Byron took me aside to beg I would go and make her peace with Captain Frodsham. Droll enough to have the tables so turned. She feared, she said, that she had offended him by certain unfortunate reflections she had inadvertently cast upon some officers to whom he was related. The particulars would but tire you ; but I readily undertook the commission, and assured her I was certain such condescension on her part would make the captain all her own.

Augusta, with her usual sweetness, lamented seeing so little of me, as Miss W—— had occupied me solely ; but said she did not wonder, and had no right to complain, as she wished to do the same. She is, indeed, quite romantic in her partiality.

THURSDAY.—In the morning I walked to the Belvidere, to execute my commission. Captain Frodsham I met at Mrs. Leigh's, and began my treaty of peace, but soon found he had taken no offence, but, on the contrary, had been much charmed with Mrs. Byron's conversation and vivacity. I had therefore soon done, and having spent an hour with them very agreeably, I proceeded to Mrs. Byron, to tell her the success of the negotiation. Augusta walked back with me, but on the South Parade we met Miss C——, who joined me, and then the bashful Augusta would not go another step, but hastily shook my hand and ran away.

At night, however, we met again, as we had a party at home, consisting of the Byrons, Dean of Ossory, Mrs. and Charlotte Lewis, Mrs. Lambart, and Dr. Finch.

Dr. Finch is a tall, large, rather handsome, smiling, and self-complacent clergyman. He talked very much of an old lady here aged ninety, who was very agreeable, and upon inquiry I found she was Mrs. Ord's mother, Mrs. Dellingham. I could not forbear wishing to see her, and then Dr. Finch, who lodges in the same house with her, was very pressing to introduce me to her. I could not agree to so abrupt an intrusion, but I did not object to his making overtures for such a meeting, as my affection and respect for Mrs. Ord made me extremely wish to see her mother

FRIDAY.—Early this morning I received my Susan's second packet of this second Bath journey. The remaining account of the *miserere* concert is very entertaining, and Rauzzini's badinage diverted me much.

I have nobody to tell you of here that you care a fig for, but not caring, you may sometimes have a chance of being diverted, —so on I go.

This morning, by appointment, I was to breakfast with Miss Leigh. Just as I came to the pump-room, I met Mr. and Mrs. Cholmley. The latter shook hands with me, and said she should leave Bath in a day or two. I was very sorry for it, as she is a real loss to me. On, then, I posted, and presently before me I perceived Lord Mulgrave. As I was rather hurried, I meant to take an adroit turn to pass him, but he was in a frisky humour, and danced before me from side to side to stop me, saying, "Why, where now, where are you posting so fast?"

I then halted, and we talked a little talk of the Thrals, of the weather, &c., and then finding he was at his old trick of standing still before me, without seeming to have any intention we should separate, though I did not find he had anything more to say, I rather abruptly wished him good morning and whisked off.

I had, however, only gone another street ere I again encountered him, and then we both laughed, and he walked on with me. He himself lives at the Belvidere, and very good-humouredly made my pace his, and chatted with me all the way, till I stopped at Mrs. Leigh's. Our confabulation, however, was all about Bath matters and people, and, therefore, will not bear writing, though I assure you it was pretty enough, and of half a mile's length.

In the evening was the last ball expected to be at Bath this season, and, therefore, knowing we could go to no other, it was settled we should go to this. Of our party were Mrs. Byron and Augusta, Miss Philips, and Charlotte Lewis.

Mrs. Byron was placed at the upper end of the room by Mr. Tyson, because she is honourable, and her daughter next to her I, of course, the lowest of our party; but the moment Mr. Tyson had arranged us, Augusta arose, and nothing would satisfy her but taking a seat not only next to, but below me; nor could I,

for my life, get the better of the affectionate humility with which she quite supplicated me to be content. She was soon after followed by Captain Brisbane, a young officer who had met her in Spring Gardens, and seemed much struck with her, and was now presented to her by Mr. Tyson for her partner.

Captain Brisbane is a very pretty sort of young man, but did not much enliven us. Soon after I perceived Captain Bouchier, who, after talking some time with Mrs. Thrale, and various parties, made up to us, and upon Augusta's being called upon to dance a minuet, took her place, and began a very lively sort of chit-chat.

Just before she went to dance her minuet, upon my admiring her bouquet, which was the most beautiful in the room, she tore from it the only two moss-roses in it, and so spoilt it all before her exhibition, merely that I might have the best of it.

Country dances were now preparing, and Captain Bouchier asked me for the honour of my hand, but I had previously resolved not to dance, and, therefore, declined his offer. But he took, of the sudden, a fancy to prate with me, and therefore budged not after the refusal.

He told me this was the worst ball for company there had been the whole season; and, with a wicked laugh that was too significant to be misunderstood, said, "And, as you have been to no other, perhaps you will give this for a specimen of a Bath ball!"

He told me he had very lately met with Hannah More, and then mentioned Mrs. Montagu and Mrs. Carter, whence he took occasion to say most high and fine things of the ladies of the present age,—their writings, and talents; and I soon found he had no small reverence for us blue-stockings.

About this time, Charlotte, who had confessedly dressed herself for dancing, but whose pretty face had by some means been overlooked, drawled towards us, and asked me why I would not dance?

"I never intended it," said I; "but I hoped to have seen you."

"No," said she, yawning, "no more shall I,—I don't choose it."

"Don't you?" said Captain Bouchier, drily, "why not?"

"Why, because I don't like it."

"O fie!" cried he; "consider how cruel that is."

"I must consider myself," said she, pertly; "for I don't choose to heat myself this hot weather."

Just then, a young man came forward, and requested her hand. She coloured, looked excessively silly, and walked off with him to join the dancers.

When, between the dances, she came our way, he plagued her, *à la* Sir Clement.

"Well," cried he, "so you have been dancing this hot night! I thought you would have considered yourself better?"

"Oh," said she, "I could not help it—I had much rather not;—it was quite disagreeable to me."

"No, no,—pardon me there!" said he maliciously; "I saw pleasure dance first in your eyes; I never saw you look more delighted: you were quite the queen of smiles!"

She looked as if she could have killed him: and yet, from giddiness and good-humour, was compelled to join in the laugh.

After this we went to tea. When that was over, and we all returned to the ball-room, Captain Bouchier followed me, and again took a seat next mine, which he kept, without once moving, the whole night.

Before we broke up, this Captain asked me if I should be at the play next night?—"Yes," I could not but say, as we had had places taken some time; but I did not half like it, for his manner of asking plainly implied, "If *you* go, why *I* will!"

When we made our exit, he saw me safe out of the rooms, with as much attention as if we had actually been partners. As we were near home we did not get into chairs; and Mr. Travell joined us in our walk.

"Why, what a flirtation!" cried Mrs. Thrale; "why, Burney, this is a man of taste!—Pray, Mr. Travell, will it do? What has he?"

"Twenty thousand pounds, ma'am," answered the beau.

"O ho! has he so?—Well, well, we'll think of it."

Finding her so facetious, I determined not to acquaint her with the query concerning the play, knowing that, if I did, and he

appeared there, she would be outrageous in merriment. She is a most dear creature, but never restrains her tongue in anything, nor, indeed, any of her feelings :—she laughs, cries, scolds, sports, reasons, makes fun,—does everything she has an inclination to do, without any study of prudence, or thought of blame ; and, pure and artless as is this character, it often draws both herself and others into scrapes which a little discretion would avoid.

CHAPTER IX.

Bath Diary resumed—A Dinner-party—Raillery—Flirtation—The Bath Theatre—Bath Actors—The Abbey Church—Garriok and Quin—Morning Calls—Curiosity—The Dean of Ossory—Beau Travell—Family Quarrels—An Oddity—Bath Easton—Female Admiration—Miss Bowdler—A Female Sceptic—A Baby Critic—Lord George Gordon—The No-Popery Riots—Danger of Mr. Thrale from the Riots—Precipitate Retreat—Letters from Miss Burney—Public Excitement—Riots at Bath—Salisbury—Mr. Thrale's House attacked—Letters from Dr. Burney and Mrs. Thrale—Description of the Riots—Brighton Society—Conclusion of the Riots—Letters from Miss Burney—Pacchierotti—A Dinner-party at Dr. Burney's—Lord Sandwich—Captain Cook's Journal—Letter from Mrs. Thrale—Brighton Society—Grub-street—Miss Burney to Mrs. Thrale—Dangerous Times—A Dinner-party at Dr. Burney's—A Visit to Dr. Johnson—Miss Burney and Dr. Johnson in Grub-street—Son of Edmund Burke—A Female Rattle—Johnson's Lives of the Poets—Streatham Diary resumed—Brighton—Lady Hesketh—Lady Shelley—A Juvenile Musician—Dangerous Illness of Mr. Thrale—Dr. Johnson and Mr. Murphy—Lady Ladd—Letters—Sheridan's "Critic"—"Evelina" in the Bodleian Library—Promotion—Chit-chat.

Bath Diary resumed.

JUNE.—I feel myself inclined, my dearest Susy, to do nothing now but write to you; and so many packets do I owe you, that *le devoir* here joins *l'inclination*.

I left off with Friday's ball.

SATURDAY morning I spent in visiting.

At dinner we had Mrs. Lambart and Colonel Campbell. All the discourse was upon Augusta Byron's having made a conquest of Captain Brisbane, and the match was soon concluded, upon,—at least, they all allowed it would be decided this night, when she was to go with us to the play; and if Captain Brisbane was there, why then he was *in for it*, and the thing was done.

Well—Augusta came at the usual time; Colonel Campbell

took leave, but Mrs. Lambart accompanied us to the play : and in the lobby, the first object we saw was Captain Brisbane. He immediately advanced to us, and, joining our party, followed us to our box.

Nothing could equal the wickedness of Mrs. Thrale and Mrs. Lambart ; they smiled at each other with such significance ! Fortunately, however, Augusta did not observe them.

Well, we took our seats, and Captain Brisbane, by getting into the next box, on a line with ours, placed himself next to Augusta : but, hardly had Mrs. Thrale and Lambart composed their faces, ere I heard the box-door open. Every one looked round but me, and I had reasons for avoiding such curiosity,—reasons well enough founded, for instantly grins, broader than before, widened the mouths of the two married ladies, while even Miss Thrale began a titter that half choked her, and Augusta, nodding to me with an arch smirk, said, “Miss Burney, I wish you joy !”

To be sure I could have no doubt who entered, but, very innocently, I demanded of them all the cause of their mirth. They scrupled not explaining themselves ; and I found my caution, in not mentioning the query that had been put to me, availed me nothing, for the Captain was already a marked man in my service !

He placed himself exactly behind me, but very quietly and silently, and did not, for some minutes, speak to me ; afterwards however, he did a little,—except when my favourite Mr. Lee, who acted Old Norval, in “Douglas,” was on the stage, and then he was strictly silent. I am in no cue to write our discourse ; but it was pleasant and entertaining enough at the time, and his observations upon the play and the players were lively and comical. But I was prodigiously worried by my own party, who took every opportunity to inquire how I was entertained, and so forth,—and to snigger.

Two young ladies, who seemed about eighteen, and sat above us, were so much shocked by the death of Douglas, that they both burst into a loud fit of roaring, like little children,—and sobbed on, afterwards, for almost half the farce ! I was quite astonished ; and Miss Weston complained that they really dis-

turbed her sorrows; but Captain Bouchier was highly diverted, and went to give them comfort, as if they had been babies, telling them it was all over, and that they need not cry any more.

SUNDAY.—In the morning, after church-time, I spent an hour or two in looking over the abbey church, and reading epitaphs,—among which, Garrick's on Quin was much the best.

In the afternoon I called upon the Leighs, to take leave, as they were going from Bath next day.

From them I went to Mrs. Byron's, where the Thrales were already, and a large party: Lord Mulgrave, Mrs. Vanbrugh, Mrs. Lambart, Captains Brisbane and Frodsham, Beau Travell, Mr. Tyson, the Hon. Mr. Wyndham, brother to Lord Egremont, and Mr. Chadwick.

MONDAY.—After breakfast, Fanny Bowdler called upon me, and we were *tête-à-tête* all the morning. She is an extraordinary good *tête-à-tête*, and I did not think her the less agreeable, I suppose, for telling me that Mrs. Carter had condescended to speak of me in very flattering terms since our meeting.

She told me also that Miss Leigh is soon to be married to Captain Frodsham. I am very glad of it, as they seem very deserving of each other, and will make a most agreeable and sensible pair.

In the evening we were at the Vanbrugh's, where we met Mr., Mrs., and Miss G——, all three mighty tonish folks: the Mr. in a common and heavy way, the Mrs. in an insolent, overbearing way, and the Miss in a shy, proud, stiff way. Also the good-humoured Dr. Maningham, and Mrs. and Miss ditto, of no characters apparent; Miss Jones, an ugly, sensible, reserved woman; her father—I know not what; Mr. Tom Pitt, a prosing, conceited man of fashion, and sense to boot; Mrs. Lambart, Mrs. Byron, and some others I know not.

All the early part of the evening Miss Thrale and I sat together; but afterwards Mrs. Thrale, who was at another part of the room, called me over, and said:

"Come, Miss Burney, come and tell Mrs. Lambart about these *reen rails* at Clifton."

And so saying, she gave me her seat, which was between Mrs. Lambart and Mrs. Byron, and walked away to other folks.

I found they had all been laughing about some house upon Clifton Hill with green rails, which Mrs. Lambart vowed was *Mrs. Beaumont's*, and said she was sure I must have meant it should seem such : and a sportively complimentary conversation took place, and lasted till Mrs. G——, having cut out at cards, with an air of tonish stateliness approached us, and seating herself by Mrs. Lambart, and nearly opposite to me, fixed her eyes on my face, and examined it with a superb dignity of assurance that made me hardly know what I said, in my answers to Mrs. Lambart and Mrs. Byron.

Having looked in silence till she was tired, in which I must own I felt some sympathy, she whispered Mrs. Lambart,

“Is that Miss Burney?”

“Yes,” re-whispered Mrs. Lambart; “shall I introduce her to you?”

“No, no,” answered she, “I can do that well enough.”

This, though all in very low voices, I was too near not to hear; and I began to feel monstrous glumpy upon this last speech, which indeed was impertinent enough.

Soon after, this high lady said :

“Were you ever in Bath before, Miss Burney?”

“Yes, ma'am,” I replied, very dryly; and to show how little I should stoop the lower for her airs, I instantly went on talking with Mrs. Byron, without allowing her an opportunity for the conference she seemed opening. Characters of this sort always make me as proud as they are themselves; while the avidity with which Mrs. Byron honours, and the kindness with which Mrs. Thrale delights me, makes me ready to kiss even the dust that falls from their feet.

Having now, therefore, reanimated my courage, I took a fit of talking, and made my own part good, and then I less minded her busy eyes, which never a moment spared me.

This lasted till Mrs. Thrale again joined us, and sat down next to Mrs. G——, who, in a few minutes, said to her in a whisper :

“She is just what I have heard—I like her vastly.”

This quite amazed me, for her whisper was unavoidably heard by me, as we all sat cheek by jowl; and presently she repeated with yet more earnestness:

"I like her of all things."

"Yes, she is a sweet creature indeed," answered my dear puffer, "and I am sure I love her dearly."

Afterwards, she asked Mrs. Thrale a hundred questions concerning Dr. Johnson, with an air and an abruptness that provoked her so she could hardly answer her; and when Mrs. Lambert again hinted at the green rails, Mrs. G——, looking at me with a smile, the softest she could assume, said:

"I am a great admirer of 'Evelina'—I think it has very great merit."

And I dare say she thought the praise of Dr. Johnson had never been half so flattering to me.

TUESDAY evening we spent at the Dean of Ossory's. We met no company there but Dr. Finch, who appointed the next morning for presenting me to Mrs. Dellingham. (N.B. I hope I have mentioned this doctor is married, otherwise you may be justly and cruelly alarmed for my reputation.)

WEDNESDAY.—Dr. Finch called in the morning, and escorted me to Mrs. Dellingham's.

Mrs. Dellingham is said to be ninety and more; I, therefore, expected to walk up to her easy-chair and bawl out in her ear, "Ma'am, your servant;" but no such thing happened; to my great surprise, she met at the door of the drawing-room, took my hand, welcomed me very politely, and led me to the best seat at the upper end of the room. She is a very venerable and cheerful old gentlewoman, walks well, hears readily, is almost quite upright, and very chatty and well bred.

My discourse, as you may imagine, was all of Mrs. Ord: but Dr. Finch took care it should not be much, as he is one of those placid prozers who are never a moment silent.

As soon as I had returned home, Charlotte L—— called, and the little gig told all the quarrels and all *les malheurs* of the domestic life she led in her family, and made them all ridiculous, without meaning to make herself so.

She was but just gone, when I was again called down to Miss Weston—nobody else at home : and then I was regaled with a character equally ludicrous, but much less entertaining, for nothing would she talk of but “dear nature,” and nothing abuse but “odious affectation !” She really would be too bad for the stage, for she is never so content as when drawing her own character for other people’s, as if on purpose to make one sick of it. She begged, however, for my town direction, and talked in high strains of the pleasure she should have in visiting me. But in London we can manage those matters better. She was to leave Bath next day.

Mrs. Whalley also called *pour prendre congé*, and made much invitation to her country-seat for us.

In the evening, we all went to Mrs. Lambart’s, where we met the Grenvilles, Byrons, Vanbrughs, Captain Brisbane, Messrs. Chadwicke, Travell, and Wyndham, Miss Philips, Lady Dorothy English, Lord Cunningham, and various others. But I have no time for particulars, and, as I shall, perhaps, see few of them any more, no inclination.

THURSDAY, JUNE 8.—We went to Bath Easton. Mrs. Lambart went with us.

The house is charmingly situated, well fitted up, convenient, and pleasant, and not large, but commodious and elegant. Thursday is still their public day for company, though the business of the Vase is over for this season.

The room into which we were conducted was so much crowded we could hardly make our way. Lady Miller came to the door, and, as she had first done to the rest of us, took my hand, and led me up to a most prodigious fat old lady, and introduced me to her. This was Mrs. Riggs, her ladyship’s mother, who seems to have Bath Easton and its owners under her feet.

I was smiled upon with a graciousness designedly marked, and seemed most uncommonly welcome. Mrs. Riggs looked as if she could have shouted for joy at sight of me ! She is mighty merry and facetious. Sir John was very quiet, but very civil.

I saw the place appropriated for the Vase, but at this time it was removed. As it was hot, Sir John Miller offered us to walk

round the house, and see his green-house, &c. So away we set off, Harriet Bowdler accompanying me, and some others following.

We had not strolled far ere we were overtaken by another party, and among them I perceived Miss W——, my new sceptical friend. She joined me immediately, and I found she was by no means in so sad a humour as when I saw her last: on the contrary, she seemed flightily gay.

“Were you never here before?” she asked me.

“No.”

“No? why what an acquisition you are then! I suppose you will contribute to the Vase?”

“No, indeed!”

“No more you ought; you are quite too good for it.”

“No, not that; but I have no great passion for making the trial. You, I suppose, have contributed?”

“No, never—I can’t. I have tried, but I could never write verses in my life—never get beyond Cupid and stupid.”

“Did Cupid, then, always come in your way? what a mischievous urchin!”

“No, he has not been very mischievous to me this year.”

“Not this year? Oh, very well! He has spared you, then, for a whole twelvemonth!”

She laughed, and we were interrupted by more company.

Afterwards, when we returned into the house, we found another room filled with company. Among those that I knew were the Caldwells, the Grenvilles, some of the Bowdlers, Mr. Wyndam, and Miss J——.

This Miss J—— had, when I last met her at Mrs. Lambart’s, desired to be introduced to me, as Mrs. Lambart told me, who performed that ceremony; for Mrs. Lambart, with whom I am in no small favour, always makes me the most consequential, and I found she was Mrs. Rishton’s old friend, and, therefore, all I remember hearing of her gave me no desire to make her my new one. However, nothing convinced me more that I was the *ton* at Bath, than her making this overture, for everything I ever heard of her proved her insolent pride. Besides

Beau Travell has spoken very highly of me! So my fame is now made, and Mrs. G——, who had passed me when she entered the room at Bath Easton, while I was engaged in conversation with Lady Miller, afterwards suddenly came up, and with a look of equal surprise and pleasure at sight of me, most graciously and smilingly addressed me. My coldness in return to all these sickening, heartless, *ton*-led people, I try not to repress, though to treat them with such respect as their superior stations fairly claim, I would not for the world neglect.

Some time after, while I was talking with Miss W—— and Harriet Bowdler, Mrs. Riggs came up to us, and with an expression of comical admiration, fixed her eyes upon me, and for some time amused herself with apparently watching me. Mrs. Lambart, who was at cards, turned round and begged me to give her her cloak, for she felt rheumatic; I could not readily find it, and, after looking some time, I was obliged to give her my own; but while I was hunting, Mrs. Riggs followed me, laughing, nodding, and looking much delighted, and every now and then saying:

“That’s right, Evelina!—Ah, look for it, Evelina!—Evelina always did so—she always looked for people’s cloaks, and was obliging and well bred!”

I grinned a little to be sure, but tried to escape her, by again getting between Miss W—— and Harriet Bowdler; but Mrs. Riggs still kept opposite to me, expressing from time to time, by uplifted hands and eyes, comical applause.

Harriet Bowdler modestly mumbled some praise, but addressed it to Miss Thrale. I begged a truce, and retired to a chair in a corner, at the request of Miss W——, to have a *tête-à-tête*, for which, however, her strange levity gave me no great desire.

She begged to know if I had written anything else. I assured her never.

“The ‘Sylph,’” said she, “I am told, was yours.”

“I had nothing at all to do with that or anything else that ever was published but ‘Evelina;’ you, I suppose, read the ‘Sylph’ for its name’s sake?”

“No; I never read novels—I hate them; I never read

‘Evelina’ till I was quite persecuted by hearing it talked of. ‘Sir Charles Grandison’ I tried once, but could not bear it; Sir Charles for a lover! no lover for me! for a guardian or the trustee of an estate, he might do very well—but for a lover!”

“What—when he bows upon your hand! would not that do?”

She kept me by her side for a full hour, and we again talked over our former conversation; and I inquired what first led her to seeking infidel books?

“Pope,” she said; he was himself a deist, she believed, and his praise of Bolingbroke made her mad to read his books, and then the rest followed easily.

She also gave me an account of her private and domestic life; of her misery at home, her search of dissipation, and her incapability of happiness.

Poor girl! I am really sorry for her; she has strong and lively parts, but I think her in the high road of lasting destruction. And she thinks about religion only to persuade herself there is none. I recommended to her all the good books I could think of, and scrupled not to express warmly and most seriously my surprise and horror at her way of thinking. It was easy to me to see that she attended to my opinions with curiosity, and yet easier to discover that had she not respected me as the author of a book she happened to be fond of, she would have rallied them unmercifully; however, that consideration gave weight to what I said, and evidently disposed her to be pleased with me.

Our conversation would have lasted till leave-taking, but for our being interrupted by Miss Miller, a most beautiful little girl of ten years old.

Miss W—— begged her to sing us a French song. She coquetted, but Mrs. Riggs came to us, and said if I wished it, I did her granddaughter great honour, and she insisted upon her obedience. The little girl laughed and complied, and we went into another room to hear her, followed by the Misses Caldwell. She sung in a pretty childish manner enough.

When we became more intimate, she said:

“Ma’am, I have a great favour to request of you, if you please!”

I begged to know what it was, and assured her I would grant it; and, to be out of the way of these misses, I led her to the window.

"Ma'am," said the little girl, "will you then be so good as to tell me where Evelina is now?"

I was a little surprised at the question, and told her I had not heard lately.

"O ma'am, but I am sure you know!" cried she, "for you know you wrote it! and mamma was so good as to let me hear her read it; and pray, ma'am, do tell me where she is? and whether Miss Branghton and Miss Polly went to see her when she was married to Lord Orville?"

I promised her I would inquire, and let her know.

"And pray, ma'am, is Madame Duval with her now?"

And several other questions she asked me, with a childish simplicity that was very diverting. She took the whole for a true story, and was quite eager to know what was become of all the people. And when I said I would inquire, and tell her when we next met,

"Oh, but, ma'am," she said, "had not you better write it down, because then there would be more of it, you know?"

She told me repeatedly how sorry she was that I had not come to Bath Easton in "Vase" time, and how sorry her mamma had been.

When we were coming away, and Lady Miller and Sir John had both taken very civil leave of me, I curtsied in passing Mrs. Riggs, and she rose, and called after me—"Set about another!"

When we came home, our newspaper accounts of the tumults in town, with Lord George Gordon and his mob, alarmed us very much; but we had still no notion of the real danger you were all in.

FRIDAY.—We drank tea with the Bowdlers, and met Captain Frodsham. Fanny Bowdler congratulated me very wickedly upon my initiation at Bath Easton. At our return home we were informed a mob was surrounding a new Roman Catholic

chapel. At first we disbelieved it, but presently one of the servants came and told us they were knocking it to pieces; and in half an hour, looking out of our windows, we saw it in flames! and listening, we heard loud and violent shouts!

I shall write no particulars; the horrible subject you have had more than your share of. Mrs. Thrale and I sat up till four o'clock, and walked about the Parades, and at two we went with a large party to the spot, and saw the beautiful new building consuming; the mob then were all quiet—all still and silent, and everybody seemed but as spectators.

SATURDAY morning, to my inexpressible concern, brought me no letters from town, and my uneasiness to hear from you made me quite wretched. Mrs. Thrale had letters from Sir Philip Clerke and Mr. Perkins, to acquaint her that her town-house had been three times attacked, but was at last saved by guards,—her children, plate, money, and valuables all removed. Streat-ham also threatened, and emptied of all its furniture.

The same morning also we saw a Bath and Bristol paper, in which Mr. Thrale was asserted to be a papist. This villainous falsehood terrified us even for his personal safety, and Mrs. Thrale and I agreed it was best to leave Bath directly, and travel about the country.

She left to me the task of acquainting Mr. Thrale with these particulars, being herself too much disturbed to be capable of such a task. I did it as well as I could, and succeeded so far that, by being lightly told of it, he treated it lightly, and bore it with much steadiness and composure. We then soon settled to decamp.

We had no time nor spirits *pour prendre congé* stuff, but determined to call upon the Bowdlers and Miss Cooper. They were all sorry to part, and Miss Cooper, to my equal surprise and pleasure, fairly made a declaration of her passion for me, assuring me she had never before taken so great a fancy to a new acquaintance, and beginning warmly the request I meant to make myself, of continuing our intimacy in town. I am sure I think so highly of her, that I shall be well pleased to attend to this injunction.

From Miss F. Burney to Dr. Burney.

Bath, June 9, 1780.

MY DEAREST SIR,

How are you ? where are you ? and what is to come next ? These are the questions I am dying with anxiety to have daily announced. The accounts from town are so frightful, that I am uneasy, not only for the city at large, but for every individual I know in it. I hope to Heaven that ere you receive this, all will be once more quiet ; but till we hear that it is so, I cannot be a moment in peace.

Does this martial law confine you quite to the house ? Folks here say that it must, and that no business of any kind can be transacted. Oh, what dreadful times ! Yet I rejoice extremely that the opposition members have fared little better than the ministerial. Had such a mob been confirmed friends of either or of any party, I think the nation must have been at their disposal ; for if headed by popular or skilful leaders, who and what could have resisted them ?—I mean, if they are as formidable as we are here told.

Dr. Johnson has written to Mrs. Thrale, without even mentioning the existence of this mob ; perhaps at this very moment he thinks it “ a humbug upon the nation,” as George Bodens called the parliament.

A private letter to Bull, the bookseller, brought word this morning that much slaughter has been made by the military among the mob. Never, I am sure, can any set of wretches less deserve quarter or pity ; yet it is impossible not to shudder at hearing of their destruction. Nothing less, however, would do ; they were too outrageous and powerful for civil power.

But what is it they want ? who is going to turn papist ? who indeed, is thinking in an alarming way of religion—this pious mob, and George Gordon excepted ?

I am very anxious indeed about our dear Etty. Such disturbance in her neighbourhood I fear must have greatly terrified her ; and I am sure she is not in a situation or state of health to bear terror. I have written and begged to hear from her.

All the stage-coaches that come into Bath from London are chalked over with "No Popery," and Dr. Harrington called here just now, and says the same was chalked this morning upon his door, and is scrawled in several places about the town. Wagers have been laid that the popish chapel here will be pulled or burnt down in a few days; but I believe not a word of the matter, nor do I find that anybody is at all alarmed. Bath, indeed, ought to be held sacred as a sanctuary for invalids; and I doubt not but the news of the firing in town will prevent all tumults out of it.

Now, if, after all the intolerable provocation given by the mob, after all the leniency and forbearance of the ministry, and after the shrinking of the minority, we shall by-and-by hear that this firing was a massacre—will it not be villainous and horrible? And yet as soon as safety is secured—though by this means alone all now agree it can be secured—nothing would less surprise me than to hear the seekers of popularity make this assertion.

Will you, dear sir, beg Charlotte to answer this letter by your directions, and tell me how the world goes? We are sure here of hearing too much or too little. Mr. Grenville says he knows not whether anything can be done to Lord George; and that quite shocks me, as it is certain that, in all equity and common sense, he is either mad enough for Moorfields, or wicked enough for the Tower, and, therefore, that to one of these places he ought to go.

FRIDAY NIGHT.—The above I writ this morning, before I recollected this was not post-day, and all is altered here since. The threats I despised were but too well grounded, for, to our utter amazement and consternation, the new Roman Catholic chapel in this town was set on fire at about nine o'clock. It is now burning with a fury that is dreadful, and the house of the priest belonging to it is in flames also. The poor persecuted man himself has, I believe, escaped with life, though pelted, followed, and very ill used. Mrs. Thrale and I have been walking about with the footmen several times. The whole town is still and orderly. The rioters do their work with great composure, and though

there are knots of people in every corner, all execrating the authors of such outrages, nobody dares oppose them. An attempt indeed was made, but it was ill-conducted, faintly followed, and soon put an end to by a secret fear of exciting vengeance.

Alas! to what have we all lived!—the poor invalids here will probably lose all chance of life, from terror. Mr. Hay, our apothecary, has been attending the removal of two, who were confined to their beds, in the street where the chapel is burning. The Catholics throughout the place are all threatened with destruction, and we met several porters, between ten and eleven at night, privately removing goods, walking on tiptoe, and scarcely breathing.

I firmly believe, by the deliberate villainy with which this riot is conducted, that it will go on in the same desperate way as in town, and only be stopped by the same desperate means. Our plan for going to Bristol is at an end. We are told it would be madness, as there are seven Romish chapels in it; but we are determined upon removing somewhere to-morrow; for why should we, who can go, stay to witness such horrid scenes?

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, JUNE 10.—I was most cruelly disappointed in not having one word to-day. I am half crazy with doubt and disturbance in not hearing. Everybody here is terrified to death. We have intelligence that Mr. Thrale's house in town is filled with soldiers, and threatened by the mob with destruction. Perhaps he may himself be a marked man for their fury. We are going directly from Bath, and intend to stop only at villages. To-night we shall stop at Warminster, not daring to go to Devizes. This place is now well guarded, but still we dare not await the event of to-night; all the Catholics in the town have privately escaped.

I know not now when I shall hear from you. I am in agony for news. Our head-quarters will be Brighthelmston, where I do most humbly and fervently entreat you to write—do, dearest sir, write, if but one word—if but only you name YOURSELF! Nothing but your own hand can now tranquillize me. The reports about London here quite distract me. If it were possible to send me a line by the diligence to Brighton, how grateful I

should be for such an indulgence! I should then find it there upon our arrival. Charlotte, I am sure, will make it into a sham parcel, and Susy will write for you all but the name. God bless—defend—preserve you! my dearest father. Life is no life to me while I fear for your safety.

God bless and save you all! I shall write to-morrow from wherever we may be,—nay, every day I shall write, for you will all soon be as anxious for news from the country as I have been for it from town. Some infamous villain has put it into the paper here that Mr. Thrale is a papist. This, I suppose, is an Hothamite report, to inflame his constituents.

Miss F. Burney to Dr. Burney.

Salisbury, June 11, 1780.

Here we are, dearest sir, and here we mean to pass this night.

We did not leave Bath till eight o'clock yesterday evening, at which time it was filled with dragoons, militia, and armed constables, not armed with muskets, but bludgeons: these latter were all chairmen, who were sworn by the mayor in the morning for petty constables. A popish private chapel, and the houses of all the Catholics, were guarded between seven and eight, and the inhabitants ordered to keep house.

We set out in the coach-and-four, with two men on horseback, and got to Warminster, a small town in Wiltshire, a little before twelve.

This morning two more servants came after us from Bath, and brought us word that the precautions taken by the magistrates last night had had good success, for no attempt of any sort had been renewed towards a riot.

But the happiest tidings to me were contained in a letter which they brought, which had arrived after our departure, by the diligence, from Mr. Perkins, with an account that all was quiet in London, and that Lord G. Gordon was sent to the Tower.

I am now again tolerably easy, but I shall not be really comfortable, or free from some fears, till I hear from St. Martin's-street.

The Borough House has been quite preserved. I know not how long we may be on the road, but nowhere long enough for receiving a letter till we come to Brighthelmstone.

We stopped in our way at Wilton, and spent half the day at that beautiful place.

Just before we arrived there, Lord Arundel had sent to the officers in the place, to entreat a party of guards immediately, for the safety of his house, as he had intelligence that a mob was on the road from London to attack it:—he is a Catholic. His request was immediately complied with.

We intended to have gone to a private town, but find all quiet here, and, therefore, prefer it as much more commodious. There is no Romish chapel in the town; mass has always been performed for the Catholics of the place at a Mrs. Arundel's in the Close—a relation of his lordship's, whose house is fifteen miles off. I have inquired about the Harrises: I find they are here, and all well.

Peace now, I trust, will be restored to the nation—at least as soon as some of the desperate gang that may escape from London, in order to spread confusion in the country, are dispersed or overcome.

I will continue to write while matters are in this doubtful state, that you may have no anxiety added to the great stock you must suffer upon my account.

We are all quite well, and when I can once hear you are so, I shall be happy.

Adieu, most dear sir! Love, duty, and compliments to all from

Your most dutiful

And most affectionate,

F. B.

Dr. Burney to Miss F. Burney.

1, St. Martin's-street, Monday Afternoon.

Your letter just received.

MY DEAR FANNY,

We are all safe and well, after our heartaches, and terrors. London is now the most secure residence in the kingdom.

I wrote a long letter to our dear Mrs. T. on Friday night, with a kind of detail of the week's transactions. I am now obliged to go out, and shall leave the girls to fill up the rest of the sheet. All is safe and quiet in the Borough. We sent William thither on Saturday. God bless you! All affection and good wishes attend our dear friends.

I said that riot would go into the country, like a new cap, till it was discountenanced and out of fashion in the metropolis. I bless every soldier I see—we have no dependence on any defence from outrage but the military.

Miss Charlotte Burney to Miss F. Burney.

I am very sorry, my dear Fanny, to hear how much you have suffered from your apprehension about us. Susan will tell you why none of us wrote before Friday; and she says she has told you what dreadful havoc and devastation the mob have made here in all parts of the town. However, we are pretty quiet and tranquil again now. Papa goes on with his business pretty much as usual, and so far from the military keeping people within doors (as you say, in your letter to my father, you suppose to be the case), the streets were never more crowded—everybody is wandering about in order to see the ruins of the places that the mob have destroyed.

There are two camps, one in St. James's, and the other in Hyde Park, which, together with the military law, makes almost every one here think he is safe again. I expect we shall all have "a passion for a scarlet-coat" now.

I hardly know what to tell you that won't be stale news. They say that duplicates of the handbill that I have enclosed were distributed all over the town on Wednesday and Thursday last; however, thank Heaven, everybody says now that Mr. Thrale's house and brewery are as safe as we can wish them. There was a brewer in Turnstile that had his house gutted and burnt, because, the mob said, "he was a *papish*, and sold popish beer." Did you ever hear of such diabolical ruffians?

Sister Hetty is vastly well, and has received your letter; I think she has stood the fright better, and been a greater heroine, than any of us.

To add to the pleasantness of our situation, there have been gangs of women going about to rob and plunder. Miss Kirwans went on Friday afternoon to walk in the Museum gardens, and were stopped by a set of women, and robbed of all the money they had. The mob had proscribed the mews, for they said, "the king should not have a horse to ride upon!" They besieged the new Somerset House, with intention to destroy it, but were repulsed by some soldiers placed there for that purpose.

Mr. Sleepe has been here a day or two, and says the folks at Watford, where he comes from, "approve very much of having the Catholic chapels destroyed, for they say it's a shame the pope should come here!" There is a house hereabouts that they had chalked upon last week, "Empty, and No Popery!"

I am heartily rejoiced, my dearest Fanny, that you have got away from Bath, and hope and trust that at Brighthelmstone you will be as safe as we are here.

It sounds almost incredible, but they say, that on Wednesday night last, when the mob were more powerful, more numerous, and outrageous than ever, there was, nevertheless, a number of exceedingly genteel people at Ranelagh, though they knew not but their houses might be on fire at the time!

God bless you, my dear Fanny,—for Heaven's sake keep up your spirits!

Yours ever, with the greatest affection,

CHARLOTTE ANN BURNEY.

Mrs. Thrale to Miss F. Burney.

Brighton, Thursday Evening, June 29, 1780.

Strectham detained me so scandalously late that I never entered Reigate till twelve o'clock—you know we had calculated for eleven. I had, however, the satisfaction of leaving Presto in the arms of a mistress he preferred to me, and he found love an

ample recompense for the loss of friendship. All dogs do, I suppose!

At ten o'clock I saw myself here, and quitted my very riotous companions, to look for their father and sister, who were walking with Miss Owen to the Point. The evening was spent in chat, and this morning I carried a bunch of grapes to Mr. Scrase, who was too ill to swallow one, or to see even me. My master, however, is quite in rosy health—he is, indeed—and jokes Peggy Owen for her want of power to flash. He made many inquiries for you; and was not displeased that I had given Perkins two hundred guineas instead of one—a secret I never durst tell before, not even to Johnson, not even to you—but so it was.

I have no society here, so I might go to work like you, if I had any materials. Susan and Sophy have taken to writing verses—'tis the fashion of the school they say, and Sophy's are the best performances of all the misses, except one monkey of eighteen years old.

Harry C—— is here, and with him a Mr. S——, two poor empty, unmeaning lads from town, who talk of a man being a high treat, &c. They are, I think, the first companions I ever picked up and dismissed as fairly worse than none.

Ah, my sweet girl! all this stuff written, and not one word of the loss I feel in your leaving me! But, upon my honour, I forbear only to save your fretting, for I do think you would vex if you saw how silly I looked about for you ever since I came home. I shall now say, as Johnson does, "Ah, Burney! if you loved me, &c., &c." But no more of what must be missed and must not be mourned.

Yours,

H. L. T.

Miss F. Burney to Mrs. Thrale.

Saturday, July 1, 1780.

Have you no "quality" yet, my dearest madam, that letters are three days upon the road! I have only this instant received yours, though you were so kindly indulgent to my request of

writing the next day after your journey. I rejoice, indeed, that you found my master so well. I dare say Queeny had kept him sharp. What does he think of Dr. Johnson's dieting scheme? I must confess that if, like Mrs. Tattersall, he should consent to adopt the *vegetable* system, I should be as unwilling as her husband to be a good beefsteak in his way!

Your liberality to Perkins charms me; and so does Mr. Thrale's approbation of it: for his being not displeased implies nothing short of approbation. I am sorry for Miss Owen, but I much hope you will be able to revive and comfort her: sure I am that if spirit can reanimate, or sweetness can soothe her, she will not be long in so forlorn a way.

Your account of Miss M——'s being taken in, and taken in by Captain B——, astonishes me! surely not half we have heard either of her adorers, or her talents, can have been true. Mrs. Byron has lost too little to have anything to lament, except, indeed, the time she sacrificed to foolish conversation, and the civilities she threw away upon so worthless a subject. Augusta has nothing to reproach herself with, and riches and wisdom must be rare indeed, if she fares not as well with respect to both, as she would have done with an adventurer whose pocket, it seems, was as empty as his head.

Nothing here is talked of but the trial of the rioters: most people among those who are able to appear as witnesses, are so fearful of incurring the future resentment of the mob, that evidence is very difficult to be obtained, even where guilt is undoubted: by this means numbers are daily discharged who have offended against all laws, though they can be punished by none. I am glad, however, to see the moderation of those who might now, perhaps, extirpate all power but their own; for neither art nor authority is used to blacken the crimes of the accused, or force into light the designs of the suspected. Nothing has yet appeared that indicates any plot, except for general plunder, nor have any of the conspirators who have yet been examined seemed to have confederated for any deeper purpose than to drink hard, shout loud, and make their betters houseless as themselves.

I have seen Pacchierotti, and he has sung to me as sweetly, and complimented me as liberally, as ears the most fastidious, and a mind the most vain, could desire ; yet not the less have I thought of or regretted my ever dear, ever kind, and most sweet Mrs. Thrale ! But, as I am come, after many absences, to a family so deservedly beloved by me, I am determined neither to sour my friends nor myself, by encouraging a repining spirit, but now to be happy as I can with them, and hope, ere long, to be again so with you ; for, with affection more sincere, and a heart more true, nobody can love my dear Mrs. Thrale more fervently and faithfully than her ever devoted

F. BURNEY.

My love and duty to my master : and love, without the duty, to Miss Thrale ; and my best compliments to Miss Owen.

We shall go to Chesington as soon as the trials are over and the town is quiet.

Miss F. Burney to Mrs. Thrale.

Saturday, July 8, 1780.

See but, dearest madam, my prompt obedience, by this brown and rough-edged mark of it. Your sweet letter I have but this moment received, so I think the quality use you very ill, or rather me, for I have made a wry face at the postman's knock, without a letter from Brighton, this day or two.

You give me nothing but good news about my master, and that delights me very sincerely ; but I can see that you are not quite comfortable yourself. Why have you this cold and headache ? Have you gone imprudently into the sea—I mean without taking counsel with nurse Tibson ? You know we long since settled, that whenever you were ill all your friends would impute it to bathing ; so this doubt will not surprise, though ten to one but it provokes you.

I have not seen Dr. Johnson since the day you left me, when he came hither, and met Mrs. Ord, Mr. Hoole, Mrs. Reynolds, Baretti, the Paradises, Pepys, Castles, Dr. Dunbar, and some

others ; and then he was in high spirits and good humour, talked all the talk, affronted nobody, and delighted everybody. I never saw him more sweet, nor better attended to by his audience. I have not been able to wait upon him since, nor, indeed, upon anybody, for we have not spent one evening alone since my return.

Pacchierotti left London yesterday morning. We all miss him much, myself particularly, because, for all Dr. Johnson, he is not only the first, most finished, and most delightful of singers, but an amiable, rational, and intelligent creature, who has given to himself a literary education, and who has not only a mind superior to his own profession, which he never names but with regret, in spite of the excellence to which he has risen, but he has also, I will venture to say, talents and an understanding that would have fitted him for almost any other, had they, instead of being crushed under every possible disadvantage, been encouraged and improved. Had you seen as much of him as I have done, I think, in defiance of prejudice, you would be of the same opinion.

I am quite disappointed with respect to Miss Owen. I had hoped she would have been more comfortable to you. Mr. Scrase, too !—indeed, your account of your society grieves me. Sickness, spleen, or folly seem to compose it ; and if you, who have so much facility in making new acquaintance, find them so insupportable, it is, I am sure, that they must be impenetrable blockheads !

Sir John Bounce's apology for not having signalised himself more gloriously in public life, made me laugh very heartily. Do you hear anything of my general, his case, or his monkey, or the lost calves of his legs ? As one of your true ancient swaggerers, Brighthelmstone seems to have a fair and natural right to him.

Mrs. Montagu has been in town. I heard this from Mrs. Ord, who had an appointment to meet her at her new house, and was invited to a *conversazione* with her at Mr. Pepys'.

I have no private intelligence to give about the rioters, or Lord George, save that I am informed he is certainly to be tried for high treason, not for a misdemeanour. Are you not rejoiced at the sequel of good news from America ?

The soldiers are drawn off gently, but daily, from all parts of the metropolis. The camps in the parks are, however, expected to remain all summer. Poor Captain Clerke is dead! I was willing to doubt it as long as possible, but it has been confirmed to my father by Lord Sandwich.

We have no consolation from Admiral Jem's promotion, for the first-lieutenant of the late Captain Cook's ship has succeeded to the command of Captain Clerke's. Is it not a melancholy circumstance that both the captains of this expedition should perish ere it is completed? Lord Sandwich told my father that the journal of Captain Cook is arrived, and now in the hands of the king, who has desired to have the first perusal of it. I am very impatient to know something of its contents. The ships are both expected almost daily. They have already been out a year longer than was intended. Mr. Jem has not written one line. Don't you think my master will allow him to be a man of sense, and take to him?

Adieu, my dearest madam! I hope I have used you ill enough, with regard to paper, to satisfy your desire, and convince you of the true affection of

Your faithful and much obliged

F. B.

My best respects to Mr. and Miss Thrale.

Miss F. Burney to Mrs. Thrale.

Nobody does write such sweet letters as my dear Mrs. Thrale, and I would sooner give up a month's allowance of meat, than my week's allowance of an epistle.

The report of the parliament's dissolution I hope is premature. I inquire of everybody I see about it, and always hear that it is expected now to last almost as long as it can last. Why, indeed, should government wish to dissolve it, when they meet with no opposition from it?

Since I wrote last I have drunk tea with Dr. Johnson. My father took me to Bolt-court, and we found him, most fortunately,

with only one brass-headed cane gentleman. Since that, I have had the pleasure to meet him again at Mrs. Reynolds's, when he offered to take me with him to Grub-street, to see the ruins of the house demolished there in the late riots, by a mob that, as he observed, could be no friend to the Muses! He inquired if I had ever yet visited Grub-street? but was obliged to restrain his anger when I answered "No," because he acknowledged he had never paid his respects to it himself. "However," says he, "you and I, Burney, will go together; we have a very good right to go, so we'll visit the mansions of our progenitors, and take up our own freedom together." There's for you, madam! What can be grander?

The loss of Timoleon is really terrible; yet, as it is an incident that will probably dwell no little time upon the author's mind, who knows but it may be productive of another tragedy, in which a dearth of story will not merely be no fault of his, but no misfortune?

I have no intelligence to give about the Dean of Coleraine, but that we are now in daily expectation of hearing of his arrival.

Yesterday I drank tea at Sir Joshua's, and met by accident with Mrs. Cholmondeley; I was very glad to find that her spirits are uninjured by her misfortunes; she was as gay, flighty, entertaining, and frisky as ever. Her *sposo* is not confined, as was said; he is only gone upon his travels: she seems to bear his absence with remarkable fortitude. After all, there is something in her very attractive; her conversation is so spirited, so humorous, so enlivening, that she does not suffer one's attention to rest, much less to flag, for hours together.

Sir Joshua told me he was now at work upon your pictures, touching them up for Streatham, and that he has already ordered the frames, and shall have them quite ready whenever the house is in order for them.

I also met at his house Mr. W. Burke, and young Burke, the orator's son, who is made much-ado about, but I saw not enough of him to know why.

We are all here very truly concerned for Mr. Chamier, who you know is a very great favourite among us. He is very ill,

and thinks himself in a decline. He is now at Bath, and writes my father word he has made up his mind, come what may.

Your good news of my master glads me, however, beyond what good news of almost any other man in the world could do. Pray give him my best respects, and beg him not to forget me so much as to look strange upon me when we next meet; if he does it won't be fair, for I feel that I shall look very kind upon him.

I fancy Miss Thrale is quite too difficult; why, bless me, by "something happening" I never meant to wait for a murder, nor a wedding, no, nor an invasion, nor an insurrection; any other bore will do as well. My father charges me to give you his kindest love, and not daintify his affection into respects or compliments.

Adieu, dearest madam, and from me accept not only love, and not only respects, but both, and gratitude, and warmest wishes, and constancy invariable into the bargain.

F. BURNEY.

I am very glad Mr. Tidy is so good. Thank him for me, and tell him I am glad he keeps my place open; and pray give Dr. Delap my compliments. Has he settled yet how he shall dress the candle snuffers the first night? I would by no means have the minutest directions omitted.

From Mrs. Thrale to Miss F. Burney.

Brighthelmstone, Wednesday, July 19, 1780.

And so my letters please you, do they, my sweet Burney? I know yours are the most entertaining things that cross me in the course of the whole week; and a miserable praise too, if you could figure to yourself my most dull companions. I write now from Bowen's shop, where he has been settled about three days I think; and here comes in one man hopping, and asks for "Russell on Sea-water"—another tripping, and begs to have the last new novel sent him home to-night; one lady tumbles the ballads about, and fingers the harpsichord which stands here at every blockhead's mercy; and another looks over the Lilliputian library, and purchases Polly Sugarcake for her long-legged missey.

My master is gone out riding, and we are to drink tea with Lady Rothés ; after which the Steyne hours begin, and we cluster round Thomas's shop, and contend for the attention of Lord John Clinton, a man who could, I think, be of consequence in no other place upon earth, though a very well-informed and modest-mannered boy. Dr. Pepys is resolutely and profoundly silent : and Lady Shelley, having heard wits commended, has taken up a new character, and says not only the severest but the cruellest things you ever heard in your life. Here is a Mrs. K——, too, sister to the Duchess of M——, who is very uncompanionable indeed, and talks of *Tumbridge*. These, however, are literally all the people we ever speak to—oh yes, the Drummonds—but they are scarce blest with utterance.

Mr. Scrase mends, and I spent an hour with him to-day. Now have I fairly done with Brighthelmstone, and will congratulate myself on being quite of your advice—as *Pacchierotti* would call it—concerning Burke the minor, whom I once met and could make nothing of.

Poor Mr. Chamier ! and poor Dr. Burney, too ! The loss of real friends after a certain time of life is a terrible thing, let Dr. Johnson say what he will. Those who are first called do not get first home. I remember Chamier lamenting for Mr. Thrale, who will now, I verily think, live to see many of those go before him who expected to stay long after. He will not surely look strange upon you, for he is glad to see your letters ; though he does not sigh over them so dismally as he did yesterday, over one he saw I had directed to Chid.

Lord George Gordon is to be liberated upon bail, his quality brethren tell me. This is, I think, contrary to the general disposition of the people, who appear to wish his punishment. But the thunder-cloud always moves against the wind, you know.

The going to Grub-street would have been a pretty exploit. Are you continuing to qualify yourself for an inhabitant ?

Sweet Mrs. Cholmondeley ! I am glad she can frolic and frisk so :—the time will come too soon that will, as *Grumio* expresses it, “ tame man, woman, and beast,”—and thyself, fellow Curtis.

The players this year are rather better than the last ; but the theatre is no bigger than a band-box, which is a proper precaution, I think, as here are not folks to fill even that. The shops are almost all shut still, and a dearth of money complained of that is lamentable ; but we have taken some Spanish ships, it seems, and La Vera Cruz besides.

Adieu,—and divide my truest kindness among all the dear Newtonians,* and keep yourself a large share. You are in no danger of invaders from the sea-coast. Susan and Sophy bathe and grow, and riot me out of my senses. I am ever, my dear girl, most faithfully yours,

H. L. T.

Miss F. Burney to Mrs. Thrale.

August 16.

I return you my most hearty thanks, my dear madam, for your last most comfortable tidings, which, as they have removed all my fears, shall, for the present, banish their subject. I will never be melancholic, even though it were recommended to be lady as well as “gentleman-like,” but when perforce I cannot help it ; for in good truth that method of varying the mode of existence offers itself with so kind a readiness of its own accord, that a very little patience, and a very little feeling, will bring in supplies, fresh and fresh, of that sort of food, which, with a very moderate economy of anxiety, will lay by for croaking moments stores inexhaustible. Indeed, though I have so often heard lamentations of the scarcity of every other commodity, useful or ornamental, intellectual or sensual, I never once, even from the most greedy devourer of sadness, have heard the remotest hint that *de quoi manger* was in danger of being wanted for the gluttons of evil and misery ; for though eating but makes their appetite the stronger, their materials are as little diminished by voracity as their hunger.

Well—*mal à propos* to all this,—Dr. Johnson, who expects

* Alluding to the house of Sir Isaac Newton, in St. Martin's-street, in which Dr. Burney was at this time residing.

nothing but what is good, and swallows nothing but what he likes, has delighted me with another volume of his "Lives,"—that which contains Blackmore, Congreve, &c., which he tells me you have had. O what a writer he is! what instruction, spirit, intelligence, and vigour in almost every paragraph! Addison I think equal to any in the former batch; but he is rather too hard upon Prior, and makes Gay, I think, too insignificant. Some of the little poems of Prior seem to me as charming as any little poems can be; and Gay's pastorals I had hoped to have seen praised more liberally.

At length I have seen the S. S. She has been again in town, and was so good as to make us a very long visit. She looked as beautiful as an angel, though rather pale, but was in very high spirits, and I thought her more attractive and engaging than ever. So I believe did my father.—Ah! "littel cunning woman," if you were to put your wicked scheme in practice, I see how it would take.

We are to go to Chesington next week; so I suppose there we shall be when you quit Brighton. If so, pray tell my dear master I insist upon his keeping his promise of coming thither; if not, I won't hold myself in readiness to go to Italy—no, not if Farinelli were in his prime. But do come, dearest madam, and do make him: you know he always does as you bid him, so you have but to issue your commands. 'Tis a charming thing to keep a husband in such order. A thousand loves from all here, but mostly, being spokeswoman, I have a right to say that,

From yours,

F. B.

Miss F. Burney to Mrs. Thrale.

Chesington, August 24th.

Here at length we are—arrived just in time to witness poor Daddy Crisp's misery upon receiving intelligence of our late very dreadful loss. Good heaven, what a terrible blow! our prophet here, who, however, is always a croaking prophet, foretells nothing but utter destruction for its inevitable consequence. You, dearest,

madam, who are as croaking a prophetess, what say you? must Jamaica, must all the West Indies be lost? or have you some words of comfort to give us?

Baretti met Mr. Greville and Mr. Sastris at our house the evening before we left town, and assured us peremptorily, and with furious vehemence, that the war would be finished in another year, and France, Spain, and America, would make what terms we pleased! Perhaps, as he found everybody else foreboding ill, he thought it something for the benefit of mankind to forebode good: but you would have laughed to have seen the little respect he paid to the opposition and opinions of the great Mr. Greville, the arrogance with which he "downed" whatever he advanced, and the fury with which he answered him when contradicted in his assertions. I really expected every moment to hear him exclaim, "It is that you are an impenetrable block-head;"—and I could not get out of my head the rage with which Mr. Greville would have heard such a compliment. As it was, the astonishment that seized him when he saw the violence and contempt of Baretti was sufficiently comical; he had never before spoken a word to him, though he had accidentally met with him, and I fancy expected, by his tonish grandeur, to have instantly silenced and intimidated him: but when he found Baretti stout, and that the more he resisted, the more he bullied him, he could only stare, and look around at us all, with an expression that said, "Am I awake?"

We had one very pleasant day last week with our dear Dr. Johnson, who dined with us, and met Mr. Barry, Dr. Dunbar, and Dr. Gillies, and afterwards Mr. Crofts, the famous book-collector, Mr. Sastris, Mrs. Reynolds, Mr. Devaynes, and Baretti, and altogether we made it out very well. But Dr. Johnson took the same dislike to poor Dr. Gillies that you did. What he can have done to you both I cannot imagine, for everybody else likes him mightily. I had a good mind to have asked Miss Reynolds to conjecture the reason of your aversion, for that would have been a happy subject for her to have pondered upon. Dr. Johnson was very sweet and very delightful indeed; I think he grows more and more so, or at least, I grow more and more fond

of him. I really believe Mr. Barry found him almost as amusing as a fit of the toothache!

Don't fear my opening my lips, my dear madam, about your letters; I never read but scraps and chosen morsels to anybody,—and I hope you do the same by me; for though what I have to say is not of equal consequence, my flippancies, which I rather indulge than curb to you, might do me mischief should they run about. I have not seen Piozzi: he left me your letter, which indeed is a charming one, though its contents puzzled me much whether to make me sad or merry. Who is your dwarf?—Your fan gentleman is after my own heart. I am glad you find comfort in Dr. Delap. I beg my best compliments to him,—and to my master and missey,—and believe me ever and most faithfully yours,

F. B.

My father's best love to you, and my daddy's respects.

Journal resumed.

STREATHAM, MONDAY, DECEMBER 6.—As I am now well enough to employ myself my own way, though not to go downstairs, I will take this first opportunity I have had since my return hither, to write again to my dearest Susan.

Your letters, my love, have been more than usually welcome to me of late; their contents have been very entertaining and satisfactory, and their arrival has been particularly seasonable; not on account of my illness—that alone never yet lowered my spirits as they are now lowered, because I knew I must ere long, in all probability, be again well; but O Susy! I am—I have been—and I fear must always be, alarmed indeed for Mr. Thrale; and the more I see and know him, the more alarmed, because the more I love and dread to lose him.

I am not much in cue for journalising; but I am yet less inclined for anything else. As writing to my own Susy commonly lightens my heart, so I'll e'en set about recollecting the good as well as bad that has passed since I wrote last; for else I were too selfish.

I cannot remember where I left off;—but to go back to the

last few days we spent at Brighthelmstone—I must tell you that on the last Friday—but I cannot recollect anecdotes, nor write them if I did; and so I will only draw up an exit for the characters to which I had endeavoured to introduce you.

Lady Hesketh made us a very long, sociable, and friendly visit before our departure, in which she appeared to much advantage, with respect to conversation, abilities, and good breeding. I saw that she became quite enchanted with Mrs. Thrale, and she made me talk away with her very copiously, by looking at me, in a former visit, when she was remarking that nothing was so formidable as to be in company with silent observers; whereupon I gathered courage, and boldly entered the lists; and her ladyship has inquired my direction of Mrs. Thrale, and told her that the acquaintance should not drop at Brighton, for she was determined to wait upon me in town.

We saw, latterly, a great deal of the H——s. The Colonel—for he has given up his majorship in the militia, and is raising a company for himself—appeared to us just as before—sensible, good-humoured, and pleasant; and just as before also his lady—tittle-tattling, monotonous, and tiresome.

Lady Shelley was as civil to me as Lady Hesketh. Indeed, I have good reason to like Sussex. As my cold prevented my waiting upon her with Mrs. Thrale, to take leave, she was so good as to come to me. I am rather sorry she never comes to town, for she is a sweet woman, and very handsome.

Dr. Delap was with us till the Friday night preceding our departure; he has asked me, in his unaccountable way, “If I will make him a dish of tea in St. Martin’s Street?”

We had also made an acquaintance with a Miss Stow, that I have never had time to mention: a little girl she is, just seven years old, and plays on the harpsichord so well, that she made me very fond of her. She lived with a mother and aunt, neither of whom I liked; but she expressed so much desire to see Dr. Burney, and is so clever, and forward, and ingenious a child, that I could not forbear giving her my direction in town, which she received very gladly, and will, I am sure, find me out as soon as she leaves Brighton.

Miss Thrale and I went together, also, to Miss Byron; but she was invisible with this influenza:—the mother, however, admitted us, and spent almost the whole two hours she kept us in exhorting me most kindly to visit her, and promising to introduce me to the Admiral—which I find is a great thing, as he always avoids seeing any of her female friends, even Mrs. Thrale, from some odd peculiarity of disposition.

On Monday, at our last dinner, we had Mr. Tidy, Mr. B——, and Mr. Selwyn; and in the evening came Mrs. Byron.

Mr. Tidy I liked better and better; he reminded me of Mr. Crisp; he has not so good a face, but it is that sort of face, and his laugh is the very same: for it first puts every feature in comical motion, and then fairly shakes his whole frame, so that there are tokens of thorough enjoyment from head to foot. He and I should have been very good friends, I am sure, if we had seen much of each other;—as it was, we were both upon the watch, drolly enough.

Mr. B——, though, till very lately, I have almost lived upon him, I shall not bore you with more than naming; for I find you make no defence to my hint of having given you too much of him, and I am at least glad you are so sincere.

And now, my dear Susy, to tragedy—for all I have yet writ is farce to what I must now add; but I will be brief, for your sake as well as my own.

Poor Mr. Thrale had had this vile influenza for two days before we set out; but then seemed better. We got on to Crawley all well: he then ordered two of the servants to go on to Reigate and prepare dinner: meantime he suffered dreadfully from the coldness of the weather; he shook from head to foot, and his teeth chattered aloud very frightfully. When we got again into the coach, by degrees he grew warm and tolerably comfortable; but when we stopped at Reigate his speech grew inarticulate, and he said one word for another. I hoped it was accident, and Mrs. Thrale, by some strange infatuation, thought he was joking—but Miss Thrale saw how it was from the first.

By very cruel ill-luck, too tedious to relate, his precaution proved useless; for we had not only no dinner ready, but no

fire, and were shown into a large and comfortless room. The town is filled with militia. Here the cold returned dreadfully—and here, in short, it was but too plain to all, his faculties were lost by it. Poor Mrs. Thrale worked like a servant; she lighted the fire with her own hands—took the bellows, and made such a one as might have roasted an ox in ten minutes. But I will not dwell on particulars:—after dinner Mr. Thrale grew better; and for the rest of our journey was sleepy and mostly silent.

It was late in the night when we got to Streatham. Mrs. Thrale consulted me what to do:—I was for a physician immediately; but Miss Thrale opposed that, thinking it would do harm to alarm her father by such a step. However, Mrs. Thrale ordered the butler to set off by six the next morning for Dr. Heberden and Mr. Seward.

The next morning, however, he was greatly better, and when they arrived he was very angry; but I am sure it was right. Dr. Heberden ordered nothing but cupping. Mr. Seward was very good and friendly, and spent five days here, during all which Mr. Thrale grew better. Dr. Johnson, you know, came with my dear father the Thursday after our return.

You cannot, I think, have been surprised that I gave up my plan of going to town immediately: indeed, I had no heart to leave either Mr. Thrale in a state so precarious, or his dear wife in an agitation of mind hardly short of a fever.

Things now went on tolerably smooth, and Miss Thrale and I renewed our Latin exercises with Dr. Johnson, and with great *éclat* of praise. At another time I could have written much of him and of Mr. Seward, for many very good conversations past; but now I have almost forgot all about them.

The Tuesday following I received your kind letter, and instances to return on Thursday with my father,—but I determined to take no measures either way till I saw how matters went at the last.

The next day I was far from well, as my dear father must have told you,—and I got worse and worse, and I could not go down to dinner; but in the evening, being rather better, I just popped down to play one rubber with dear Mr. Thrale, whose

health I have truly at heart, and who is only to be kept from a heavy and profound sleep by cards : and then I was glad to come back ; being again worse :—but let me add, I had insisted on performing this feat.

I had a miserable night, I kept my bed all day, and my ever sweet Mrs. Thrale nursed me most tenderly, letting me take nothing but from herself.

I will say no more about the illness, but that it was short, though rather violent. On Saturday as I got into Mrs. Thrale's dressing-room to dinner, Dr. Johnson visited me. On Sunday, Mr. Murphy came to dinner ; and in the evening begged that he might be admitted to ask me how I did. I was rather bundled up, to be sure, with cloaks, &c., but could not well refuse ; so he and Mr. Thrale, lady and daughter, all came together.

He appeared in high flash ; took my hand, and insisted on kissing it ; and then he entered into a mighty gay, lively, droll, and agreeable conversation,—running on in flighty compliments, highly seasoned with wit, till he diverted and put us all into spirits. But Mrs. Thrale, who was fearful I should be fatigued, found no little difficulty to get him away ; he vowed he would not go,—said she might, and all of them, but for his part he desired not to budge,—and, at last, when by repeated remonstrances he was made retreat, he vowed he would come again.

As soon as their tea was over below stairs, Dr. Johnson came to make me a visit, and while he was with me, I heard Mr. Murphy's step about the adjoining rooms, not knowing well his way ; and soon after in he bolted, crying out, " They would fain have stopped me, but here I am !"

However, I have no time to write what passed, except that he vowed when he came next he would read the rest of my play. However, I shall bring it with me to town, and hide it.

The next day, Monday, he left us ; and Lady Ladd came. She sat upstairs with me the whole morning, and she has been saying such shocking things of her apprehensions for my dear Mr. Thrale, that they have quite overset me, being already weaker by the fever : and just now, unluckily, Mrs. Thrale came in suddenly, and found me in so low-spirited a situation that she

insisted on knowing the cause. I could not tell her, but hinted that Lady L., who was just gone down, had been talking dismally, and she immediately concluded it was concerning Sir John. I am sure she wondered at my prodigious susceptibility, as she well might; but I preferred passing for half an idiot to telling her what I cannot even tell you of Lady L.'s shocking and terrifying speeches.

Miss F. Burney to Dr. Burney.

Streatham, Saturday Morning, Two o'clock.

MY DEAREST SIR,

We have this moment finished "The Critic."* I have been extremely well entertained with it indeed. The first act seems as full of wit, satire, and spirit as it is of lines. For the rest, I have not sufficiently attended to the plays of these degenerate days to half enjoy or understand the censure or ridicule meant to be lavished on them. However, I could take in enough to be greatly diverted at the flighty absurdities, so well, though so severely, pointed out.

Our dear master came home to-day quite as well as you saw him yesterday. He is in good spirits and good humour, but I think he looks sadly. So does our Mrs. T., who agitates herself into an almost perpetual fever.

Adieu, my dearest sir: a thousand thanks for this treat. Dr. Johnson is very gay and sociable and comfortable, and quite as kind to me as ever; and he says, the Bodleian librarian has but done his duty,† and that when he goes to Oxford, he will write my name in the books, and my age when I writ them, and sign the whole with his own; "and then," he says, "the world may know that we—

'So mixed our studies, and so joined our fame,'
for we shall go down hand in hand to posterity!"

* Sheridan's "Critic," printed at this time, but unpublished.

† The Bodleian librarian had placed "Evelina" in his noble library, to the author's astonished delight.—*Note by F. B.*

Mrs. T. sends her best love. I don't know when I can leave her, but not, unless you desire it, till Mr. T. seems better established in health, or till Mrs. Davenant can come hither.

Mr. Seward is now here. Once more, dearest sir, good night—says

Your dutiful and most affectionate,

F. B.

Miss F. Burney to Mrs. Thrale.

Chesington, Nov. 4.

I never managed matters so adroitly before. Here I am already. My brother most good naturedly offered to convoy me immediately; my father consented; and the murmuring of the rest, though "more comfortable to me than the buzzing of hornets and wasps," was yet of no avail to retard me. I was sorry indeed to leave them all so soon, but as my six weeks here were destined and promised, it is better to have them over before I pretend to be settled at home—at either home, may I say?

As I spent only one day in town, I gave it wholly to my sisters, and they to me; and in the morning we had by chance such a meeting as we have not had before for very many years. My two brothers, Susan, and Charlotte, and myself, were of course at home, and Hetty accidentally coming to town, called in while we were all at breakfast. I ran upstairs and dragged my father down out of the study, to see once more all together his original progeny, and when he came, he called out, "Offspring! can you dance?"

We were soon, however, again dispersed; but the evening also was concluded with equal demonstrations of joy. My mother happened to be engaged to the Kirwans, and Charles, Susan, Charlotte and I were not very dolefully drinking our tea, when the parlour door was opened, and in entered Pacchierotti, who stayed all the evening. Again we flew to the study, and again hauled down my father, and I believe I need hardly tell you the time hung not very heavily upon our hands.

Pacchierotti inquired very much after "my so great favourite

Mrs. Thrale.” He is much more embarrassed in speaking English than he was, but understands it more readily and perfectly than ever. He sung to us one air from Ezio, and his voice is more clear and sweet than I ever heard it before. I made but little inquiry about the opera, as I was running away from it, and wanted not to be tempted to stay. My father invited him in your name to Streatham, but I charged him by no means to go in my absence. Little Bertoni was with him.

I had no other adventure in London, but a most delightful incident has happened since I came hither. We had just done tea on Friday, and Mrs. Hamilton, Kitty, Jem, and Mr. Crisp, were sitting down to cards, when we were surprised by an express from London, and it brought a “Whereas we think fit” from the Admiralty, to appoint Captain Burney to the command of the *Latona*, during the absence of the Honourable Captain Conway, This is one of the best frigates in the navy, of thirty-eight guns. and immediately, I believe, ready for service. Jem was almost frantic with ecstasy of joy; he sang, laughed, drank to his own success, and danced about the room with Miss Kitty till he put her quite out of breath. His hope is to get out immediately, and have a brush with some of the Dons, Monsieurs, or Mynheers, while he is in possession of a ship of sufficient force to attack any frigate he may meet.

Adieu, dearest madam. I know you will approve my manœuvre in so quickly getting here, because so much the sooner again at Streatham you will see your

F. B.

This moment enters our parson with your letter. How kind of you to write even before you received my scrawl from St. Martin’s-street! We had heard nothing of any earthquake when I came away. Have you heard from Lyons?

Miss F. Burney to Mrs. Thrale.

St. Martin’s-street, Dec. 14.

Three days only have I left dear Streatham, and I feel as if I had neither seen nor heard of it as many months. Gratify

me, dearest madam, with a few lines to tell me how you all do, for I am half uneasy, and quite impatient for intelligence. Does the card system flourish?—Does Dr. Johnson continue gay and good humoured, and “valuing nobody” in a morning?—Is Miss Thrale steady in asserting that all will do perfectly well?—But most I wish to hear whether our dear master is any better in spirit?—And whether my sweet Dottoressa perseveres in supporting and exerting her own?

I never returned to my own home so little merrily disposed as this last time. When I parted with my master, I wished much to have thanked him for all the kindness he has so constantly shown me, but I found myself too grave for the purpose; however, I meant, when I parted with you, to make myself amends by making a speech long enough for both; but then I was yet less able; and thus it is that some or other cross accident for ever frustrates my rhetorical designs.

Adieu, my dearest madam. Pray give my affectionate respects to Mr. Thrale and Dr. Johnson, my love to Miss Thrale, and compliments to your doves,—and pray believe me,

Ever and ever, F. B.

Mrs. Thrale to Miss F. Burney.

Streatham, Dec. 22, 1780.

My lovely Burney will believe that I have lost the use of my fingers, or that I never employ them in writing to her but when they are shaking with agony. The truth is, all goes well, and so I quiet my mind and quarrel with my maids—for one must have something to do.

Now I have picked up something to please you; Dr. Johnson pronounced an actual eulogium upon Captain Burney, to his yesterday's listeners—how amiable he was, and how gentle in his manner, &c., though he had lived so many years with sailors and savages.

This I know is a good thing; the only bad part is, that my good word will now be of less importance to him, and I had a great mind to court him out of a share of his good opinion and kindness: but I'll try at it yet whenever I come to town.

Dr. Burney brought my master a nice companion t'other morning; he was quite happy, and applauded her schemes of education—just like a man who never heard how the former ones succeeded. I thought like old Croaker—heaven send us all the better for them this time three years!

What a noodle I was to get no franks for Chesington! and now all the members are dispersed over the globe, till the hanging Lord George Gordon shall call them together again: he is to be hanged sure enough.

Sir R. Jebb is leaving us, just in the manner of a hen who is quitting her chickens—he leave us by degrees, and makes long intervals now, short visits, &c. Dear creature, how I adore him! and what praises have I coaxed Mrs. Montagu out of to please him. He'll value those more than mine—a rogue!

The Parkers were here yesterday, and sat whole hours, and told all their terrors in the riot season, &c., besides an adventure of a trunk cut from behind a post-chaise, which lasted——Oh, I thought I should have died no other death than that trunk would have given me.

I suppose you gather from all this that Mr. Thrale dines below, plays at cards, &c., for so he does, and makes all the haste to be well that mortal man can make.

Tell Mr. Crisp that your friend is a whimsical animal enough, but that she loves her friends and her friends' friends, and him of course: and tell the Captain that I had a lady here last Saturday, and could think of nothing for chat so well as the discoveries in the South Seas, and his kindness in giving Hester some rarities from thence, which she produced—that the lady made the following reflection on what she saw and heard—“Why, madam,” said she, “I have been thinking all this while how happy a thing it is that when some parts of the world wear out and go to decay, Captain Burney should find out new ones to supply their places, and serve instead.” All this with perfect innocence of all meaning whatsoever.

Adieu, dearest, loveliest Burney! Write to me kindly, think of me partially, come to me willingly, and dream of me if you will; for I am, as you well know,

Ever yours,

H. L. T.

CHAPTER X.

1781.

Correspondence between Miss Burney and Mrs. Thrale—Good Things—Mr. Crisp—The War—Admiral Byron—Origin of our Affections—Merlin—His Mill to Grind Old Ladies Young—Dr. Johnson—Bartolozzi—An Owyhee Dress—Conversazione—Characters—Mrs. Montagu—Dinner at Mrs. Thrale's—Lord Sheffield—Lord John Clinton—Two Beauties and a Fright—Mrs. Carter—Webber's South Sea Drawings—Curious Fans—The Duchess of Devonshire—Sir Joshua Reynolds—A Dinner Party—A Character—Sudden Death of Mr. Thrale—Correspondence between Mr. Crisp and Miss Burney—The Three Warnings—Diary Resumed—Visitors—A Dinner Party—Sale of Mr. Thrale's Brewery—Mr. Barclay, the Rich Quaker—Dr. Johnson—Newspaper Scandal—A Poor Artist—An Odd Adventure—Anecdote of Dr. Johnson—Sitting for One's Portrait—Visit to Streatham—A Subject for Harry Bunbury—The Wits at War—Johnson's "Life of Lord Lyttelton"—Singular Scene—Johnson in a Savage Fit—A Peace-maker—Merlin the Mechanician.

Mrs. Thrale to Miss F. Burney.

Streatham, Saturday.

MY DEAR MISS BURNEY,

And so here comes your sweet letter. And so I pleased Mr. Crisp, did I? and yet he never heard, it seems, the only good things I said, which were very earnest, and very honest, and very pressing invitations to him to see Streatham nearer than through the telescope. Now, that he did *not* hear all this was your fault, mademoiselle; for you told me that Mr. Crisp was old, and Mr. Crisp was infirm; and, if I had found those things so, I should have spoken louder, and concluded him to be deaf: but, finding him very amiable, and very elegant, and very

polite to *me*, and very unlike an old man, I never thought about his being deaf; and, perhaps, was a little coquettish too, in my manner of making the invitation. I now repeat it, however, and give it under my hand, that I should consider such a visit as a very, very great honour, and so would Mr. Thrale.

And now for dismal!

I have been seriously ill ever since I saw you. Mrs. Burney has been to me a kind and useful friend,—has suffered me to keep her here all this time—is here still—would not go to Sir Joshua's, though she was asked, because I could not; and has been as obliging, and as attentive, and as good to me as possible. Dick is happy, and rides out with my master, and his mamma and I look at them out of the dressing-room window. So much for self.

In the midst of my own misery I felt for my dear Mrs. Byron's; but Chamier has relieved that anxiety by assurances that the Admiral behaved quite exceptionably, and that, as to *honour* in the West Indies, all goes well. The Grenadas are a heavy loss indeed, nor is it supposed possible for Byron to protect Barbadoes and Antigua. Barrington has acted a noble part; he and Count d'Estaing remind one of the heroic contentions of distant times. The *Lyon*, on our side, commanded by a Welshman, and the *Languedoc*, on the side of the French, fought with surprising fury, and lost a great number of men; it was a glorious day, though on our side unfortunate.

D'Orvilliers has left our Channel after only cutting a few ships out of Torbay, and chasing Sir Charles to Spithead. Many suppose the home campaign quite over for this year.

I have had very kind letters from Dr. Delap. I love the Sussex people somehow, and they are a mighty silly race too. But 'tis never for their wisdom that one loves the wisest, or for their wit that one loves the wittiest; 'tis for benevolence, and virtue, and honest fondness, one loves people; the other qualities make one proud of loving them too.

Dear, sweet, kind Burney, adieu; whether sick or sorry, ever yours,

H. L. T.

Mrs. Thrale to Miss F. Burney.

Streatham, Thursday, 4th January.

Don't I pick up franks prettily? I sent a hundred miles for this, and the churl enclosed but one—"certain that Miss Burney could not live long enough away from me to need two." Ah, cruel Miss Burney! she will never come again, I think.

Well! but I did see Philips written in that young man's honest face, though nobody pronounced the word; and I boldly bid him "*Good morrow, Captain,*" at the door, trusting to my own instinct when I came away. Your sweet father, however, this day trusted me with the whole secret, and from my heart do I wish every comfort and joy from the match.

'Tis now high time to tell you that the pictures are come home, all but *mine*,—which my master don't like. He has *ordered* your father to sit to-morrow, in his peremptory way; and I shall have the dear Doctor every morning at breakfast. I took ridiculous pains to tutor him to-day, and to insist, in *my* peremptory way, on his forbearing to write or read late this evening, that my picture might not have blood-shot eyes.

Merlin has been here to tune the fortepianos. He told Mrs. Davenant and me that he had thoughts of inventing a particular mill to grind old ladies young, as he was so prodigiously fond of their company. I suppose he thought we should bring *grist*. Was that the way to put people in *tune*? I asked him.

Doctor Burney says your letters and mine are alike, and that it comes by writing so incessantly to each other. I feel proud and pleased, and find I shall slip pretty readily into the Susan-ruccia's place, when she goes to settle on her 700*l.* a-year; of which God give her joy seven hundred times over, dear creature! I never knew how it was to love an *incognita* but Susan Burney: my personal acquaintance with her is actually nothing—is it? and yet we always seem to understand one another.

H. L. T.

Mrs. Thrale to Miss F. Burney.

Streatham, Thursday, 11th.

I never was so glad of a letter from you before: the dear

Doctor had been in the room just half-an-hour, and had frightened me with an account of your fever. Thank God there is no harm come to my sweet little friend; her spirits and her affection are as strong as ever, for all Dr. Johnson,—who says nobody loves each other much when they have been parted long. How well do you know him, and me, and all of us,—and talk of *my* penetration!

Your father sits for his picture in the Doctor of music's gown; and Bartolozzi makes an engraving from it to place at the head of the book. Sir Joshua delights in the portrait, and says 'twill be the best among them. I hope it will; and by this time, perhaps, you may have begun thinking of the *miniature* too; but it is not touched yet, I assure you. Sweet Susannuccia! I *will* slide into her place; I shall get more of your company, too, and more—is there any more to be had?—of your confidence. Yes, yes, there is a little, to be sure; but dear Mrs. Thrale shall have it all now. Oh, 'tis an excellent match! and he has 700*l.* a-year—that is, he *will* have: it is entailed, and irrevocable.

I send this by your father, who will put it in the post; not a frank to-day for love or money. I did not intend to have written so soon. He and I shall meet at St. James's this day se'nnight. The Owyhee* is to be trimmed with grebeskins and gold to the tune of 65*l.*—the trimming only. What would I give to show it to you!—or show you anything, for that matter, that would *show* how affectionately I am yours!

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Dr. Burney says you carry bird-line in' your brains, for everything that lights there sticks. I think you carry it in your heart, and that mine sticks very close to it. So adieu!

H. L. T.

Mrs. Thrale to Miss Burney.

Grosvenor-square, Tuesday, Feb. 6, 1781.

This moment Dick Burney tells me how ill you are. My

* Mrs. Thrale had a court dress woven at Spitalfields, from a pattern of Owyhee manufacture, brought thence by Captain Burney.

dear, how shall I keep from stepping into a post-chaise, and sousing through Gascoyne Lane to look after you? Complicated as my engagements are, between business and flash, I shall certainly serve you so, if you do not make haste and be well.

Yesterday I had a conversazione. Mrs. Montagu was brilliant in diamonds, solid in judgment, critical in talk. Sophy smiled, Piozzi sung, Pepys panted with admiration, Johnson was good-humoured, Lord John Clinton attentive, Dr. Bowdler lame, and my master not asleep. Mrs. Ord looked elegant, Lady Rothes dainty, Mrs. Davenant dapper, and Sir Philip's curls were all blown about by the wind. Mrs. Byron rejoices that her Admiral and I agree so well; the way to his heart is connoisseurship it seems, and for a back-ground and contorno, who comes up to Mrs. Thrale, you know.

Captain Fuller flashes away among us. How that boy loves rough merriment! the people all seem to keep out of his way for fear.

Aunt Cotton died firmly persuaded that Mrs. Davenant was a natural, and that I wrote her letters for her—how odd!

Many people said she was the prettiest woman in the room last night,—and that is as odd; Augusta Byron, and Sophy Streatfield, and Mrs. Hinchliffe, being present.

Mrs. Montagu talked to me about you for an hour t'other day, and said she was amazed that so delicate a girl could write so boisterous a book.

Loveliest Burney, be as well as ever you can, pray do. When you are with me, I think I love you from habit; when you are from me, I fancy distance endears you: be that as it may, your own father can alone love you better, or wish you better, or desire the sight of you more sincerely, than does your

H. L. T.

Dr. Johnson is very good and very *clubbable*, but Sir R. Jebb is quite a scourge to me. Who now would believe that I cannot make a friend of that man, but am forced to fly to Dr. Pepys for comfort? He is so haughty, so impracticable a creature; and yet I esteem and honour him, though I cannot make him feel anything towards me but desire of *downing*, &c.

Miss Burney to Mrs. Thrale.

Chesington, February 8th, 1781.

This moment have two sweet and most kind letters from my best-loved Mrs. Thrale made amends for no little anxiety which her fancied silence had given me. I know not what is now come to this post; but there is nothing I can bear with so little patience as being tricked out of any of your letters. They do, indeed, give me more delight than I can express; they seem to me the perfection of epistolary writing; for, in Dr. Johnson's phrase, all that is not kindness is wit, and all that is not wit is kindness.

What you tell me of Mrs. Montagu and Mrs. Carter gives me real concern; it is a sort of general disgrace to us; but, as you say, it shall have nothing to do with you and I. Mrs. Montagu, as we have often agreed, is a character rather to respect than love, for she has not that *don d'aimer* by which alone love can be made fond or faithful; and many as are the causes by which respect may be lessened, there are very few by which it can be afterwards restored to its first dignity. But where there is real affection, the case is exactly reversed; few things can weaken, and every trifle can revive it.

Yet not for forty years, in this life at least, shall we continue to love each other; I am very sure I, for one, shall never last half that time. If you saw but how much the illness of a week has lowered and injured me, considering in what perfect health I came hither, you would be half astonished; and that in spite of the utmost care and attention from every part of this kind family. I have just, with great difficulty, escaped a relapse, from an unfortunate fresh cold with which I am at this time struggling. Long last you, dearest madam!—I am sure in the whole world I know not such another.

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I think I shall always hate this book* which has kept me so

* "Cecilia," which Miss Burney had been long employed in writing, and which made its appearance shortly afterwards.—ED.

long away from you, as much as I shall always love "Evelina," who first *comfortably* introduced me to you; an event which I may truly say opened a new, and, I hope, an exhaustless source of happiness to your most gratefully affectionate

F. B.

Journal Resumed.

(Addressed to Mr. Crisp.)

MARCH 23rd, 1781.—I have very narrowly escaped a return of the same vile and irksome fever which with such difficulty has been conquered, and that all from vexation. Last week I went to dinner in Grosvenor Square. I ran upstairs, as usual, into Mrs. Thrale's dressing-room, and she there acquainted me that Mr. Thrale had resolved upon going abroad: *first* to Spa, next to Italy, and then whither his fancy led him! that Dr. Johnson was to accompany them, but that, as their journey was without limit either of time or place, as Mr. Thrale's ill state of health and strange state of mind would make it both melancholy and alarming, she could not in conscience think of taking *me* from my own friends and country without knowing either whither, or for what length of time. She would write to me, however, every post; leave me the keys of all she left of any value, and, in case of any evil to herself, make me her executrix!

Oh, what words! and what a scheme! I was so infinitely shocked, surprised, and grieved, that I was forced to run away from her, and insist upon hearing no more; neither could I sufficiently recover even to appear at dinner, as Dr. Johnson, Mr. Seward, and Mr. Ingram, were of the party; I was obliged, therefore, to shut myself up all the afternoon.

You will not, I am sure, wonder that I should be utterly disconcerted and afflicted by a plan so wild in itself, and so grievous to me. I was, indeed, hardly able to support myself with any firmness all day; and, unfortunately, there was in the evening a great rout. I was then obliged to appear, and obliged to tell everybody I was but half recovered from my late indisposition.

The party was very large, and the company very brilliant. I

was soon encircled by acquaintances, and forced to seem as gay as my neighbours. My steady companions were Miss Coussmaker, Augusta Byron, Miss Ord, and Miss Thrale; and the *S. S.* never quits me.

I had a long conversation with the new Lord Sheffield; and, as I had never seen him since he was Colonel Holroyd, I was ridiculously enough embarrassed with his new title, blundering from *my lord* to *sir*, and from *sir* to *my lord*. He gave me a long account of his Coventry affairs, and of the commitment of the sheriffs to Newgate. He is a spirited and agreeable man, and, I doubt not, will make himself conspicuous in the right way. Lady Sheffield was also very civil; and, as she came second, I was better prepared, and therefore gave her ladyship her title with more readiness, which was lucky enough, for I believe she would much less have liked the omission.

Mrs. Thrale took much pains to point out her friend Lord John Clinton to me, and me to him: he is extremely ugly, but seems lively and amiable.

The greatest beauty in the room, except the *S. S.*, was Mrs. Gwynn, lately Miss Horneck; and the greatest fright was Lord Sandys.

I have time for nothing more about this evening, which, had not my mind been wholly and sadly occupied by other matters, would have been very agreeable to me.

The next day I again spent in Grosvenor Square, where nothing new had passed about this cruel journey. I then met a very small party, consisting only of Mrs. Price, who was a *Miss Evelyn*, Miss Benson, Dr. Johnson, and Mrs. Carter.

The latter, as there were so few folks, talked a good deal, and was far more sociable and easy than I had yet seen her. Her talk, too, though all upon books (for life and manners she is as ignorant of as a nun), was very unaffected and good-humoured, and I liked her exceedingly. Mrs. Price is a very sensible, shrewd, lofty, and hard-headed woman. Miss Benson not very unlike her.

TUESDAY.—I passed the whole day at Sir Joshua Reynolds's with Miss Palmer, who, in the morning, took me to see some

most beautiful fans, painted by Poggi, from designs of Sir Joshua, Angelica, West, and Cipriani, on leather: they are, indeed, more delightful than can well be imagined: one was bespoke by the Duchess of Devonshire, for a present to some woman of rank in France, that was to cost 30*l*.

We were accompanied by Mr. Eliot,* the knight of the shire for Cornwall, a most agreeable, lively, and very clever man.

We then went to Mr. Webber's, to see his South Sea drawings. Here we met Captain King, who chiefly did the honours in showing the curiosities and explaining them. He is one of the most natural, gay, honest, and pleasant characters I ever met with. We spent all the rest of the morning here, much to my satisfaction. The drawings are extremely well worth seeing; they consist of views of the country of Otaheite, New Zealand, New Amsterdam, Kamschatka, and parts of China; and portraits of the inhabitants done from the life.

When we returned to Leicester Fields we were heartily welcomed by Sir Joshua. Mr. Eliot stayed the whole day; and no other company came but Mr. Webber, who was invited to tea. Sir Joshua is fat and well. He is preparing for the Exhibition a new "Death of Dido;" portraits of the three beautiful Lady Waldegraves, Horatia, Laura, and Maria, all in one picture, and at work with the tambour; a Thais, for which a *Miss Emily*, a celebrated courtesan, sat, at the desire of the Hon. Charles Greville; and what others I know not: but his room and gallery are both crowded.

THURSDAY.—I spent the whole day again in Grosvenor Square, where there was a very gay party to dinner; Mr. Boswell, Dudley Long, Mr. Adair, Dr. Delap, Mr. B——, Dr. Johnson, and my father; and much could I write of what passed, if it were possible for me to get time. Mr. B—— was just as absurdly pompous as at Brighton; and, in the midst of dinner, without any sort of introduction, or reason, or motive, he called out aloud,—

"Sweet are the slumbers of the charming maid!"

* Afterwards the first Lord Eliot, and father of the Earl of St. Germans.

A laugh from all parties, as you may imagine, followed this exclamation ; and he bore it with amazing insensibility.

"What's all this laugh for?" cried Dr. Johnson, who had not heard the cause.

"Why, sir," answered Mrs. Thrale, when she was able to speak, "Mr. B—— just now called out,—nobody knows why,—‘Sweet are the slumbers of the virtuous maid!’"

"No, no, not *virtuous*," cried Mr. Boswell, "he said *charming*; he thought that better."

"Ay, sure, sir," cried Mr. B——, unmoved; "for why say *virtuous*?—can we doubt a fair female's virtue?—oh fie, oh fie! 'tis a superfluous epithet."

"But," cried Mrs. Thrale, "in the original it is the *virtuous man*; why do you make it a *maid* of the sudden, Mr. B——?"

"I was alarmed at first," cried Dr. Delap, "and thought he had caught Miss Burney *napping*; but when I looked at her, and saw her awake, I was at a loss, indeed, to find the reason of the change."

"Here, sir! my lad!" cried Mr. B—— to the servant; "why, my head's on fire! What! have you got never a screen? Why, I shall be what you may call a *hot-headed fellow*! I shall be a mere *rôti*!"

In the afternoon we were joined by Mr. Crutchley, Mr. Byron, and Mr. Selwyn; and then we had a thousand private conferences and consultations concerning the Spa journey.

I have been so often and so provokingly interrupted in writing this, that I must now finish it by *lumping* matters at once. Sir Richard Jebb and Dr. Pepys have both been consulted concerning this going abroad, and are both equally violent against it, as they think it even unwarrantable, in such a state of health as Mr. Thrale's; and, therefore, it is settled that a great meeting of his friends is to take place before he actually prepares for the journey, and they are to encircle him in a body, and endeavour, by representations and entreaties, to prevail with him to give it up; and I have little doubt myself but, amongst us, we shall be able to succeed.

*Miss F. Burney to Mrs. Thrale.**

Wednesday evening.

You bid me write to you, and so I will; you bid me pray for you, and so, indeed, I do, for the restoration of your sweet peace of mind. I pray for your resignation to this hard blow, for the continued union and exertion of your virtues with your talents, and for the happiest reward their exertion can meet with, in the gratitude and prosperity of your children. These are my prayers for my beloved Mrs. Thrale; but these are not my only ones; no, the unfailing warmth of her kindness for myself I have rarely, for a long time past, slept without first petitioning.

I ran away without seeing you again when I found you repented that sweet compliance with my request which I had won from you. For the world would I not have pursued you, had I first seen your prohibition, nor could I endure to owe that consent to teasing which I only solicited from tenderness. Still, however, I think you had better have suffered me to follow you; I might have been of some use; I hardly could have been in your way. But I grieve now to have forced you to an interview which I would have spared myself as well as you, had I foreseen how little it would have answered my purpose.

Yet though I cannot help feeling disappointed, I am not surprised; for in any case at all similar, I am sure I should have the same eagerness for solitude.

I tell you nothing of how sincerely I sympathise in your affliction; yet I believe that Mr. Crutchley and Dr. Johnson alone do so more earnestly; and I have some melancholy comfort in flattering myself that, allowing for the difference of our characters, that true regard which I felt was as truly returned. Nothing but kindness did I ever meet with; he ever loved to

* This letter was written in reply to a few words from Mrs. Thrale, in which, alluding to her husband's sudden death, she begs Miss Burney to "write to me—pray for me!" The hurried note from Mrs. Thrale is thus endorsed by Miss Burney:—"Written a few hours after the death of Mr. Thrale, which happened by a sudden stroke of apoplexy, on the morning of a day on which half the fashion of London had been invited to an intended assembly at his house in Grosvenor-square."

have me, not merely with his family, but with himself; and gratefully shall I ever remember a thousand kind expressions of esteem and good opinion, which are now crowding upon my memory.

Ah, dearest madam! you had better have accepted; I am sure, if unfit for *you*, I am at this time unfit for everybody. Adieu, and Heaven preserve my heart's dearest friend! Don't torment yourself to write to me, nor will I even ask Queeny, though she is good, and I believe would not deny me; but what can you say but that you are sad and comfortless? and do I not know that far too well? I will write again to you, and a thousand times again, for nothing am I more truly than your

F. B.

Miss F. Burney to Mrs. Thrale.

Saturday, April 6th.

I would I had some commission, some business, some pretence for writing to my best-loved friend; for write I must, while I have the faintest hope my letters will be received without aversion. Yet I have nothing on earth to say, but how much I love and how truly I am grieved for her. To *you*, dearest madam, I can offer nothing by way of comfort or consolation, whatever I might do to many others; but what could I urge which you have not a thousand times revolved in your own mind? Dr. Johnson alone could offer anything new, or of strength to deserve attention from Mrs. Thrale. The rectitude and purity of your principles, both religious and moral, I have often looked up to with reverence, and I now no more doubt their firmness in this time of trial than if I witnessed their operation. Queeny, too, I saw was bent upon exerting the utmost fortitude upon this first, and I believe, indeed, most painful occasion to her that could call for it. May she now for her sweet mother unite all the affection and attention which hitherto have deserved to be divided!

Many friends call and send here to inquire after you; but I have myself avoided them all. I cannot yet bear the conversa-

tion which is to follow every meeting. To be with *you* I would wrap myself up in misery ; but, without such a motive, no one more hasty to run away from all that is possible to be fled from.

Dr. Johnson, I hear, is well. I hear nothing else I have any wish to communicate.

Adieu, most dear madam ; and still love, when you have time and composure to again think of her, the sincerest, the gratefullest, the fondest of your friends, in F. B. who, though she first received your affection as an unmerited partiality, hopes never to forfeit, and perhaps some time to deserve it.

I do not even request an answer ; I scarce *wish* for it ; because I know what it must be. But I will write again in a few days. My kind love to Miss Thrale.

F. B.

Miss F. Burney to Mr. Crisp.

Streatham, April 29th, 1781.

Have you not, my dearest daddy, thought me utterly lost ? and, indeed, to all power of either giving or taking comfort, I certainly have been for some time past. I did not, it is true, *hope* that poor Mr. Thrale could live very long, as the alteration I saw in him only during my absence while with you had shocked and astonished me. Yet, still the suddenness of the blow gave me a horror from which I am not even now recovered. The situation of sweet Mrs. Thrale, added to the true concern I felt at his loss, harassed my mind till it affected my health, which is now again in a state of precariousness and comfortless restlessness that will require much trouble to remedy.

You have not, I hope been angry at my silence ; for, in truth, I have had no spirits to write, nor, latterly, ability of *any* kind, from a headache that has been incessant.

I now begin to long extremely to hear more about yourself, and whether you have recovered your sleep and any comfort. The good nursing you mention is always my consolation when I have the painful tidings of your illness ; for I have myself ex-

perienced the kindness, care, and unwearied attention of the ever good and friendly Kitty, who, indeed, as you well say, can by no one be excelled in that most useful and most humane of all sciences.

Mrs. Thrale flew immediately upon this misfortune to Bright-helmstone, to Mr. Scrase—*her* Daddy Crisp—both for consolation and counsel; and she has but just quitted him, as she deferred returning to Streatham till her presence was indispensably necessary upon account of proving the will. I offered to accompany her to Brighthelmstone; but she preferred being alone, as her mind was cruelly disordered, and she saw but too plainly I was too sincere a mourner myself to do much besides adding to her grief. The moment, however, she came back, she solicited me to meet her,—and I am now here with her, and endeavour, by every possible exertion, to be of some use to her. She looks wretchedly indeed, and is far from well; but she bears up, though not with calm intrepidity, yet with flashes of spirit that rather, I fear, spend than relieve her. Such, however, is her character, and were this exertion repressed, she would probably sink quite.

Miss Thrale is steady and constant, and very sincerely grieved for her father.

The four executors, Mr. Cator,* Mr. Crutchley,† Mr. Henry Smith, and Dr. Johnson, have all behaved generously and honourably, and seem determined to give Mrs. Thrale all the comfort and assistance in their power. She is to carry on the business jointly with them. Poor soul! it is a dreadful toil and worry to her.

Adieu, my dearest daddy. I will write again in a week's time. I have now just been bloodied; but am by no means *restored* by that loss. But well and ill, equally and ever,

Your truly affectionate child,

F. B.

* M.P. for Ipswich in 1784. Described by Dr. Johnson as having "much good in his character, and much usefulness in his knowledge." Johnson used to visit Mr. Cator at his splendid seat at Beckenham.

† M.P. for Horsham in 1784.

Mr. Crisp to Miss F. Burney.

Chesington, May 15th, 1781.

MY DEAR FANNIKIN,

I was neither cross nor surprised at not hearing from you so long, as I was at no loss for the cause to your silence. I know you have a heart, and on a late occasion can easily imagine it was too full to attend to forms, or, indeed, to any but the one great object immediately before you. To say the truth, I should be sorry to have your nature changed, for the sake of a letter or two more or less from you; because I can now with confidence say to myself, "The girl is really sincere, and, as she does profess some friendship and regard for me, I can believe her and am convinced that, if any evil were to befall me, she would be truly sorry for me."

There is a pleasure in such a thought, and I will indulge it. The steadiness and philosophy of certain of our friends is, perhaps, to be admired; but I wish it not to be imitated by any of my friends. I would have the feelings of their minds be keen and even piercing, but stop there. Let not the poor tenement of clay give way:—if that goes, how shall they abide the peltings of these pitiless storms? Your slight machine is certainly not made for such rough encounters;—for which I am truly sorry. You did not make yourself; allowed!—agreed!—But you may mend yourself, and that is all I require of you.

If I had you here, I should talk to you on this head; but at present I ought not to wish it. Mrs. Thrale has an undoubted right to you, nor should I wish to tear you from her. When the wound is healed, and nothing but the scar remaining, the plaster ought to be removed,—and then I put in my claim.

Let me hear from you soon that your health and spirits are mended—greatly mended. I sincerely wish the same to your beloved friend, to whom you must present my best respects. I am glad she is connected with such worthy people in her affairs. I have more than once observed that the unavoidable necessity of attending to business of indispensable consequence, and that, with strict, unabated perseverance, has contributed more to divert

and dissipate, and finally to cure deep sorrow, than all the wise lessons of philosophers, or the well-meant consolations of friends. May she prove an instance to confirm this observation!

As for my own shattered frame, I have had a pretty long and convincing proof that it is not immortal. Gout, rheumatism, indigestion, want of sleep, almost ever since I saw you, I think, may amount pretty nearly to the sum total of Mrs. Thrale's "Three Warnings." If I don't take the hint the fault is my own—Nature has done her part.

Bad as I have been though, I now hobble about the garden with a stick, and for this fortnight past have been gradually mending, though slowly.

Ham and Kate are constantly inquiring after you, and when you will come. I am sure they love you, or I should not love them. Adieu, my Fannikin,

Your affectionate daddy,

S. C.

Journal Resumed.

STREATHAM, MAY, 1781.—Miss Owen and I arrived here without incident, which, in a journey of six or seven miles, was really marvellous! Mrs. Thrale came from the Borough with two of the executors, Dr. Johnson and Mr. Crutchley, soon after us. She had been sadly worried, and in the evening frightened us all by again fainting away. Dear creature! she is all agitation of mind and of body: but she is now wonderfully recovered, though in continual fevers about her affairs, which are mightily difficult and complicate indeed. Yet the behaviour of all the executors is exactly to her wish. Mr. Crutchley, in particular, were he a darling son or only brother, could not possibly be more truly devoted to her. Indeed, I am very happy in the revolution in my own mind in favour of this young man, whom formerly I so little liked; for I now see so much of him, business and inclination uniting to bring him hither continually, that if he were disagreeable to me, I should spend my time in a most comfortless manner. On the contrary, I both respect and esteem him very

highly; for his whole conduct manifests so much goodness of heart and excellence of principle, that he is fairly *un homme comme il y en a peu*; and that first appearance of coldness, pride, reserve, and sneering, all wears off upon further acquaintance, and leaves behind nothing but good-humour and good-will. And this you must allow to be very candid, when I tell you that, but yesterday, he affronted me so much by a piece of impertinence, that I had a very serious quarrel with him. Of this more anon.

Dr. Johnson was charming, both in spirits and humour. I really think he grows gayer and gayer daily, and more *ductile* and pleasant.

Mr. Crutchley stayed till Sunday, when we had many visitors. —Mrs. Plumbe, one of poor Mr. Thrale's sisters; Mrs. Wallace, wife to the Attorney-General, a very ugly, but sensible and agreeable woman; Sir Philip Jennings Clerke, and Mr. Selwyn.

Monday Miss Owen left us.

Tuesday came Lord and Lady Westcote, and afterwards Dr. and Mrs. Parker, Dr. Lort, and the Bishop of Killaloe. Dr. Parker is a terrible old proser, and wore me out; Mrs. Parker is well-bred and sensible; my friend Dr. Lort was comical and diverting; and the Bishop of Killaloe is a gay, sprightly, polite, and ready man: I liked him well.

Sunday morning nobody went to church but Mr. Crutchley, Miss Thrale, and myself; and some time after, when I was sauntering upon the lawn before the house, Mr. Crutchley joined me. We were returning together into the house, when Mrs. Thrale, popping her head out of her dressing-room window, called out, "How nicely these men domesticate among us, Miss Burney! Why, they take to us as natural as life!"

"Well, well," cried Mr. Crutchley, "I have sent for my horse, and I shall release you early to-morrow morning. I think yonder comes Sir Philip."

"Oh! you'll have enough to do with *him*," cried she, laughing; "he is well prepared to plague you, I assure you."

"Is he?—and what about?"

"Why, about Miss Burney. He asked me the other day what

was my present establishment. 'Mr. Crutchley and Miss Burney,' I answered. 'How well those two names go together,' cried he; 'I think they can't do better than make a match of it: *I* will consent, I am sure,' he added; and to-day, I dare say, you will hear enough of it."

I leave you to judge if I was pleased at this stuff thus communicated; but Mrs. Thrale, with all her excellence, can give up no occasion of making sport, however, unseasonable, or even painful.

"I am very much obliged to him, indeed!" cried I, dryly; and Mr. Crutchley called out, "*Thank him!—thank him!*" in a voice of pride and of pique that spoke him mortally angry.

I instantly came into the house, leaving him to talk it out with Mrs. Thrale, to whom I heard him add, "So this is Sir Philip's kindness!" and her answer, "I wish you no worse luck!"

Now, what think you of this? was it not highly insolent?—and from a man who has behaved to me hitherto with the utmost deference, good nature, and civility, and given me a thousand reasons, by every possible opportunity, to think myself very high indeed in his good opinion and good graces? But these rich men think themselves the constant prey of all portionless girls, and are always upon their guard, and suspicious of some design to take them in. This sort of disposition I had very early observed in Mr. Crutchley, and therefore I had been more distant and cold with him than with any body I ever met with; but latterly his character had risen so much in my mind, and his behaviour was so much improved, that I had let things take their own course, and no more shunned than I sought him; for I evidently saw his doubts concerning *me* and *my* plots were all at an end, and his civility and attentions were daily increasing, so that I had become very comfortable with him, and well pleased with his society.

I need not, I think, add that I determined to see as little of this most fearful and haughty gentleman in future as was in my power, since no good qualities can compensate for such arrogance of suspicion; and therefore, as I had reason enough

to suppose he would, in haste, resume his own reserve, I resolved, without much effort, to be beforehand with him in resuming mine.

At dinner we had a large and most disagreeable party of Irish ladies, whom Mrs. Thrale was necessitated to invite from motives of business and various connexions. We were in all fourteen, viz., Sir Philip Clerke; Mrs. Lambart and her son, a genteel *young* youth; Miss Owen; Mr. and Mrs. Perkins; Mrs. Vincent; Mrs. O'Riley, and Miss O'Riley, her sister-in-law; Mr. Crutchley; Mrs. and Miss Thrale; and myself.

I was obliged, at dinner, to be seated between Miss O'Riley and Mr. Crutchley, to whom you may believe, I was not very courteous, especially as I had some apprehensions of Sir Philip. Mr. Crutchley, however, to my great surprise, was quite as civil as ever, and endeavoured to be as chatty; but there I begged to be excused, only answering *upon the reply*, and that very dryly, for I was indeed horribly provoked with him.

Indeed, all his behaviour would have been natural and good-humoured, and just what I should have liked, had he better concealed his chagrin at the first accusation; but that, still dwelling by me, made me very indifferent to what followed, though I found he had no idea of having displeased me, and rather sought to be more than less sociable than usual.

I was much diverted during dinner by this Miss O'Riley, who took it in her humour to attack Mr. Crutchley repeatedly, though so discouraging a beau never did I see! *Her* forwardness, and his excessive and inordinate coldness, made a contrast that, added to her *brogue*, which was broad, kept me in a grin irrepressible.

In the afternoon we had also Mr. Wallace, the Attorney-General, a most squat and squab-looking man; and further I saw not of him.

In the evening, when the Irish ladies, the Perkinses, Lambarts, and Sir Philip, were gone, Mrs. Thrale walked out with Mr. Wallace, whom she had some business to talk over with; and then, when only Miss Owen, Miss T. and I remained, Mr. Crutchley, after repeatedly addressing me, and gaining pretty

dry answers, called out suddenly, "Why, Miss Burney! why, what's the matter?"

"Nothing."

"Why, are you stricken, or smitten, or ill?"

"None of the three."

"Oh, then, you are *setting down* all these Irish folks!"

"No, indeed, I don't think them worth the trouble."

"Oh, but I am sure you are, only I interrupted you."

I went on no farther with the argument, and Miss Thrale proposed our walking out to meet her mother. We all agreed; and Mr. Crutchley would not be satisfied without walking next me, though I really had no patience to talk with him, and wished him at Jericho.

"What's the matter?" said he; "have you had a quarrel?"

"No."

"Are you affronted?"

Not a word. Then again he called to Miss Thrale,—

"Why, Queeny—why, she's quite in a rage! What have you done to her?"

I still *sulked* on, vexed to be teased; but, though, with a gaiety that showed he had no suspicion of the cause, he grew more and more urgent, trying every means to make me tell him what was the matter, till at last, much provoked, I said,—

"I must be strangely in want of a confidant, indeed, to take *you* for one!"

"Why, what an insolent speech!" cried he, half serious and half laughing, but casting up his eyes and hands with astonishment.

He then let me be quiet some time, but in a few minutes renewed his inquiries with added eagerness, begging me to tell *him* if nobody else.

A likely matter! thought I; nor did I scruple to tell him, when forced to answer, that no one had so little chance of success in such a request.

"Why so?" cried he; "for I am the best person in the world to trust with a secret, as I always forget it."

He continued working at me till we joined Mrs. Thrale and the

Attorney-General. And then Miss Thrale, stimulated by him, came to inquire if I had really taken anything amiss of *her*. No, I assured her.

"Is it of *me*, then?" cried Mr. Crutchley, as if sure I should say *no*; but I made no other answer than desiring him to desist questioning me.

"So I will," cried he: "only clear *me*,—only say it is not *me*."

"I shall say nothing about the matter; so do pray be at rest."

"Well, but it can't be *me*, I know: only say that. It's Queeny, I dare say."

"No, indeed."

"Then it's *you*," cried Miss Thrale: "and I'm glad of it with all my heart!"

He then grew quite violent, and at last went on with his questions till, by being quite silent to them, he could no longer doubt who it was. He seemed then wholly amazed, and entreated to know what he had done; but I tried only to avoid him, and keep out of his way.

Soon after, the Attorney-General took his leave, during which ceremony Mr. Crutchley, coming behind me, exclaimed,—

"Who'd think of this creature's having any venom in her!"

"Oh yes," answered I, "when she's provoked."

"But have *I* provoked you?"

Again I got off. Taking Miss Thrale by the arm, we hurried away, leaving him with Mrs. Thrale and Miss Owen. He was presently, however, with us again; and when he came to my side, and found me really trying to talk of other matters with Miss Thrale, and avoid him, he called out,—

"Upon my life, this is too bad! *Do* tell me, Miss Burney, what is the matter? If you won't, I protest I'll call Mrs. Thrale, and make her work at you herself."

I now, in my turn, entreated he would not; for I knew she was not to be safely trusted with anything she could turn into ridicule. I was, therefore, impatient to have the whole matter dropped; and after assuring him very dryly, yet peremptorily, that I should never satisfy him, I started another subject with Miss Thrale, and we walked quietly on.

He exclaimed, with a vehemence that amazed me in return, "Why will you not tell me? Upon my life, if you refuse me any longer, I'll call the whole house to speak for me!"

"I assure you," answered I, "that will be to no purpose; for I must offend *myself* by telling it, and therefore I shall mention it to nobody."

"But what in the world have I done?"

"Nothing; you have done nothing."

"What have I *said* then? Only let me beg your pardon,—only let me know what it is, that I *may* beg your pardon."

I then took up the teasing myself, and quite insisted upon his leaving us and joining Mrs. Thrale. He begged me to tell Miss Thrale, and let her mediate, and entreated her to be his agent; which, in order to get rid of him, she promised; and he then slackened his pace, though very reluctantly, while we quickened ours.

Miss Thrale, however, asked me not a question, which I was very glad of, as the affair, trifling as it is, would be but mortifying to mention; and though I could not, when so violently pressed, disguise my resentment, I was by no means disposed to make any serious complaint. I merely wished to let the gentleman know I was not so much his humble servant as to authorise even the smallest disrespect from him.

He was, however, which I very little expected, too uneasy to stay long away; and when we had walked on quite out of hearing of Mrs. Thrale and Miss Owen, he suddenly galloped after us.

"How odd it is of you," said Miss Thrale, "to come and intrude yourself in this manner upon anybody that tries so to avoid you!"

"Have *you* done anything for me?" cried he; "I don't believe you have said a word."

"Not I, truly!" answered she; "if I can keep my own self out of scrapes, it's all I can pretend to."

"Well, but do tell me, Miss Burney,—pray tell me! indeed, this is quite too bad; I shan't have a wink of sleep all night. If I have offended you, I am very sorry indeed; but I am sure I did not mean——"

"No, sir!" interrupted I, "I don't suppose you *did* mean to offend me, nor do I know why you should. I expect from you neither good nor ill,—civility I think myself entitled to, and that is all I have any desire for."

"Good Heaven!" exclaimed he. "Tell me, however, but what it is, and if I have said anything unguardedly, I am extremely sorry, and I most sincerely beg your pardon."

Is it not very strange that any man, in the same day, could be so disdainfully proud and so condescendingly humble? I was never myself more astonished, as I had been firmly persuaded he would not have deigned to take the smallest notice of me from the moment of his hearing Sir Philip's idle raillery.

I now grew civiller, for I dreaded his urgency, as it was literally impossible for me to come to the point.

I told him, therefore, that I was sorry he took so much trouble, which I had by no means intended to give him, and begged he would think of it no more.

He was not, however, to be so dismissed. Again he threatened me with Mrs. Thrale, but again I assured him nothing could less answer to him.

"Well, but," cried he, "if you will not let me know my crime, why, I must never speak to you any more."

"Very well," answered I, "if you please we will proclaim a mutual silence henceforward."

"Oh," cried he, "*you*, I suppose, will be ready enough; but to *me* that would be a loss of very great pleasure. If you would tell me, however, I am sure I could explain it off, because I am sure it has been done undesignedly."

"No, it does not admit of any explanation; so pray don't mention it any more."

"Only tell me what part of the day it was."

Whether this unconsciousness was real, or only to draw me in so that he might come to the point, and make his apology with greater ease, I know not; but I assured him it was in vain he asked, and again desired him to puzzle himself with no further recollections.

"Oh," cried he, "but I shall think of everything I have ever said to you for this half year. I am sure, whatever it was, it must have been unmeant and unguarded."

"That, sir, I never doubted; and probably you thought me hard enough to hear anything without minding it."

"Good Heaven, Miss Burney! why, there is nobody I would not sooner offend,—nobody in the world! Queeny knows it. If Queeny would speak, she could tell you so. Is it not true, Miss Thrale?"

"I shall say nothing about it; if I can keep my own neck out of the collar, it's enough for me."

"But won't it plead something for me that you are sure, and *must* be sure, it was by blunder, and not design?"

"Indeed I am sorry you take all this trouble, which is very little worth your while; so do pray say no more."

"But will you forgive me?"

"Yes."

"It seems to come very hard from you. Will you promise to have quite forgiven it by the time I return next Thursday?"

"Oh, I hope I shall have no remembrance of any part of it before then. I am sorry you know anything about it; and if you had not been so excessively earnest, I should never have let you; but I could not say an untruth when pushed so hard."

"I hope, then, it will be all dissipated by to-morrow morning."

"Oh, surely! I should be very much surprised if it outlasted the night."

"Well, but then will you be the same? I never saw such a change. If you are serious——"

"Oh, no, I'll be wondrous merry!"

"I *beg* you will think no more of it. I—I believe I know what it is; and, indeed, I was far from meaning to give you the smallest offence, and I most earnestly beg your pardon. There is nothing I would not do to assure you how sorry I am. But I hope it will be all over by the time the candles come. I shall look to see, and I hope—I beg—you will have the same countenance again."

I now felt really appeased, and so I told him.

We then talked of other matters till we reached home, though it was not without difficulty I could even yet keep him quiet. I then ran upstairs with my cloak, and stayed till supper-time, when I returned without, I hope, any remaining appearance of *dudgeon* in my *phiz*; for after so much trouble and humiliation, it would have been abominable to have shown any.

I see, besides, that Mr. Crutchley, though of a cold and proud disposition, is generous, amiable, and delicate, and, when not touched upon the tender string of *gallantry*, concerning which he piques himself upon invariable hardness and immovability, his sentiments are not merely just, but refined.

* * * * *

After supper, Mr. Crutchley, though he spoke to me two or three times with an evident intention to observe my looks and manner in answering him, which were both meant to be much as usual, seemed still dissatisfied both with his own justification and my appeasement; and when we all arose to go to bed, he crossed over to me, and said in a whisper, "I have begged Miss Thrale to intercede for me; she will explain all; and I hope——"

"Very well—very well," said I, in a horrible hurry; "there is no occasion for anything more."

For Mrs. and Miss Thrale, and Miss Owen, were all standing waiting for me: he put himself, however, before me, so that I could not get away, and went on:—

"Only hear me,—*pray* hear me. Is it what *she* (pointing to Mrs. Thrale) put about in the morning?"

"I'll tell you another time," cried I, in fifty agonies to see how they were all ready to titter, which he, whose back was to them, perceived not.

"I have told Miss Thrale what I thought it was," he continued, "and she will explain it all, and tell you how very impossible it was I could think of offending you. Indeed, I beg your pardon! I do, indeed, most sincerely. I hope you will think of it no more,—I hope it will be all over."

"It *is* all over," cried I, still trying to get away.

"Well, but—stop—only tell me if it was *that*——"

"Ay—ay—to-morrow morning;" and then I forced myself into the midst of them, and got off.

STREATHAM, THURSDAY.—This was the great and most important day to all this house, upon which the sale of the Brewery was to be decided. Mrs. Thrale went early to town, to meet all the executors, and Mr. Barclay, the Quaker,* who was the *bidder*. She was in great agitation of mind, and told me if all went well she would wave a white pocket-handkerchief out of the coach window.

Four o'clock came and dinner was ready, and no Mrs. Thrale. Five o'clock followed, and no Mrs. Thrale. Queeny and I went out upon the lawn, where we sauntered, in eager expectation, till near six, and then the coach appeared in sight, and a white pocket-handkerchief was waved from it.

I ran to the door of it to meet her, and she jumped out of it, and gave me a thousand embraces while I gave my congratulations. We went instantly to her dressing-room, where she told me, in brief, how the matter had been transacted, and then we went down to dinner.

Dr. Johnson and Mr. Crutchley had accompanied her home. I determined to behave to Mr. Crutchley the same as before our quarrel, though he did not so to me, for he hardly spoke a word to me. An accident, however, happened after dinner, which made him for a while more loquacious. Mrs. Thrale, in cutting some fruit, had cut her finger, and asked me for some black sticking-plaster, and as I gave it her out of my pocket-book, she was struck with the beautiful glossiness of the paper of a letter which peeped out of it, and rather *waggishly* asked me who wrote to me with so much elegant attention?

"Mrs. Gast," answered I.

* David Barclay was one of seven sons of the celebrated Apologist of the Quakers,—all of whom were living fifty years after the death of their father. David was the last of them. He was a wealthy mercer in Cheapside, and entertained successively three kings (George I., II., and III.) on their respective visits to the city on Lord Mayor's day. He was subsequently the purchaser of Mr. Thrale's brewery, and founder of the most famous brewing firm of the present day, Barclay, Perkins, and Co.

"Oh," cried she, "do pray then let me see her hand."

I showed it her, and she admired it very justly, and said,—

"Do show it to Mr. Crutchley; 'tis a mighty genteel hand indeed."

I complied, but took it from him as soon as he had looked at it. Indeed, he is the last man in the world to have even desired to read any letter not to himself.

Dr. Johnson now, who, too deaf to hear what was saying, wondered what we were thus handing about, asked an explanation.

"Why, we are all," said Mrs. Thrale, "admiring the hand of Fanny's Mr. Crisp's sister."

"And mayn't I admire it too?" cried he.

"Oh, yes," said she; "show it him, Burney."

I put it in his hand, and he instantly opened and began reading it. Now though there was nothing in it but what must reflect honour upon Mrs. Gast, she had charged me not to show it; and, also, it was so *very* flattering to me, that I was quite consternated at this proceeding, and called out,—

"Sir, it was only to show you the handwriting, and you have seen enough for that."

"I shall know best myself," answered he, laughing, "when I have seen enough."

And he read on. The truth is I am sure he took it for granted they had all read it, for he had not heard a word that had passed.

I then gave Mrs. Thrale a reproachful glance for what she had done, and she jumped up, and calling out,—

"So I have done mischief, I see!" ran out of the room followed by Queeny. I stayed hovering over the Doctor to recover my property; but the minute the coast was clear, Mr. Crutchley, taking advantage of his deafness, said,—

"Well, ma'am, I hope we are now friends?"

"Yes!" cried I.

"And is it all quite over?"

"Entirely."

"Why then, do pray," cried he, laughing, "be so good as to let me know *what was our quarrel?*"

"No—no, I shan't!" (cried I, laughing too at the absurdity of quarrelling and seeming not to know *what for*): "it is all over, and that is enough."

"No, by no means enough: I must really beg you to tell me; I am uneasy till I know. Was it that silly joke of mine at dinner?"

"No, I assure you, it was *no* joke!"

"But was it at dinner or *before* dinner?"

"Is it not enough that it is over? I am sorry you knew anything of the matter, and I am obliged to you for taking so much trouble about it: so there let it rest."

"But pray do tell me!—if only that I may be more on my guard another time."

"No, pray," cried I, in my turn, "don't be on your *guard*; for if you are, I shall suppose you have taken the resentment up where I have laid it down."

"That I won't do, indeed," said he; "but I merely wish to beg your pardon: and I think my earnestness must at least have convinced you how very sorry I am to have given you any offence."

Here Dr. Johnson returned me my letter, with very warm praise of its contents. Mrs. Gast would not only have forgiven me, but have been much delighted, had she heard his approbation of all she had written to me.

Mr. Crutchley, never satisfied, again began his entreaties that I would "come to the point," while I was putting up my letter; but I hurried out of the room without any new answer, though he called after me,—

"I shan't rest, Miss Burney, till you tell me!"

It cannot be, all this time, that he does not know; he merely wants me to mention the matter myself, that with a better grace he may apologise about it. However, I shall certainly not give him that assistance, though far from bearing him any malice. I think of him as well as I did before the *fracas*; for howeyer his pride of indifference urged him so to fly out, it is evident he could half murder himself with self-anger that he has given any cause of displeasure.

FRIDAY.—Miss Thrale, Dr. Johnson, Mr. Crutchley, and myself, went to town, and, having set down Dr. Johnson at his own house, we went to Bond Street for Miss Owen, and proceeded to the exhibition. I think I need not describe the pictures.

Miss Owen returned with us to Streatham; Mr. Crutchley recovered his spirits, and we all did very well. But in the afternoon, just as we had finished tea, Mr. Crutchley said to Mrs. Thrale,—

“Ma’am, I must beg a private conference with you.”

“With me?” cried she: “I thought now I had parted with my brewhouse, all our conferences were over.”

“No,” said he, “one more, just to take leave of them.”

Away they went, and when they returned he said it was something about Queeny, who, however, never inquired what. I should not have mentioned this, but that the next morning—

SATURDAY.—Mrs. Thrale, who sleeps in the next room to mine, called me to her bedside, and said,—

“Now, my dearest Tyo,* you know not how I hate to keep from you anything. Do you love me well enough to bear to hear something you will mortally dislike, without hating *me* for it?”

“What on earth *could* I hate *you* for?” cried I.

“Nay, ’tis no fault of mine; but still it is owing to me, and I dread to tell you lest it should make you sorry for your kindness to me.”

I was quite out of breath at this preparation; and though I warmly and truly, I am sure, protested that nothing upon earth could lessen my affection for her, I was really afraid to ask what was next to follow.

“I am as sorry,” continued she, “as I can live, that *any* thing should give you any disturbance, but most especially anything that relates to *me*. I would give you, if I could, nothing but

* When Lieutenant Burney accompanied Captain Cook to Otaheite, each of the English sailors was adopted as a brother by some one of the natives. The ceremony consisted in rubbing noses together, and exchanging the appellation of *Tyo*, or *Taio*, which signified *chosen friend*. This title was sometimes playfully given to Miss Burney by Mrs. Thrale.

pleasure, for I am sure I receive nothing else from you. Pray, then, don't let any malice, or impertinence, or ridicule, make you hate *me*; for I saw and, you know, told you long ago, the world would be ill-natured enough to try to part us: but let it not succeed, for it is worth neither of our attentions."

"On *my* part, I am sure, it cannot succeed," cried I, more and more alarmed; "for I am yours for ever and for ever, and now almost whether I will or not."

"I hope so," cried she, "for I am sure no one *can* love you more; and I am sorry, and grieved, and enraged that your affection and kindness for me should bring you any uneasiness. We are all sorry, indeed; Queeny is very sorry, and Mr. Crutchley is very sorry——"

"You make me more and more afraid," said I; "but pray tell me what it all means?"

"Why you know Mr. Crutchley yesterday called me out of the room to tell me a secret; well, this was to show me a paragraph he had just read in the newspaper, 'And do, ma'am,' says he, 'have the newspaper burnt, or put somewhere safe out of Miss Burney's way; for I am sure it will vex her extremely.'"

Think if this did not terrify me pretty handsomely. I turned sick as death. She gave me the paper, and I read the following paragraph:—

"Miss Burney, the sprightly writer of the elegant novel, 'Evelina,' is now domesticated with Mrs. Thrale, in the same manner that Miss More is with Mrs. Garrick, and Mrs. Carter with Mrs. Montagu."

The preparation for this had been so very alarming, that little as I liked it, I was so much afraid of something still worse, that it really was a relief to me to see it; and Mrs. Thrale's excess of tenderness and delicacy about it was such as to have made me amends for almost anything. I promised, therefore, to take it *like a man*; and, after thanking her with the sincerest gratitude for her infinite kindness, we parted to dress.

It is, however, most insufferably impertinent to be thus dragged into print, notwithstanding every possible effort and caution to avoid it. There is nothing, merely concerning myself, that can

give me greater uneasiness; for there is nothing I have always more dreaded, or more uniformly endeavoured to avoid.

I think myself, however, much obliged to Mr. Crutchley for his very good-natured interference and attempt to save me this vexation, which is an attention I by no means expected from him. He has scolded Mrs. Thrale since, she says, for having told me, because he perceived it had lowered my spirits; but she thought it most likely I should hear it from those who would tell it me with less tenderness, and, therefore, had not followed his advice.

SUNDAY.—We had Mr. and Mrs. Davenant here. They are very lively and agreeable, and I like them more and more. Mrs. Davenant is one of the saucy women of the *ton*, indeed; but she has good parts, and is gay and entertaining; and her *sposo*, who passionately adores her, though five years her junior, is one of the best-tempered and most pleasant-charactered young men imaginable.

I had new specimens to-day of the oddities of Mr. Crutchley, whom I do not yet quite understand, though I have seen so much of him. In the course of our walks to-day we chanced, at one time, to be somewhat before the rest of the company, and soon got into a very serious conversation; though we began it by his relating a most ludicrous incident which had happened to him last winter.

There is a certain poor wretch of a villainous painter, one Mr. Lowe, who is in some measure under Dr. Johnson's protection, and whom, therefore, he recommends to all the people he thinks can afford to sit for their pictures. Among these he made Mr. Seward very readily, and then applied to Mr. Crutchley.

"But now," said Mr. Crutchley, as he told me the circumstance, "I have not a notion of sitting for my picture,—for who wants it? I may as well give the man the money without but no, they all said that would not do so well, and Dr. Johnson asked me to give *him* my picture. 'And I assure you, sir,' says he, 'I shall put it in very good company, for I have portraits of some very respectable people in my dining-room.' 'Ay, sir,' says I, 'that's sufficient reason why you should not have mine,

for I am sure it has no business in such society.' So then Mrs. Thrale asked me to give it to *her*. 'Ay sure, ma'am,' says I, 'you do me great honour; but pray, first, will you do me the favour to tell me what door you intend to put it behind?' However, after all I could say in opposition, I was obliged to go to the painter's. And I found him in such a condition! a room all dirt and filth, brats squalling and wrangling, up two pair of stairs, and a closet, of which the door was open, that Seward well said was quite Pandora's box—it was the repository of all the nastiness, and stench, and filth, and food, and drink, and — oh, it was too bad to be borne! and 'Oh!' says I, 'Mr. Lowe, I beg your pardon for running away, but I have just recollected another engagement;' so I poked the three guineas in his hand, and told him I would come again another time, and then ran out of the house with all my might."

Well, when we had done laughing about this poor unfortunate painter, the subject turned upon portraits in general, and our conference grew very grave: on *his* part it soon became even melancholy. I have not time to *dialogue* it; but he told me he could never bear to have himself the picture of any one he loved, as, in case of their death or absence, he should go distracted by looking at it; and that, as for himself, he never had, and never would sit for his own, except for one miniature by Humphreys, which his sister begged of him, as he could never flatter himself there was a human being in the world to whom it could be of any possible value: "And now," he added, "less than ever!"

This, and various other speeches to the same purpose, he spoke with a degree of dejection that surprised me, as the coldness of his character, and his continually boasted insensibility, made me believe him really indifferent both to love and hatred.

After this we talked of Mrs. Davenant.

"She is very agreeable," said I, "I like her much. Don't you?"

"Yes, very much," said he; "she is lively and entertaining;" and then a moment after, "'Tis wonderful," he exclaimed, "that such a thing as that can captivate a man!"

"Nay," cried I, "nobody more, for her husband quite adores her."

"So I find," said he; "and Mrs. Thrale says men in general like her."

"They certainly do," cried I; "and all the oddity is in you who do not, not in them who do."

"May be so," answered he, "but it don't do for me, indeed."

We then came to two gates, and there I stopped short, to wait till they joined us; and Mr. Crutchley, turning about and looking at Mrs. Davenant, as she came forward, said, rather in a muttering voice, and to himself than to me, "What a thing for an attachment! No, no, it would not do for me!—too much glare! too much flippancy! too much hoop! too much gauze! too much slipper! too much neck! Oh, hide it! hide it!—muffle it up! muffle it up! If it is but in a fur cloak, I am for muffling it all up!"

And thus he diverted himself till they came up to us. But never, I believe, was there a man who could endure so very few people. Even Mrs. and Miss Thrale, of whom he is fond to excess, he would rather not see than see with other company!

Is he not a strange composition?

STREATHAM, JUNE.—I found Dr. Johnson in admirable good-humour, and our journey hither was extremely pleasant. I thanked him for the last batch of his poets, and we talked them over almost all the way.

Sweet Mrs. Thrale received me with her wonted warmth of affection, but shocked me by her own ill looks, and the increasing alteration in her person, which perpetual anxiety and worry have made. I found with her Mrs. Lambart and the Rev. Mr. Jennings, a young brother of Sir Philip Clerke, and Mr. Seward.

Mrs. Lambart I was much pleased with again meeting, for she is going in a few days to Brussels with her son, in order to reside for two years. Mr. Jennings I was not much charmed with; but he may be a good sort of man for all that, and for all he was somewhat over-facetious, or would have been; for Mrs. Thrale, after running to kiss me, introduced me to Sir Philip's brother, who said,—

"Pray, ma'am, may not that fashion go round?"

"No, no, there's no occasion for that," cried I.

"Oh, yes, there is," returned he; "it may be an old-fashioned custom, but I am an old-fashioned man, and therefore I rather like it the better. Come, Mrs. Thrale, may I not be introduced *properly* to Miss Burney?"

"No, no," cried she, while I took care to get out of the way, "nobody kisses Miss Burney in this house but myself."

"I have ventured," cried Mr. Seward, "to sometimes touch the tip of Miss Burney's little finger-nail; but never farther."

I then gave Mrs. Thrale some account of my visit to Mrs. Byron, which turned the conversation; and presently entered Mr. Crutchley.

We had a good cheerful day, and in the evening Sir Richard Jebb came; and nothing can I recollect, but that Dr. Johnson *forced* me to sit on a very small sofa with him, which was hardly large enough for himself; and which would have made a subject for a print by Harry Bunbury* that would have diverted all London; *ergo*, it rejoiceth me that he was not present.

WEDNESDAY.—We had a terrible noisy day. Mr. and Mrs. Cator came to dinner, and brought with them Miss Collison, a niece. Mrs. Nesbitt was also here, and Mr. Pepys.

The long war which has been proclaimed among the wits concerning Lord Lyttelton's "Life," by Dr. Johnson, and which a whole tribe of *blues*, with Mrs. Montagu at their head, have vowed to execrate and revenge, now broke out with all the fury of the first actual hostilities, stimulated by long-concerted schemes and much spiteful information. Mr. Pepys, Dr. Johnson well knew, was one of Mrs. Montagu's steadiest abettors; and, therefore, as he had some time determined to defend himself with the first of them he met, this day he fell the sacrifice to his wrath.

In a long *tête-à-tête* which I accidentally had with Mr. Pepys before the company was assembled, he told me his apprehensions of an attack, and entreated me earnestly to endeavour to prevent it; modestly avowing he was no antagonist for Dr. Johnson;

* Harry Bunbury was one of the most celebrated caricaturists of his day in England. He was especially celebrated on subjects connected with horsemanship. His best and best-known work is a series of caricatures, with humorous descriptive letter-press, on "The Art of Horsemanship."

and yet declaring his personal friendship for Lord Lyttelton made him so much hurt by the "Life," that he feared he could not discuss the matter without a quarrel, which, especially in the house of Mrs. Thrale, he wished to avoid.

It was, however, utterly impossible for me to serve him. I could have stopped Mrs. Thrale with ease, and Mr. Seward with a hint, had either of them begun the subject; but, unfortunately, in the middle of dinner, it was begun by Dr. Johnson himself, to oppose whom, especially as he spoke with great anger, would have been madness and folly.

Never before have I seen Dr. Johnson speak with so much passion.

"Mr. Pepys," he cried, in a voice the most enraged, "I understand you are offended by my 'Life of Lord Lyttelton.' What is it you have to say against it? Come forth, man! Here am I, ready to answer any charge you can bring!"

"No, sir," cried Mr. Pepys, "not at present; I must beg leave to decline the subject. I told Miss Burney before dinner that I hoped it would not be started."

I was quite frightened to hear my own name mentioned in a debate which began so seriously; but Dr. Johnson made not to this any answer: he repeated his attack and his challenge, and a violent disputation ensued, in which this great but *mortal* man did, to own the truth, appear unreasonably furious and grossly severe. I never saw him so before, and I heartily hope I never shall again. He has been long provoked, and justly enough, at the *sneaking* complaints and murmurs of the Lytteltonians; and, therefore, his long-excited wrath, which hitherto had met no object, now burst forth with a vehemence and bitterness almost incredible.

Mr. Pepys meantime never appeared to so much advantage; he preserved his temper, uttered all that belonged merely to himself with modesty, and all that more immediately related to Lord Lyttelton with spirit. Indeed, Dr. Johnson, in the very midst of the dispute, had the candour and liberality to make him a personal compliment, by saying,—

"Sir, all that you say, while you are vindicating one who can-

not thank you, makes me only think better of you than I ever did before. Yet still I think you do *me* wrong," &c., &c.

Some time after, in the heat of the argument, he called out—

"The more my 'Lord Lyttelton' is inquired after, the worse he will appear; Mr. Seward has just heard two stories of him which corroborate all I have related."

He then desired Mr. Seward to repeat them. Poor Mr. Seward, looked almost as frightened as myself at the very mention of his name; but he quietly and immediately told the stories, which consisted of fresh instances, from good authorities, of Lord Lyttelton's illiberal behaviour to Shenstone; and then he flung himself back in his chair, and spoke no more during the whole debate, which I am sure he was ready to vote a bore.

One happy circumstance, however, attended the quarrel, which was the presence of Mr. Cator, who would by no means be prevented talking himself, either by reverence for Dr. Johnson, or ignorance of the subject in question; on the contrary, he gave his opinion, quite uncalled, upon everything that was said by either party, and that with an importance and pomposity, yet with an emptiness and verbosity, that rendered the whole dispute, when in his hands, nothing more than ridiculous, and compelled even the disputants themselves, all inflamed as they were, to laugh. To give a specimen—one speech will do for a thousand.

"As to this here question of Lord Lyttelton I can't speak to it to the purpose, as I have not read his 'Life,' for I have only read the 'Life of Pope;' I have got the books though, for I sent for them last week, and they came to me on Wednesday, and then I began them; but I have not yet read 'Lord Lyttelton.' 'Pope' I have begun, and that is what I am now reading. But what I have to say about Lord Lyttelton is this here: Mr. Seward says that Lord Lyttelton's steward dunned Mr. Shenstone for his rent, by which I understand he was a tenant of Lord Lyttelton's. Well, if he was a tenant of Lord Lyttelton's, why should not he pay his rent?"

Who could contradict this?

When dinner was quite over, and we left the men to their

wine, we hoped they would finish the affair; but Dr. Johnson was determined to talk it through, and make a battle of it, though Mr. Pepys tried to be off continually. When they were all summoned to tea, they entered still warm and violent. Mr. Cator had the book in his hand, and was reading the "Life of Lyttelton," that he might better, he said, understand the cause, though not a creature cared if he had never heard of it.

Mr. Pepys came up to me and said,—

"Just what I had so much wished to avoid! I have been crushed in the very onset."

I could make him no answer, for Dr. Johnson immediately called him off, and harangued and attacked him with a vehemence and continuity that quite concerned both Mrs. Thrale and myself, and that made Mr. Pepys, at last, resolutely silent, however called upon.

This now grew more unpleasant than ever; till Mr. Cator, having some time studied his book, exclaimed,—

"What I am now going to say, as I have not yet read the 'Life of Lord Lyttelton' quite through, must be considered as being only said aside, because what I am going to say——"

"I wish, sir," cried Mrs. Thrale, "it had been *all* said aside; here is too much about it, indeed, and I should be very glad to hear no more of it."

This speech, which she made with great spirit and dignity, had an admirable effect. Everybody was silenced. Mr. Cator, thus interrupted in the midst of his proposition, looked quite amazed; Mr. Pepys was much gratified by the interference; and Dr. Johnson, after a pause, said,—

"Well, madam, you *shall* hear no more of it; yet I will defend myself in every part and in every atom!"

And from this time the subject was wholly dropped. This dear violent Doctor was conscious he had been wrong, and therefore he most candidly bore the reproof.

Mr. Cator, after some evident chagrin at having his speech thus rejected, comforted himself by coming up to Mr. Seward, who was seated next me, to talk to him of the changes of the climates from hot to *could* in the countries he had visited; and

he prated so much, yet said so little, and pronounced his words so vulgarly, that I found it impossible to keep my countenance, and was once, when most unfortunately he addressed himself to me, surprised by him on the full grin. To soften it off as well as I could, I pretended unusual complacency, and instead of recovering my gravity, I continued a most ineffable smile for the whole time he talked, which was indeed no difficult task. Poor Mr. Seward was as much off his guard as myself, having his mouth distended to its fullest extent every other minute.

When the leave-taking time arrived, Dr. Johnson called to Mr. Pepys to shake hands, an invitation which was most coldly and forcibly accepted. Mr. Cator made a point of Mrs. Thrale's dining at his house soon, and she could not be wholly excused, as she has many transactions with him; but she fixed the day for three weeks hence. They have invited me so often, that I have now promised not to fail making one.

THURSDAY MORNING.—Dr. Johnson went to town for some days, but not before Mrs. Thrale read him a very serious lecture upon giving way to such violence; which he bore with a patience and quietness that even more than made his peace with me; for such a man's confessing himself wrong is almost more amiable than another man being steadily right.

FRIDAY, JUNE 14TH.—We had my dear father and Sophy Streatfield, who, as usual, was beautiful, caressing, amiable, sweet, and—fatiguing.

SUNDAY, JUNE 16TH.—This morning, after church, we had visits from the Pitches, and afterwards from the Attorney-General and Mrs. Wallace, his wife, who is a very agreeable woman. And here I must give you a little trait of Mr. Crutchley, whose solid and fixed character I am at this moment unable to fathom, much as I have seen of him.

He has an aversion, not only to strangers, but to the world in general, that I never yet saw quite equalled. I at first attributed it to shyness, but I now find it is simply disgust. To-day at noon, while I was reading alone in the library, he came in, and amused himself very quietly in the same manner; but, upon a noise which threatened an intrusion, he started up, and

as the Pitches entered, he hastened away. After this, the Wallaces came, from whom he kept equally distant; but when we all went out to show the Attorney-General the hot-houses and kitchen-gardens, he returned, I suppose, to the library, for there, when we came back, we found him reading. He instantly arose, and was retreating, but stopped upon my telling him in passing that his particular enemy, Mr. Merlin* was just arrived; and then some nonsense passing among us concerning poor Merlin and Miss Owen, he condescended to turn back and take a chair. He sat then, as usual when with much company, quite silent, till Mr. Wallace began talking of the fatigue he had endured at the birthday, from the weight and heat of his clothes, which were damask and gold, belonging to his place, and of the haste he was in to get at the Queen, that he might speak to her Majesty, and make his escape from so insufferable a situation as the heat, incommodiousness, and richness of his dress, had put him into.

"Well, sir," interrupted Mr. Crutchley, in the midst of this complaint, to which he had listened with evident contempt, "but you had at least the pleasure of showing this dress at the levée!"

This unexpected sarcasm instantly put an end to the subject, and when I afterwards spoke of it to Mr. Crutchley, and laughed at his little respect for an "officer of the state"—

"Oh!" cried he, "nothing makes me so sick as hearing such ostentatious complaints! The man has but just got the very dress he has been all his life working for, and now he is to parade about its inconvenience!"

This is certainly a good and respectable spirit, though not much calculated to make its possessor popular.

We had afterwards a good deal of sport with Merlin, who again stayed dinner, and was as happy as a prince: but Mr. Crutchley plagued me somewhat by trying to set him upon

* A celebrated French mechanician. He invented many ingenious objects, some of which were of real utility, but most were mere playthings or objects of curiosity. He was at one period of his career quite "the rage" in London, where everything was *à la* Merlin—Merlin chairs, Merlin pianos, Merlin swings, &c. He opened a very curious exhibition of automata, and used to ride about in a strange fantastical carriage, of his own invention and construction.

attacking *me* ; which, as I knew his readiness to do better than I chose to confess, was not perfectly to my taste. Once, when Piozzi was making me some most extravagant compliments, upon Heaven knows what of accomplishments and perfections, which he said belonged to the whole *famille Borni*, and was challenging me to speak to him in Italian, which I assured him I could not do, Merlin officiously called out,—

“O, je vous assure, Mlle. Burney n’ignore rien ; mais elle est si modeste qu’elle ne veut pas, c’est à dire, parler.”

And soon after, when a story was told of somebody’s *sins*, which I have forgotten, Merlin, encouraged again by some malicious contrivance of Mr. Crutchley’s to address himself to me, called out aloud, and very *malàpropos*, “Pour Mlle. Burney, c’est une demoiselle qui n’a jamais peché du tout.”

“No, I hope not,” said I, in a low voice to Miss Thrale, while they were all halloaing at this oddity ; “at least, if I had, I think I would not *confess*.”

“Tell him so,” cried Mr. Crutchley.

“No, no,” cried I, “pray let him alone.”

“Do you hear, Mr. Merlin ?” cried he then aloud ; “Miss Burney says if she *has* sinned, she will not confess.”

“O, sir !” answered Merlin, simpering, “for the modest ladies, they never do confess, because, *that is*, they have not got nothing to confess.”

During the dessert, mention was made of my father’s picture, when this ridiculous creature exclaimed,—

“Oh ! for that picture of Dr. Burney, Sir Joshua Reynhold has not taken pains, *that is*, to please me ! I do not like it. Mr. Gainsborough has done one much more better of me, which is very agreeable indeed. I wish it had been at the Exhibition, for it would have done him a great deal of credit indeed.”

There was no standing the absurdity of this “agreeable,” and we all laughed heartily, and Mrs. Thrale led the way for our leaving the room.

“Oh !” cried Merlin, half piqued, and half grinning from sympathy, “I assure you there is not nothing does make me so happy, *that is*, as to see the ladies so pleased !”

MONDAY, JUNE 17TH.—There passed, some time ago, an agreement between Mr. Crutchley and Mr. Seward, that the latter is to make a visit to the former, at his country-house in Berkshire; and to-day the time was settled: but a more ridiculous scene never was exhibited. The host elect and the guest elect tried which should show least expectation of pleasure from the meeting, and neither of them thought it at all worth while to disguise his terror of being weary of the other. Mr. Seward seemed quite melancholy and depressed in the prospect of making, and Mr. Crutchley absolutely miserable in that of receiving, the visit. Yet nothing so ludicrous as the distress of both, since nothing less necessary than that either should have such a punishment inflicted. I cannot remember half the absurd things that passed; but a few, by way of specimen, I will give.

“How long do you intend to stay with me, Seward?” cried Mr. Crutchley; “how long do you think you can bear it?”

“O, I don’t know; I sha’n’t fix,” answered the other: “just as I find it.”

“Well, but—when shall you come? Friday or Saturday? I think you’d better not come till Saturday.”

“Why yes, I believe on Friday.”

“On Friday! Oh, you’ll have too much of it! what shall I do with you?”

“Why on Sunday we’ll dine at the Lyells. Mrs. Lyell is a charming woman; one of the most elegant creatures I ever saw.”

“Wonderfully so,” cried Mr. Crutchley; “I like her extremely—an insipid idiot! She never opens her mouth but in a whisper; I never *heard* her speak a word in my life. But what must I do with you on Monday? will you come away?”

“Oh, no; I’ll stay and see it out.”

“Why, how long shall you stay? Why I must come away myself on Tuesday.”

“O, I sha’n’t settle yet,” cried Mr. Seward, very dryly. “I shall put up six shirts, and then do as I find it.”

“Six shirts!” exclaimed Mr. Crutchley; and then, with equal dryness added—“Oh, I suppose you wear two a-day.”

And so on.

CHAPTER XI.

Streatham Diary continued—Dr. Johnson—The Rival Duchesses, Rutland and Devonshire—Happiness and Misery—Nobody dies of Grief—Fox-hunting Mania—Table-talk on Indecision—Sherlock's Letters—Pride and Humility—A Discussion on Vanity—Merlin, the Mechanician—Hunting Idiots—Anecdote—Raillery—Johnson's Lives—Pope and Martha Blount—An Amateur Physician—Cure for Indigestion—An Act of Generosity—Despondency—The Inefficacy of Worldly Goods to give Happiness—Sacchini—His Improvidence—His exquisite Singing—A Tête-à-Tête—Pride or no Pride—Dr. Burney—Signs of Long Life—Imaginary Evils—A Dinner Party—Montague Burgoyne—Dr. Johnson—His Generosity—The *Amende Honorable*—Mr. Pepys—A New Acquaintance—An Irish Member—A Strange Mixture—A Caricature of a Caricature—Boswell—A Character—Volubility—An Irish Rattle—Mr. Seward's Mode of finding a Cicerone.

Diary continued.

STREATHAM, JUNE 25.—I sent you off a most sad morsel, my dearest Susy, but receiving *no* news of James had really so much sunk me, that I could hardly support my spirits with decency. Nothing better has happened since; but as all help of evil is out of my power, I drive from my mind the apprehension of it as much as I am able, and keep, and *will* keep, my fears and horrors in as much subjection as possible. You will let me know, I am sure, when you get any intelligence, and you will, I earnestly hope, keep your own mind quiet till it arrives. There is never such a superfluity of actual happiness as to make it either rational or justifiable to feed upon *expected* misery. That portion of philosophy which belongs to making the most of the present day, grows upon me strongly; and, as I have suffered infinitely from its neglect, it is what I most encourage and, indeed, require.

I will go on with a little journalising, though I have now few things, and still fewer people, to mention.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 26TH.—Dr. Johnson, who had been in town some days, returned, and Mr. Crutchley came also, as well as my father. I did not see the two latter till summoned to dinner; and then Dr. Johnson, seizing my hand, while with one of his own he gave me a no very gentle tap on the shoulder, half drolly and half reproachfully called out,—

“Ah, you little baggage, you! and have you known how long I have been here, and never to come to me?”

And the truth is, in whatever sportive mode he expresses it, he really likes not I should be absent from him half a minute whenever he is here, and not in his own apartment.

Mr. Crutchley said he had just brought Mr. Seward to town in his phaeton, *alive*. He gave a diverting account of the visit, which I fancy proved much better than either party pretended to expect, as I find Mr. Seward not only went a day sooner, but stayed two days later, than was proposed; and Mr. Crutchley, on his part, said he had invited him to repeat his visit at any time when he knew not in what other manner “to knock down a day or two.” What curious characters these are! Mr. Crutchley, however, continues the least fathomable, not only of these, but of all the men I have seen. I will give you, therefore, having, indeed, nothing better to offer, some further specimens to judge of.

Dr. Johnson, as usual when here, kept me in chat with him in the library after all the rest had dispersed; but when Mr. Crutchley returned again, he went upstairs, and, as I was finishing some work I had in hand, Mr. Crutchley, either from civility or a sudden turn to loquacity, forbore his books, to talk.

Among other folks, we discussed the two rival duchesses, Rutland and Devonshire. “The former,” he said, “must, he fancied, be very weak and silly, as he knew that she endured being admired to her face, and complimented perpetually, both upon her beauty and her dress:” and when I asked whether *he* was one who joined in trying her—

“Me!” cried he; “no, indeed! I never complimented any

body ; that is, I never said to anybody a thing I did not think, unless I was openly laughing at them, and making sport for other people."

"Oh," cried I, "if everybody went by this rule, what a world of conversation would be curtailed! The Duchess of Devonshire, I fancy, has better parts."

"Oh, yes; and a fine, pleasant, open countenance. She came to my sister's once, in Lincolnshire, when I was there, in order to see hare-hunting, which was then quite new to her."

"She is very amiable, I believe," said I; "for all her friends love and speak highly of her."

"Oh, yes, very much so; perfectly good-humoured and unaffected. And her horse was led, and she was frightened; and we told her *that* was the hare, and *that* was the dog; and the dog pointed at the hare, and the hare ran away from the dog, and then she took courage, and then she was timid;—and, upon my word, she did it all very prettily! For my part, I liked it so well, that in half an hour I took to my own horse, and rode away."

After this, we began more seriously to talk upon happiness and misery; and I accused him of having little sense of either, from the various strange and desperate speeches which he is continually making; such as those I told you, of his declaring he cared not if he was to be shut up in the Exchequer for the rest of his life; and as to Mrs. Plumbe—the stupidest of all women—he had as lieve as not pass the rest of his days with her: and during this last visit, when the horrors of a convent were being enumerated by Mrs. Thrale, he asserted that there was nothing but prejudice in preferring any other mode of life, since every mode was, in fact, alike.

"Well," said he, "and custom will make anything endured; though a great deal of all this must be given to mere talk without meaning; for as to living with Mrs. Plumbe, I protest I would not spend an hour with her to save me from ruin, nor with anybody I did not like. I cannot even make common visits to people unless I like them. But the few I *do* like, perhaps nobody ever liked equally. I have, indeed, but one wish

or thought about them ; and that is, to be with them not only every day, but every hour. And I never change, and never grow tired : nobody in the world has less taste for variety."

Afterwards he asserted that nobody ever died of grief. I did not agree with him ; for I do, indeed, believe it is a death but too possible.

"I judge," said he, "as people are too apt to judge, by myself ; I am sure *I* have no affections that can kill me."

"I can easily believe that," said I, "and I fancy very few people have ; but, among them, I should certainly never number those who settle themselves into a philosophic coldness and apathy that renders all things equal to them, and the Convent or the Exchequer the same as any other places."

"Why, a little use would make them so," said he, laughing. "However, I believe I have had as much delight *one* way as any man breathing ; and that is, in hunting. I have pursued that with an enthusiasm that has been madness. I have been thrown from my horse and half killed, and mounted her again and gone on. I have been at it till every one has been tired out ; but myself never. I have jumped from my horse to catch a dirty hound in my arms and kiss it !"

"Well," cried I, "and does this last ?"

"Why, no," cried he, "thank Heaven ! not quite so bad now. To be sure, 'tis the most contemptible delight that ever man took, and I never knew three men in the world who pursued it with equal pleasure that were not idiots. Those, however," said he afterwards, "are, I believe, the most happy who have most affections ; even the pain of such has pleasure with it."

This from a man whose evident effort is to stifle every affection, nay, every feeling, of the soul !

"I do not," continued he, "believe that any grief in the world ever outlasted a twelvemonth."

"A twelvemonth," said I, "spent in real sorrow is a long, long time indeed. I question myself if it almost *can* last or be supported longer."

After this, upon my saying I supposed him hardly a fair judge of affliction, as I believed him a man determined to ex-

tinguish every feeling that led to it, he grew very unexpectedly grave and communicative, and told me he had had two calamities as heavy and as bitter as any body could have or could feel.

"And yet," said he, "I found I got the better of them. I was ill—I lost my appetite—I could not sleep—I had a fever; yet in time all these complaints were gone, and I got well, and lived on much as usual."

One of these calamities he then explained to have been the loss of his mother, whom I find he quite adored; and he seems still to wonder how he survived her. The other he seemed half inclined to mention, but I did not venture to lead to it, as it occurred to me that it was possibly an affair of the heart; in which, if, notwithstanding all his assertions of ignorance of *la belle passion*, he has had a disappointment, I think much of the strangeness of his character accounted for.

At dinner he appeared in his riding dress, prepared for his journey; and, during the dessert, his phaeton was announced. Mrs. Thrale at that time had stepped out of the room. He soon after called Miss Thrale aside, and proposed taking her two sisters, Susan and Sophy, who are still at home for the holidays, a ride in his phaeton! He bid her mention it to her mother, saying, that if she liked it, he would defer going till next morning, that he might give the little girls this frolic.

Mrs. Thrale instantly returned, and, thanking him for his good-nature, most readily agreed to the proposal; though she could not but laugh at it, after his sullen refusal to stay at her request.

FRIDAY.—The moment breakfast was over, Mr. Crutchley arose, and was taking leave; but Mrs. Thrale told him, with an arch laugh, he had better stay, for he would not get mended by going. He protested, however, that he must certainly go home.

"And why?" cried she; "what do you go for?"

"Nay," cried he, hesitating, "I don't know, I am sure!"

"Never mind him, madam," cried Dr. Johnson; "a man who knows not why he goes, knows not why he stays; therefore never heed him."

"Does anybody expect you?" said Mrs. Thrale. "Do you want to see anybody?"

"Not a soul!"

"Then why can't you stay?"

"No; I can't stay now; I'll meet you on Tuesday."

"If you know so little why you should either go or stay," said Dr. Johnson, "never think about it, sir; toss up—that's the shortest way. Heads or tails!—let that decide."

"No, no, sir," answered he; "this is but talk, for I cannot reduce it to that mere indifference in my own mind."

"What! must you go, then?" said Mrs. Thrale.

"I must go," returned he, "upon a system of economy."

"What! to save your horses coming again?"

"No; but that I may not weary my friends quite out."

"Oh, your friends are the best judges for themselves," said Mrs. Thrale; "do you think you can go anywhere that your company will be more desired?"

"Nay, nay," cried Dr. Johnson, "after such an excuse as that, your friends have a right to practise Irish hospitality, and lock up your bridle."

The matter was still undecided when Mrs. Thrale called him to walk out with her.

In about two hours, and when I thought he was certainly gone, he came into the library, where I was reading Sherlock's flippant but entertaining letters, and said,—

"A good morning to you, ma'am."

"Are you going at last," cried I, "in all this heat?"

"No," cried he; "I am upon a new plan now. I have sent my man to Sunning-hill, and I am going now to see if I can stop him; for, in spite of all my resolves, I find there is no resisting the pleasures of this place."

"There is, indeed, no resisting Mrs. Thrale," said I; "but why indeed, *should* you resist her?"

"Oh," cried he, in a tone half vexed, half laughing, "I wish with all my heart I was at Jericho at this very moment."

He then wished me good-bye, and was off; leaving me, indeed, little better able to judge his actual character than the first day I saw him.

At dinner, accordingly, he returned, and is now to stay till Tuesday.

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I have very often, though I mention them not, long and melancholy discourses with Dr. Johnson, about our dear deceased master, whom, indeed, he regrets incessantly; but I love not to dwell on subjects of sorrow when I can drive them away, especially to you, upon this account, as you were so much a stranger to that excellent friend, whom you only lamented for the sake of those who survived him.

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The receipt of your second letter, my dearest Susy, has so much animated and comforted me, that I can now go back to give you a better account of what passed here after the receipt of the first.

While we were at church on Sunday morning, we heard a sermon, upon which, by means of a speech I chanced to make, we have been talking ever since. The subject was treating of *humility*, and declaiming against *pride*; in the midst of which, Mrs. Thrale whispered,—

“This sermon is all against *us*; that is, *four* of us: Queeny, Burney, Susan, and I, are all as proud as possible—Mr. Crutchley and Sophy are humble enough.”

“Good heavens!” cried I, “Mr. Crutchley!—why he is the proudest among us!”

This speech she instantly repeated, and just at that moment the preacher said,—“Those who are the weakest are ever the soonest puffed up.”

He instantly made me a bow, with an expressive laugh, that thanked me for the compliment. To be sure it happened most untimely.

As soon as we came out of church, he called out,—

“Well, Miss Burney, this is what I never can forgive! Am *I* so proud?”

“I am sure if you are,” cried Mrs. Thrale, “you have imposed upon me, for I always thought you the humblest man I knew. Look how Burney casts up her eyes! Why *are* you so proud, after all, Mr. Crutchley?”

"I hope not," cried he, rather gravely; "but I little thought of ever going to Streatham Church to hear I was the proudest man in it."

"Well, but," said I, "does it follow you certainly are so because *I* say so?"

"Why yes, I suppose I am if *you* see it, for you are one that sees all things and people right."

"Well, it's very odd," said Mrs. Thrale, "I wonder how she found you out."

"*I* wonder," cried I, laughing, "how *you* missed finding him out."

"Oh! worse and worse!" cried he. "Why there's no bearing this!"

"I protest, then," said Mrs. Thrale, "he has always taken me in; he seemed to me the humblest creature I knew; always speaking so ill of himself—always depreciating all that belongs to him."

"Why, I did not say," quoth I, "that he had more *vanity* than other men; on the contrary, I think he has none."

"Well distinguished," cried she: "a man may be proud enough, and yet have no vanity."

"Well, but what *is* this pride?" cried Mr. Crutchley—"what is it shown in?—what are its symptoms and marks?"

"A general contempt," answered I, undaunted, "of everybody and of everything."

"Well said, Miss Burney!" exclaimed Mrs. Thrale. "Why that's true enough, and so he has."

"A total indifference," continued I, "of what is thought of him by others, and a disdain alike of happiness or misery."

"Bravo, Burney!" cried Mrs. Thrale, "that's true enough."

"Indeed," cried Mr. Crutchley, "you are quite mistaken. Indeed, nobody in the world is half so anxious about the opinions of others; I am wretched—I am miserable if I think myself thought ill of; not, indeed, by everybody,—not by Mr. Cator, nor Mr. Perkins, nor Mr. Barclay,—but by those whose good opinion I have tried:—*there* if I fail, no man can be more unhappy."

"Oh, perhaps," returned I, "there may be two or three people in the world you may wish should think well of you, but that is nothing to the general character."

"Oh, no! many more. I am now four-and-thirty, and perhaps, indeed, in all my life I have not tried to gain the esteem of more than four-and-thirty people, but——"

"Oh, leave out the thirty!" cried I, "and then you may be nearer the truth."

"No, indeed; ten, at least, I daresay I have tried for, but, perhaps, I have not succeeded with two. However, I am thus even with the world; for if it likes me not, I can do without it,—I can live alone; and that, indeed, I prefer to anything I can meet with; for those with whom I like to live are so much above me, that I sink into nothing in their society; so I think it best to run away from them."

"That is to say," cried I, "you are angry you cannot yourself excel,—and this is not pride!"

"Why no, indeed; but it is melancholy to be always behind—to hear conversation in which one is unable to join——"

"Unwilling," quoth I, "you mean."

"No, indeed, but really unable; and therefore what can I do so well as to run home? As to an inferior, I hope I think that of nobody; and as to my equals, and such as I am on a par with, Heaven knows I can ill bear them!—I would rather live alone to all eternity!"

This conversation lasted till we got home, when Mrs. Thrale said,—

"Well, Mr. Crutchley, has she convinced you?"

"I don't know," cried I, "but *he* has convinced *me*."

"Why how you smote him," cried Mrs. Thrale: "but I think you make your part good as you go on."

"The great difference," said I, "which I think there is between Mr. Seward and Mr. Crutchley, who in some things are very much alike, is this,—Mr. Seward has a great deal of vanity and no pride, Mr. Crutchley a great deal of pride and no vanity."

"Just, and true, and wise!" said dear Mrs. Thrale, "for Seward is always talking of himself, and always with approbation; Mr.

Crutchley seldom mentions himself, and when he does, it is with dislike. And which have *I*, most pride or most vanity?"

"Oh, most vanity, *certainly!*" quoth I.

"And which have you?" said Mr. Crutchley to Queeny.

"I don't know," answered she.

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Some time after, while I was again reading Sherlock's "Letters" in the library, Mr. Crutchley came in.

"Well, ma'am," cried he, "I have not forgiven this yet; though I confess you somewhat softened off the charge, by all that distinction about the pride and vanity; but still I suppose even that was only pretence."

"No, no," cried I, "all I said I think; though all I think to be sure I did not say!"

And I went on with my book.

"Well," cried he, "I shall take Johnson's 'Life of Pope,' and go to the green bench in the wood, and get it by heart. If I have no ideas of my own, I can do nothing better than get some of his. This part of pride I am ready to own, and I wish nothing more than to cultivate it—and that is—from those who recede from *me*, to recede yet faster from *them*. This much I would always wish to do."

"I can very easily credit it," cried I.

"Why, I don't know neither," cried he; "I don't think I do it as much as I ought to do; I think I begin to grow more cringing, and sneaking, and worldly."

"How ridiculous!" cried I; for certainly cringing, sneaking, and worldly, are three things most distant from him.

"But as to all this pride of which you accuse me, I declare I believe no man has so little."

"Look here," interrupted I, "Mr. Sherlock himself says he is '*modeste à l'excès*.' See but by that how people know their own characters."

This was a finishing stroke; for the vanity and flippancy and conceit of Sherlock we have all been railing at ever since we took to reading his book, which was about a week ago; and Mr. Crutchley himself has been the most struck with it.

He laughed and went off, not, I believe, affronted, but I fancy somewhat disturbed, which was more than I meant he should be, though, in fact, all I said I believe to be strictly true; for though, in the strange composition of his character, there is a diffidence of himself, the most unaffected I ever, except in Edward Burney, saw,—a diffidence which makes the misery of his life, by inducing him to believe himself always *de trop*,—he has yet a contempt of almost all others, which, however free from vanity, can possibly have no other spring than pride.

At dinner we had Sir Philip Clerke and Piozzi; and Mr. Crutchley told me “my friend” Mr. Merlin was come.

“Is he my friend?” cried I; “he says *you* are his particular enemy!”

And this, indeed, is now become our hack speech to Mr. Crutchley, whose supposed enmity to Merlin is, indeed, a stretch of that absurd creature’s imagination, even more than usually ridiculous.

When Merlin came in I gave the hint of your story about Sir Christopher Whitecott, whom Mr. Crutchley knows, and says is “one of his hunting idiots,” and, therefore, he endeavoured to draw him into telling the tale, by talking of drinking. Merlin was quiet a long time, but when at last Mr. Crutchley said,—

“In England no man is ever obliged to drink more than he pleases!” he suddenly called out, and with a most rueful face,—

“Oh, certainly I beg your pardon! there is a person, Sir Christopher Whitecott, which certainly does do it!”

“Do what, Mr. Merlin?”

“Why certainly, sir, he does give, that is, a very great reprimand, to any person that does not drink as much as himself.”

They then questioned him, and he gave several of the particulars of his disgrace: though, being separately dragged from him, they were by no means so diverting as when you told them me.

At supper we had only Sir Philip and Mr. Crutchley. The conversation of the morning was then again renewed.

“Oh!” cried Mrs. Thrale, “what a smoking did Miss Burney give Mr. Crutchley!”

“A smoking, indeed!” cried he. “Never had I such a one

before ! Never did I think to get such a character ! I had no notion of it."

"Nay, then," said I, "why should you, now ?"

"But what is all this ?" cried Sir Philip, delighted enough at any mischief between Mr. Crutchley and me, or between any male and female, for he only wishes something to go forward, and thinks a quarrel or dispute next best to fondness and flirting.

"Why, Miss Burney," answered she, "gave Mr. Crutchley this morning a noble trimming. I had always thought him very humble, but she showed me my mistake, and said I had not distinguished pride from vanity."

"Oh, never was I so mauled in my life !" said he.

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Enough, however, of this rattle, which lasted till we all went to bed, and which Mrs. Thrale most kindly kept up, by way of rioting me from thinking, and which Mr. Crutchley himself bore with the utmost good nature, from having noticed that I was out of spirits.

MONDAY, JULY 2ND.—In a *tête-à-tête* I chanced to have with Mr. Crutchley, he again gave me reason to recollect the notion he lately put in my head, that he is still suffering in his own mind from some former bitter disappointment.

We were talking over Johnson's "Life of Pope," and after mutually giving our opinions upon various passages, and agreeing to prefer it altogether to any other of the Lives, he asked me if I had remarked how beautifully he had written upon Pope's fondness for Patty Blount. And then he looked out the paragraph and read it :—

"Their acquaintance began early ; the life of each was pictured on the other's mind ; their conversation, therefore, was endearing, for when they met there was an immediate coalition of congenial notions. Perhaps he considered her unwillingness to approach the bed of sickness as female weakness or human frailty ; perhaps he was conscious to himself of peevishness and impatience, or, though he was offended by her inattention, might yet consider her merit as overbalancing her fault ; and, if he had suffered his heart to be alienated from her, he could have found nothing that

might fill her place ; he could only have shrunk within himself ; it was too late to transfer his confidence or his fondness."

The manner in which he read this paragraph was so strikingly tender and feeling, that it could not, I think, proceed merely from the words ; and when he came to "he might consider her merit as overbalancing her fault," he exclaimed, "How impossible that a thing one loves can ever for a moment offend one !" And when he had done it, he read it all over again, with yet more sensibility ; and, not yet satisfied, he repeated it a third time.

Poor Mr. Crutchley ! I begin to believe his heart much less stubborn than he is willing to have it thought ; and I do now really but little doubt either that some former love sits heavy upon it, or that he is at this moment suffering the affliction of a present and hopeless one : if the latter is the case, Miss ****, I am next to certain, is the object. I may possibly, however, be mistaken in both conjectures, for he is too unlike other people to be judged by rules that will suit them.

We had much literary chat upon this occasion, which led us to a general discussion, not only of Pope's Life, but of all his works, which we tried who should out-praise. He then got a book to take to his favourite bench, and made me, as he left the room, an apology the most humble, for having interrupted or taken up any part of my time, which could not otherwise have but been spent better ; though again, he assured me that he had not yet forgiven my charge against him.

Two minutes after he came back for another book, and while he was seeking it Mr. Evans came in. They then both of them sat down to chat, and Mr. Seward was the subject. Mr. Evans said he had met him the day before in the Park, with Mrs. Nesbitt and another lady, and that he was giving Mrs. Nesbitt a prescription. In his medical capacity he seems to rise daily : 'tis a most strange turn to take merely for killing *ennui* ! But, added to quacking both himself and his friends, he has lately, I hear, taken also to making a rather too liberal use of his bottle, thinking, I suppose, that generous wine will destroy even the blue devils. I am really sorry, though, for this, as it may be attended with serious evil to him.

"When he was at my place," said Mr. Crutchley, "he did himself up pretty handsomely ; he ate cherries till he complained most bitterly of indigestion, and he poured down Madeira and Port most plentifully, but without relief. Then he desired to have some peppermint-water, and he drank three glasses ; still that would not do, and he said he must have a large quantity of ginger. We had no such thing in the house. However, he had brought some, it seems, with him, and then he took that, but still to no purpose. At last, he desired some brandy, and tossed off a glass of that ; and, after all, he asked for a dose of rhubarb. Then we had to send and inquire all over the house for this rhubarb, but our folks had hardly ever heard of such a thing. I advised him to take a good bumper of gin and gunpowder, for that seemed almost all he had left untried."

In the afternoon Mrs. Byron came ; and Mr. Crutchley, who has a violent aversion to her, notwithstanding she is particularly courteous to him, contrived, the moment he could, to make his escape, and hid himself till she was gone.

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Mrs. Thrale's sweetness to me is inexpressible ; but the generosity she is practising at this time to Mr. Perkins,* whom she does not like, though she thinks herself obliged to him, exalts her character yet more highly than her kindness to me. Everything in her power is she doing to establish him comfortably in the brewhouse, even to the lending all her own money that is in the stocks.

The other morning she ran hastily into my room, her eyes full of tears, and cried,—

"What an extraordinary man is this Crutchley ! I declare he has quite melted me ! He came to me just now, and thinking I was uneasy I could do no more for Perkins, though he cared not himself if the man were drowned, he offered to lend him a thousand pounds, merely by way of giving pleasure to me !"

His fondness, indeed, for Mrs. Thrale and her daughter is the most singular I have ever seen ; he scarcely exists out of their

* Superintendent of Mr. Thrale's brewery ; he afterwards became partner with Mr. Barclay, the wealthy Quaker.

sight, and holds all others so inferior to them, that total solitude seems his dearest alternative to their society. Dr. Johnson indeed, he honours and reveres; and myself I believe he very well esteems; but I question, nevertheless, whether he would desire to see either of us but for our connexion in this house.

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When Mrs. Thrale came back, she brought with her Mr. Henry Smith, who dined here, as did also that ridiculous Merlin, who contrived to divert Miss Thrale and me with his inconceivable absurdities.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 4th.—Mrs. Thrale was obliged to go to town again to-day upon business with the executors, and she brought back an account of Mr. Crutchley that has really given me very much concern; he was very far, she says, from well, and extremely feverish. She begged him to stay in town and have a physician, but he declared he would go instantly to Sunning Hill. She then asked him to come hither and be nursed; but that also he declined; and when she urged him to take great care of himself, he said it was of small matter whether he did or not, since he cared not whether he lived or died, as life was of no value to him, for he had no enjoyment of it.

How strange, sad, and perverse! With every possible means of happiness, as far as speculation reaches, to be thus unaccountably miserable. He has goodness, understanding, benevolence, riches, and independence, and with all these a something is wanting without which they are all as nothing.

He acknowledged to her readily that he was never so well pleased as when at Streatham, and spoke of its four inmates, Mrs. and Miss Thrale, Dr. Johnson, and F. B. in terms of praise bordering upon enthusiasm; protesting he believed the world contained not four other such folks, and that it was a society which made all other insupportable. Yet, he would not be prevailed upon to come again, though he knew not, he said, how he should forbear, before the week was out, hanging or drowning himself!

In ten days' time, however, he is obliged to be again in town, in order to meet Mrs. Thrale at the brew-house, and then he

expects his two sisters, of whom he is excessively fond, to come from Lincolnshire on a visit to him of some months. His mind then will, I hope, be easier, and more of that happiness which his character deserves, and his situation in life offers, will be enjoyed by him.

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STREATHAM, JULY 16th.—I will give you now, my dear girls, some little account how the world goes with me; but, in return, if you do not both communicate something, I shall take it for the “hint of an insult,” and not, like poor Merlin, proceed just the same as if no such “disagreeable compliment” had been paid me.

You will believe I was not a little surprised to see Sacchini.* He is going to the Continent with Piozzi, and Mrs. Thrale invited them both to spend the last day at Streatham, and from hence proceed to Margate.

Sacchini is the mere ghost of what he was, in almost every respect; so altered a man in so few years I never saw. I should not even have known him had his name not been spoken; and the same ill health which has so much impaired his person, and robbed him of more beauty than any other man ever possessed, seems also to have impaired his mental faculties. He is no longer pleasant now, even when he tries to be gay; and that good-breeding we so much admired in him is degenerated into too much obsequiousness. The change in his circumstances, and his continual distress for money, no doubt have much contributed to this general *decadence*.

He is obliged to steal away privately, lest his creditors should

* Antonio Mario Gasparo Sacchini was a distinguished Italian composer. He was born at Naples, in 1735. He was for some time at the head of the Conservatorio of L'Ospedaletto, at Venice. He afterwards (in 1772) came to England, and remained here several years, but was driven away by one of those petty cabals to which the musical world has ever shown itself to be disgracefully liable. A report was universally circulated, and extensively believed, that many of his best things were composed by Rauzzini—a man infinitely inferior to Sacchini in everything but the mere mechanism of music. Sacchini finally established himself at Paris, where his great talents were duly appreciated, and rewarded by a pension from the Queen, Marie Antoinette. He died at Paris in 1786. One of his best dramatic pieces (of which he composed more than eighty), is on the subject of “Evelina.”

stop him. He means to try his fortune at Paris, where he expects to retrieve it, and then to return to London, and begin the world anew.

That a man of such extraordinary merit, after so many years giving to this country such works as must immortalise him, should at last be forced to steal away from it, made me, I must own, feel more compassion for him than a man whose own misconduct has been the sole occasion of his distresses has any fair claim to. But to see talents which to all the world can give such delight, so useless to the owner, is truly melancholy.

I pressed him very much to sing, and, though somewhat reluctantly, he complied. He seemed both gratified and surprised by my civility and attention to him, which he must long have observed were withdrawn, and which nothing but my present pity for him would have revived. He inquired after all the family, and "Miss Susanne" twice, and reminded me of many things which had passed upon the commencement of our acquaintance with him—his *one pea*, his German story, and his Watchman and the Olives; and we had much talk about sweet Millico.

The first song he sang, beginning "En quel amabil volto," you may perhaps know, but I did not: it is a charming mezza bravura. He and Piozzi then sung together the duet of the "Amore Soldato;" and nothing could be much more delightful; Piozzi taking pains to sing his very best, and Sacchini, with his soft but delicious whisper, almost thrilling me by his exquisite and pathetic expression. They then went through that opera, great part of "Creso," some of "Erifile," and much of "Rinaldo."

Sacchini also sung "Poveri affetti miei," and most divinely indeed. I begged him to sing "Dov' è s'affretti per me la morta;" he could hardly recollect it, and what he recollected he could hardly sing; it required more exertion than he can now use without pain and fatigue. I have not, however, had so much pleasure from music since Pacchierotti left England, and I am sure I shall have none like it till he again returns.

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STREATHAM, AUGUST.—I fear you will think me a long time,

my dearest Susy, without giving any sign of life ; but your letter of yesterday, for which I much thank you, has given me sufficient compunction for my silence to cause my seizing my pen, and going back to

MONDAY, JULY 30TH.—Mrs. Thrale ran out to meet me upon my return, in the courtyard ; and then we *explicated* about the letters, and the coach, and so forth, and, as I came, all went well. Then, leading the way into the library, she called out,—

“Mr. Crutchley, I have got my *Tyo* again !”

I was somewhat surprised to find him here, as I had only expected him to meet the great party the next day ; but it seems he escorted his guests, Mrs. and Miss Thrale, and Dr. Johnson, from Sunning-hill Park on Saturday, and was not yet returned thither.

His park and house, Mrs. Thrale says, are extremely fine ; his sister is a sensible and unaffected woman ; he entertained them quite magnificently ; and his character among his own people, and in his own neighbourhood, is so high, that she has left his place with double the esteem, if possible, that she entered it. He is indeed, I believe sincerely, one of the worthiest and most amiable creatures in the world, however full of spleen, oddities, and minor foibles.

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In the afternoon we had walking and music ; and in the evening my father and Mrs. Thrale seated themselves out of doors, just before the Blue-room windows, for *coolth* and chat ; and then Mr. Crutchley came up to me, and we had a very long conversation together.

I have not time to scribble it all ; but it began by talking of the late party at his house at Sunning Hill ; and I told him—for I believed nothing could give him greater pleasure—how well satisfied Mrs. and Miss Thrale had returned from it. And then he said how high an honour he had thought it, both from them and from Dr. Johnson, and added, that he had never been happier in his life than during these two days.

But as he has never forgotten, and never, I believe, will forget, the conversation I had with him so long ago about his *pride*,

and to which he has alluded twenty times a-day every time I have since been in his company, so now, though how I do not remember, he presently, and quite naturally, according to custom, recurred to it.

"Well," cried I, "I can really hardly tell myself what made me say all that stuff to you; but this I must own, had I then doubted its justice, I should not now, it dwells so with you!"

"Oh, but," cried he, "it does not dwell with me from consciousness, but only because I am afraid it must be true, as *you* say it; for I take it for granted you know, and must be right."

"No, no," cried I. "'tis merely from feeling it. If I had said you were very mean, illiberal, ill-natured, you would never have thought of it again."

"Oh, yes, I should—I should have thought you knew what you said."

"No, I beg your pardon; you would have known it was a mere jest, and have thought it no more than if I had said you were but three feet high, and kept a cobbler's stall."

"But you could not have said that," answered he, laughing, "or if you could, you would not."

"The other, however," said I, "comes home, and therefore you think so much of it."

"I hope," said he, very seriously, "you have mistaken me."

"Nay," cried I, a little shocked at the unexpected impression my casual and unpremeditated lecture has made, "you must remember I told you at the same time, that, though what I *said* I *thought*, I did not say *all* I thought."

"But all," cried he, "that remains behind, I take it for granted is so much worse."

This was a *net*—but I saw it; so it was spread in vain.

"My liking to live so much alone," continued he, "which is, perhaps, what seems proud, proceeds merely from the great difficulty there is to meet with any society that is good."

"But that difficulty," quoth I, "is a part of the pride; were you less fastidious, you would find society as other people find it."

"Nay, now," said he, "but even about horses I am not proud" [you must know he is very curious about his horses], "for I care

not what *looking* horse I have ; I never think of his appearance, nor mind if half the people I meet think how ill I am mounted."

"Yes," returned I, "provided those who are judges knew him to be good."

"Why, yes ; I should not choose to ride a horse that people who knew anything of the matter would call a bad one."

"Ah !" cried I, reproachfully, "and this is not pride !"

This, again, was coming home, and he had little to answer, but said, in a laughing way,—

"Now I'll tell you when I can be happy enough : when I have nobody at all at my place but workmen ; and then I *niggle* after them up and down, and say to myself—Well, I think I am somewhat better than *these* !"

"How ridiculous !" cried I : "but such speeches as these, instead of proving your humility, are so absurd and overstrained, they pass literally for nothing."

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Miss Thrale went away to have her hair dressed, and I stayed in the library reading. Mr. Crutchley, in about half an hour, returned there again, saying,—

"So, I have prevailed upon Miss Thrale at last to go and spend her time better ?"

"She's gone," said I, "to have her hair dressed, if that is better."

"I suppose it is what she likes," answered he. "Is that a long business with you ladies ?"

"O yes, terribly long ! I only wish all our hair was combed as straight as yours was some time ago, frightful as I thought it."

We afterwards talked of my father, whom he knows but very slightly ; he said of him, however, things more pleasing for me to hear than any other upon any subject in the world would have been ; for he told me he never saw any man he thought more likely to live long than Dr. Burney.

"He is strong-built," said he, "stout, and well-knit. I looked at him particularly, and never saw an appearance of more true muscular strength, unencumbered with flesh ; for flesh and bulk

have nothing to do with strength. I dare say he will be a very long liver."

"And what may contribute to that," said I, "will be the equanimity of his temper; for, with all his gaiety and sprightliness, he has more patience, and even cheerfulness, than anybody in the world. And he is one of those who makes no distresses for himself, and those he meets with, whether he will or not, he drives away as soon as he possibly can."

I am not sure I did not mean this rather pointedly; and so, I believe, he took it, for he exclaimed,—

"How unlike me! *I* make everything a woe!"

"That is nothing," cried I, "but the want of real evils. Imaginary woes always follow people who have no other."

"Imaginary woes! Good Heaven!" he repeated, half between his teeth.

A servant at the same time coming in to announce his phaeton, he then hoped I should keep well till he had the pleasure of seeing me again, and went away.

I have some notion he is half inclined to tell me all his affairs; for, whenever we are alone together, he almost constantly leads to some subject that draws out melancholy hints of his unhappiness, though in company he always pretends to laugh at all feeling, and despise all misfortune. Could I do him any possible service, I should be sincerely glad; but as that is very improbable, I think such a confidence better avoided than sought.

At dinner we had a large party of old friends of Mrs. Thrale. Lady Frances Burgoyne, a mighty erect old lady of the last age, lofty, ceremonious, stiff, and condescending.

Montague Burgoyne, her son, and as like any other son as ever you saw.

Mrs. Burgoyne, his wife, a sweet, pretty, innocent, simple young girl, just married to him.

Miss Burgoyne, his eldest sister, a good, sensible, prating old maid.

Miss Kitty Burgoyne, a younger sister, equally prating, and *not* equally sensible.

Mr. Ned Hervey, brother to the bride.

To these were added Mr. Pepys and Sophy Streatfield; the former as entertaining, the latter as beautiful as ever. We had a very good day, but not of a writing sort.

Dr. Johnson, whom I had not seen since his Sunning-hill expedition, as he only returned from town to-day, gave me almost all his attention, which made me of no little consequence to the Burgoynes, who all stared amain when they saw him make up to me the moment I entered the room, and talk to me till summoned to dinner.

Mr. Pepys had desired this meeting, by way of a sort of reconciliation after the Lyttelton quarrel; and Dr. Johnson now made amends for his former violence, as he advanced to him as soon as he came in, and holding out his hand to him, received him with a cordiality he had never shown him before. Indeed, he told me himself, that "he thought the better of Mr. Pepys for all that had passed." He is as great a *souled* man as a *bodied* one, and, were he less furious in his passions, he would be demi-divine.

Mr. Pepys also behaved extremely well, politely casting aside all reserve or coldness that might be attributed to a lurking ill-will for what had passed.

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STREATHAM.—My poor journal is now so in arrears, that I forget wholly the date of what I sent you last. I have, however, minutes by me of things, though not of times, and, therefore, the chronology not being very important, take them, my dear girls, promiscuously. I am still, I know, in August, *et voilà tout*.

We have now a new character added to our set, and one of no small diversion,—Mr. Musgrave, an Irish gentleman of fortune, and member of the Irish Parliament. He is tall, thin, and agreeable in his face and figure; is reckoned a good scholar, has travelled, and been very well educated. His manners are impetuous and abrupt; his language is high-flown and hyperbolical; his sentiments are romantic and tender; his heart is warm and generous; his head hot and wrong! And the whole of his conversation is a mixture the most uncommon, of knowledge and triteness, simplicity and fury, literature and folly!

Keep this character in your mind, and, contradictory as it seems, I will give you, from time to time, such specimens as shall remind you of each of these six epithets.

He was introduced into this house by Mr. Seward, with whom, and Mr. Graves, of Worcester, he travelled into Italy: and some years ago he was extremely intimate here. But, before my acquaintance was made at Streatham, he had returned to Ireland; where, about a year since, he married Miss Cavendish. They are now, by mutual consent, parted. She is gone to a sister in France, and he is come to spend some time in England by way of diverting his chagrin.

Mrs. Thrale who, though open-eyed enough to his absurdities, thinks well of the goodness of his heart, has a real regard for him; and he quite adores her, and quite worships Dr. Johnson—frequently declaring (for what he once says, he says continually), that he would spill his blood for him,—or clean his shoes,—or go to the East Indies to do him any good! “I am never,” says he, “afraid of him; none but a fool or a rogue has any need to be afraid of him. What a fine old lion (looking up at his picture) he is! Oh! I love him,—I honour him,—I reverence him! I would black his shoes for him. I wish I could give him my night’s sleep!”

These are exclamations which he is making continually. Mrs. Thrale has extremely well said that he is a caricature of Mr. Boswell, who is a caricature, I must add, of all other of Dr. Johnson’s admirers.

The next great favourite he has in the world to our Doctor, and the person whom he talks *next most* of, is Mr. Jessop, who was his schoolmaster, and whose praise he is never tired of singing in terms the most vehement,—quoting his authority for every other thing he says, and lamenting our misfortune in not knowing him.

His third favourite topic, at present, is “The Life of Louis XV.” in 4 vols. 8vo., lately translated from the French; and of this he is so extravagantly fond, that he talks of it as a man might talk of his mistress, provided he had so little wit as to talk of her at all.

Painting, music, all the fine arts in their turn, he also speaks of in raptures. He is himself very accomplished, plays the violin extremely well, is a very good linguist, and a very decent painter. But no subject in his hands fails to be ridiculous, as he is sure, by the abruptness of its introduction, the strange turn of his expressions, or the Hibernian twang of his pronunciation, to make everything he says, however usual or common, seem peculiar and absurd.

When he first came here, upon the present renewal of his acquaintance at Streatham, Mrs. Thrale sent a summons to her daughter and me to come downstairs. We went together: I had long been curious to see him, and was glad of the opportunity. The moment Mrs. Thrale introduced me to him, he began a warm *éloge* of my father, speaking so fast, so much, and so Irish, that I could hardly understand him.

That over, he began upon this book, entreating Mrs. Thrale and all of us to read it, assuring us nothing could give us equal pleasure, minutely relating all its principal incidents with vehement expressions of praise or abhorrence, according to the good or bad he mentioned; and telling us that he had devoted three days and nights to making an index to it himself!

Then he touched upon his dear schoolmaster, Mr. Jessop, and then opened upon Dr. Johnson, whom he calls "the old lion," and who lasted till we left him to dress.

When we met again at dinner, and were joined by Dr. Johnson, the incense he paid him, by his solemn manner of listening, by the earnest reverence with which he eyed him, and by a theatric start of admiration every time he spoke, joined to the Doctor's utter insensibility to all these tokens, made me find infinite difficulty in keeping my countenance during the whole meal. His talk, too, is incessant: no female, however famed, can possibly excel him for volubility.

He told us a thousand strange staring stories, of noble deeds of valour and tender proofs of constancy, interspersed with extraordinary, and indeed incredible accidents, and with jests, and jokes, and bon-mots, that I am sure must be in Joe Miller. And in the midst of all this jargon he abruptly called out,

"Pray, Mrs. Thrale, what is the Doctor's opinion of the American war?"

Opinion of the American war at this time of day! We all laughed cruelly; yet he repeated his question to the Doctor, who, however, made no other answer but by laughing too. But he is never affronted with Dr. Johnson, let him do what he will; and he seldom ventures to speak to him till he has asked some other person present for advice how he will *take* such or such a question.

At night he left us, and Mr. Crutchley arrived, who came to spend two or three days, as usual. Sir Philip Clerke also was here; but I have no time now to write any account of what passed, except that I must and ought to mention that Mr. Crutchley, in the presence of Sir Philip, is always more respectful to me than at any other time; indeed, only then, for he troubles not himself with too much ceremony. But I believe he does this from a real delicacy of mind, by way of marking still more strongly it was the raillery, not the object of it, he was so strangely piqued about.

But I told you I thought I had secured his never more mentioning my charge of his pride. There I was mistaken, as, for his life, he cannot forbear.

The day he ended his visit, Sir Philip also ended his, having only come from Hampshire for a few days; and, as I wanted much to go down and see my sister, Mrs. Thrale ordered her coach, and took us all thither herself.

In our way Mr. Crutchley, who was in uncommon spirits, took it in his head to sing the praises of wine (though no man drinks less), and afterwards of smoking; Mrs. Thrale all the time combating all he said, Sir Philip only laughing, and I, I suppose, *making faces*. At last he called out,—

"Look at Miss Burney, how she sits wondering at my impudence!"

He expected, I fancy, I should contradict this: but not a word did I say: so then, with a little *dépit*, he added,—

"I suppose, now, I shall have *impudence* added to the—the *vanity* you gave my character before."

This mistake I am pretty sure was a *wilful* one, by way of passing for only slightly remembering the accusation.

"Vanity!" cried I; "when did I charge you with vanity?"

"Well, what was it then?—*pride*!"

I said nothing; neither choosing to confirm what he has taken so seriously to heart, nor to contradict what I think as strongly as ever.

"Pride and impudence!" continued he, with a look at once saucy and mortified—"a pretty composition, upon my life!"

"Nay, nay," said I, "this is an addition of your own. I am sure I never called, or thought, you impudent."

It would be strange if I had; for, on the contrary, he is an actual *male prude*!

"No, no; she gave you nothing but the pride," said Mrs. Thrale, "she left all the vanity for me! Saucy that she is! So you have, at least, the higher fault; for vanity is much the meaner of the two. Lord Bacon says, 'A beggar of bread is a better man than a beggar of a bow; for the bread is of more worth.' So see if you are not best off."

"Me best off!" cried he—"no, indeed; Miss Burney thinks better of vanity than pride, by her giving one to you and t'other to me."

To this, again, I would not speak; for I could not well without a new argument, and the old one is so long remembered that I am determined to have no more.

"If Miss Burney," said he presently, "thought as well of me as of you, I believe I should have reason to be very well contented. Should not I?"

"As well of you as of me!" cried Mrs. Thrale; "why, if ever I heard such a speech! No, indeed, I hope not! I have always heard her called a very wise girl!"

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Mrs. Thrale set me down at home, and I ran to dear Etty's, and saw and kissed her and her dear baby, and promised to return to town soon to spend a week with her. Mrs. T. called for me again at three o'clock, and I returned to Streatham, and I spent two days with only ourselves;—*c'est à dire*, Mrs. and

Miss T. and Dr. Johnson, who is so earnest to have me here always, that I assure you we know not how to break to him my intended week's absence! You may laugh if you please, but I can tell you my importance with him seems continually increasing. And, seriously, I am sure my gratitude for his kindness goes on *crescendo*, in the same manner.

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Well—it was, I think, SATURDAY, AUGUST 25TH, that Mrs. Thrale brought me back. But first, we went together to see Sir Joshua's pictures, which is always a feast to me, and afterwards to see Pine's, where is one of Mrs. Thrale herself: not like, I think, but a mighty elegant portrait. We then took up Mr. Crutchley, who had come to his town-house upon business, and who accompanied us thither for a visit of three days.

In the evening Mr. Seward also came. He has been making the western tour, and gave us, with a seriousness that kept me continually grinning, some account of a doctor, apothecary, or chemist, belonging to every town at which he had stopped. And when we all laughed at his thus following up the *faculty*, he undauntedly said,—

“I think it the best way to get information; I know no better method to learn what is going forward anywhere than to send for the chief physician of the place; so I commonly consult him the first day I stop at a place, and when I have fee'd him, and made acquaintance, he puts me in a way to find out what is worth looking at.”

A most curious mode of picking up a cicerone!

After this, still pursuing his favourite topic, he began to inquire into the particulars of Mr. Crutchley's late illness; but that gentleman, who is as much in the opposite extreme, of disdaining even any decent care of himself, as Mr. Seward is in the other, of devoting almost all his thoughts to his health, cut the matter very short, and would not talk upon it at all.

“But if I had known sooner,” said Mr. Seward, “that you were ill, I should have come to see you.”

“Should you?” cried Mr. Crutchley, with a loud laugh; “very kind, indeed!—it would have been charming to see you when

I am ill, when I am afraid of undertaking you even when well!"

Some time after Sophy Streatfield was talked of,—Oh, with how much impertinence! as if she was at the service of any man who would make proposals to her! Yet Mr. Seward spoke of her with praise and tenderness all the time, as if, though firmly of this opinion, he was warmly her admirer. From such admirers and such admiration Heaven guard me! Mr. Crutchley said but little; but that little was bitter enough.

"However," said Mr. Seward, "after all that can be said, there is nobody whose manners are more engaging, nobody more amiable, than the little Sophy; and she is certainly very pretty: I must own I have always been afraid to trust myself with her."

Here Mr. Crutchley looked very sneeringly.

"Nay, 'squire," cried Mr. Seward, "she is very dangerous, I can tell you; and if she had you at a fair trial, she would make an impression that would soften even your hard heart."

"No need of any further trial," answered he, laughing, "for she has done that already; and so soft was the impression that it is absolutely all dissolved!—melted quite away, and not a trace of it left!"

Mr. Seward then proposed that she should marry Sir John Miller, who has just lost his wife; and very gravely said, he had a great mind to set out for Tunbridge, and carry her with him to Bath, and so make the match without delay!

"But surely," said Mrs. Thrale, "if you fail, you will think yourself bound in honour to marry her yourself?"

"Why, that's the thing," said he; "no, I can't take the little Sophy myself; I should have too many rivals; no, that won't do."

How abominably conceited and *sure* these pretty gentlemen are! However, Mr. Crutchley here made a speech that half won my heart.

"I wish," said he, "Miss Streatfield was here at this moment to cuff you, Seward!"

"Cuff me!" cried he. "What, the little Sophy!—and why?"

"For disposing of her so freely. I think a man deserves to be cuffed for saying *any* lady will marry him."

I seconded this speech with much approbation.

Mr. Crutchley then told us of a painter, with whom he is well acquainted, and to whom he has been very kind, that professes the art of discovering *moral* characters from *written* ones ; and he told us that if we would write something, he would carry the paper to the man, and bring us word what he had said of us without letting him know who we were.

Mrs. Thrale immediately started up and wrote in a very fine hand,—

“The character of the writer of this is earnestly desired.”

Mr. Seward was called upon next, and proposed adding,

“The greatest secrecy must be depended upon.”

But I objected to this mode, because such sentences might help the conjuror to our characters without much assistance ; whereas, he ought to decipher them merely from the handwriting.

Mr. Crutchley then proposed that we should take some book, and each of us write two lines, and then the man could have nothing to judge by but our several scrawls.

“Wisely said,” cried Mrs. Thrale ; “for judgment Mr. Crutchley excels us all.”

We took, therefore, Mr. Crabbe’s “Library,” and Mrs. Thrale, Mr. Seward, Miss Thrale, and myself, copied two lines each. Mr. Crutchley put the paper in his pocket, and promised to bring us an account of ourselves on Monday. I charged him repeatedly to be very honourable, and not make characters of us himself, and then pretend to pass them off for this painter’s. When I give you the characters, you must judge yourself whether he was faithful, or only, as I told him I expected he would, took the opportunity to give us all a smoking.

SUNDAY.—To these two gentlemen was added a third,—Mr. Musgrave. I did not see him till we all met in the dinner-parlour ; and then he immediately addressed me with so vociferous a rapidity that I could not catch above one word in ten of what he said ; but I found his purport was to tell me he had been at Worcester, where he had seen my uncle, and seen divers of Edward’s performances, and he very warmly declared he would

make a very great and capital painter; and, in the midst of this oration, Mr. Seward very dryly called out,—

“Pray, Musgrave, whom are you talking of?”

“Her cousin,” cried he, with the same eagerness, “Miss Burney’s cousin. I assure you he will be so great a painter that——”

“Why, when and where,” interrupted Mr. Seward, “are these Burneys to stop?”

“Nowhere,” said Mrs. Thrale, “till they are tired; for they go on just as long as they please, and *do* what they please, and *are* what they please.”

“Here, ma’am, is a mark of their power and genius,” said Mr. Musgrave, pointing to me; and I assure you this young man is another. And when I told old Mr. Burney I thought so, I assure you I thought he would have wrung my arm out of joint.”

“*Old* Mr. Burney!” said Mrs. Thrale; “pray, do you call our *young* Doctor’s brother *old* Mr. Burney?”

“Oh, ma’am, I assure you I have the greatest respect for him in the world; he is a worthy old gentleman, I assure you. He and I shook hands together for a quarter of an hour. He was vastly pleased. I told him his son would be a great painter. And, indeed, so he will. He’ll be quite at the head.”

“Ay, how should he be Miss Burney’s cousin else?” said Mrs. Thrale.

“Miss Burney will be so elated,” said Mr. Seward, “if you go on thus with all her family, that she will not condescend to take notice of us.”

“Oh, yes, she will,” said the literal Mr. Musgrave; “where there is true merit there is always modesty. Miss Burney may hear praise without danger.”

I called for water, munched bread, and did what I could to pass the time; but though Mr. Musgrave made me laugh, I found it pretty warm work to sit all this.

In the evening, Mr. Seward, who plays off Mr. Musgrave most unmercifully, called out to him,—

“Musgrave, how goes on your play?”

“My play, sir!” cried he, a little alarmed; “sir, I assure you I have not thought about it.”

"No !—why, I supposed you would have finished it in your last fit of sickness. Do, Musgrave, pray go on with it when you are tied by the heel next. We'll get Miss Burney to write a prologue for it."

"Miss Burney will do me a great deal of honour," said he, not suspecting he was laughed at, "if she will be so good as to look at it."

"And pray," cried Mr. Seward, "what do you call it?"

"Oh, I shall beg the favour of Miss Burney to name it."

He then told us the plan and story of this comedy, which was so trite, and yet so *flaming*, that I cannot imagine how any man can have read so much to so little advantage as to suppose it could be listened to.

Mr. Seward, however, protests he has altered it from what he originally intended; and no great mischief, I think, could *any* alteration do to such a plan as Mr. Seward says he had first formed, which was to make a bishop be discovered by his own chaplain in a house of ill-fame! a *dénouement* he had devised for the purpose of making the bishop *come down* with his money and consent for the marriage of his daughter, the heroine of the piece, with the man of her choice!

MONDAY.—We were to have Mr. Cator and other company to dinner; and all breakfast Mr. Seward kept plaguing poor Mr. Musgrave, who is an incessant talker, about the difficulty he would have in making his part good with Mr. Cator, who, he assured him, would out-talk him if he did not take care. And Mr. Crutchley recommended to him to "wait for a sneeze," in order to put in; so that he was almost rallied into a passion, though, being very good-natured, he made light of it, and it blew over.

Our company was Mr. and Mrs. Cator, Mrs. Byron and her daughter Augusta, Mr. Jenkinson, Mr. Lewis, a friend who is on a visit at his house, and the three gentlemen already here.

Mr. Crutchley rode to town in the morning, and told us at dinner that he had been to the painter's for our characters, but refused to let us know what they were; only telling us in general that Miss Thrale had fared the worst.

"I have written it all down," cried he; "and oh! what a noble trimming is there for Queeny!"

"And pray," cried she, "how has Miss Burney fared?"

"Oh! pretty well."

"And Seward?"

"Why pretty well, too."

"And my mother?"

"Why ill—very ill;—but not so ill as you."

"Upon my word! And what, pray, has he said of me?"

"I have all the particulars upon a paper in my pocket."

I plagued him, however, without ceasing till he told me all the *items*; which were—

Of Mrs. Thrale: That she was very unsteady in her affections, a great lover of pleasure, and had no dislike to living in the country.

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Of Mr. Seward: That he was a man quite without genius, and that all the accomplishments he possessed resulted from labour and application.

Of me: That I was very steady, very apt to be sullen, grave myself, but fond of those who were gay.

I think I did come pretty well off, considering the villainous things said of the rest; but I battled with him warmly the character of Mr. Seward, which his calling "pretty well" was very unjust, as he has really more original wit and humour than one man in five hundred.

. In the middle of dinner I was seized with a violent laughing fit, by seeing Mr. Musgrave, who had sat quite silent, turn very solemnly to Mr. Seward and say, in a reproachful tone,—

"Seward, you said I should be fighting to talk all the talk, and here I have not spoken once."

"Well, sir," cried Mr. Seward, nodding at him, "why don't you put in?"

"Why, I lost an opportunity just now, when Mr. Cator talked of *climates*; I had something I could have said about them very well."

After this, however, he made himself amends; for when we left the men to their wine, he began such a violent dispute with Mr. Cator, that Mr. Jenkinson and Mr. Crutchley left the field of battle, and went out to join the ladies in their walk round the grounds; and that breaking up the party, the rest soon followed.

By the way, I happened not to walk myself, which was most ludicrously noticed by Mr. Musgrave; who, while we were at tea, suddenly crossed the circle to come up to me, and say,—

“You did not walk, Miss Burney?”

“No, sir.”

“Very much in the right—very much in the right, indeed! You were studying? Oh, very right! never lose a moment! Such an understanding as yours it would be a shame to neglect; it ought to be cultivated every moment.”

And then he hurried back to his seat.

In the evening, when all the company was gone but our three gentlemen, Seward, Crutchley, and Musgrave, we took a walk round the grounds by moonlight; and Mr. Musgrave started with rapture at the appearance of the moon, now full, now cloudy, now clear, now obscured, every three yards we moved.

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We have had some *extra* diversion from two queer letters. The first of these was to Dr. Johnson, dated from the Orkneys, and costing him 1s. 6d. The contents were, to beg the Doctor's advice and counsel upon a very embarrassing matter; the writer, who signs his name and place of abode, says he is a clergyman, and labours under a most peculiar misfortune, for which he can give no account; and which is,—that though he very often writes letters to his friends and others, he never gets any answers; he entreats, therefore, that Dr. Johnson will take this into consideration, and explain to him to what so strange a thing may be attributed.

He then gives his direction.

The other of these curious letters is to myself; it is written upon fine French-glazed and gilt-paper.

“ *Miss F. Burney,*
 “ *At Lady Thrale's,*
 “ *Streatham, Surrey.*

“MADAM,—I lately have read the three elegant volumes of ‘Evelina,’ which were penned by you ; and am desired by my friends, which are very numerous, to entreat the favour of you to oblige the public with a fourth.

“Now, if this desire of mine should meet with your approbation, and you will honour the public with another volume (for it will not be ill-bestowed time), it will greatly add to the happiness of,

“Honoured madam, a sincere admirer

“Of you and ‘Evelina.’”

“Snow Hill.”

Now don't our two epistles vie well with each other for singular absurdity ? Which of them shows least meaning, who can tell ? This is the third queer anonymous letter I have been favoured with. The date is more curious than the contents ; one would think the people on Snow Hill might think three volumes enough for what they are the better, and not desire a fourth to celebrate more Smiths and Branghtons.

MONDAY, SEPT. 3D.—Our *solitude* was interrupted by a visit from Mr. Crutchley, which afforded me, as usual, subject-matter of debate upon his never-ending oddities. Take the following patterns :—

My dear Mrs. Thrale had been ill of a rash for some days, though not confined, and Sir Richard Jebb came this evening to see her. He stayed and drank tea with us, and was, as to me he always is, very agreeable. After having written for Mrs. Thrale and given her his general directions, he charged her very earnestly not to suffer her spirits to be agitated, and to be very careful to keep quiet.

When he was gone, she repeated this in laughing, and said, “I suppose he meant I should not put myself in a Welsh passion, and flame and spit.”

“Nay, nay,” cried Mr. Crutchley, “*that* you do all day long.”

"What!" cried she, going out of the room, and not well hearing him, while I turned round to laugh at his assurance.

"Why Miss Burney," answered he, "says you always spit."

"I!" cried I, amazed. "When did I say so?"

"Why, just this moment."

"Mercy!" cried Miss Thrale, "that is too bad!"

"Nay, she said it, I'll swear!" said he, very coolly.

I only turned up my eyes at him, and Miss Thrale followed her mother out of the room.

"Well, now," said he, very gravely, "did you say it, or did you not?"

"Why *not*, to be sure!" returned I, staring at his effrontery.

"You did not say it?"

"No; you know I did not."

"Nay, I don't know for the *words*, but you *looked* it, I am sure, and that's the same. I always hold it exactly the same. I see, indeed, no difference between saying and looking."

"Yes, but I did *not* look it; my look was only at you, and marvelling at *your* saying it."

"Nay, but you know very well that she does spit."

"No, indeed, I don't; or if I do, I know also, and very certainly, that it is only when she is provoked."

"Yes, yes: nobody, I suppose, does it *unprovoked*; but what will provoke one will not provoke another; that is all the real difference."

I had no time to answer this, as the dear spitter returned; but I was all amazement at his persisting in such an attack, and insisting that I was of the same mind.

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At dinner, Dr. Johnson returned, and Mr. Musgrave came with him. I did not see them till dinner was upon the table; and then Dr. Johnson, more in earnest than in jest, reproached me with not coming to meet him, and afterwards with not speaking to him, which, by the way, across a large table, and before company, I could not do, were I to be reproached ever so solemnly. It is requisite to speak so loud in order to be heard by him, and everybody listens so attentively for his

reply, that not all his kindness will ever, I believe, embolden me to discourse with him willingly except *tête-à-tête*, or only with his family or my own.

Mr. Crutchley, who has more odd spite in him than all the rest of the world put together, enjoyed this call upon me, at which Mr. Musgrave no less wondered! He seemed to think it an honour that raised me to the highest pinnacle of glory, and started and lifted up his hands in profound admiration.

This, you may imagine, was no great inducement to me to talk more; and when in the evening we all met again in the library, Dr. Johnson still continuing his accusation, and vowing I cared nothing for him, to get rid of the matter, and the grinning of Mr. Crutchley, and the theatrical staring of Mr. Musgrave, I proposed to Miss Thrale, as soon as tea was over, a walk round the grounds.

The next morning, the instant I entered the library at breakfast-time, where nobody was yet assembled but Messrs. Musgrave and Crutchley, the former ran up to me the moment I opened the door with a large folio in his hand, calling out,—

“See here, Miss Burney, you know what I said about the Racks ——”

“The what, sir?” cried I, having forgot it all.

“Why the Racks; and here you see is the very same account. I must show it to the Doctor presently; the old lion hardly believed it.”

He then read to me I know not how much stuff, not a word of which could I understand, because Mr. Crutchley sat laughing slyly, and casting up his eyes exactly before me, though unseen by Mr. Musgrave.

As soon as I got away from him, and walked on to the other end of the room, Mr. Crutchley followed me, and said,—

“You went to bed too soon last night; you should have stayed a little longer, and then you would have heard such a panegyric as never before was spoken.”

“So I suppose,” quoth I, not knowing what he drove at.

“Oh, yes!” cried Mr. Musgrave. “Dr. Johnson pronounced such a panegyric upon Miss Burney as would quite have intoxi-

cated anybody else; not *her*, indeed, for she can bear it, but nobody else could."

"Oh! such praise," said Mr. Crutchley, "never did I hear before. It kept *me* awake, even *me*, after eleven o'clock, when nothing else could,—poor drowsy wretch that I am!"

They then both ran on praising this praise (*à qui mieux mieux*), and trying which should distract me most with curiosity to hear it; but I know Mr. Crutchley holds *all* panegyric in such infinite contempt and ridicule, that I felt nothing but mortification in finding he had been an auditor to my dear Dr. Johnson's partiality.

"Woe to him," cried he at last, "of whom no one speaks ill! Woe, therefore, to *you* in this house, I am sure!"

"No, no," cried I, "*you*, I believe, will save me from *that* woe."

In the midst of this business entered Miss Thrale. Mr. Musgrave, instantly flying up to her with the folio, exclaimed, "See, Miss Thrale, here's all that about the origin of Racks, that——"

"Of *what*?" cried she. "Of *rats*?"

This set us all grinning; but Mr. Crutchley, who had pretty well recovered his spirits, would not rest a moment from plaguing me about this praise, and began immediately to tell Miss Thrale what an oration had been made the preceding evening.

The moment Mrs. Thrale came in, all this was again repeated, Mr. Musgrave almost blessing himself with admiration while he talked of it, and Mr. Crutchley keeping me in a perpetual fidget, by never suffering the subject to drop.

When they had both exhausted all they had to say in a general manner of this *éloge*, and Dr. Johnson's fondness for me, for a little while we were allowed to rest; but scarce had I time to even hope the matter would be dropped, when Mr. Crutchley said to Mr. Musgrave,—

"Well, sir, but now we have paved the way, I think you might as well go on."

"Yes," said Miss Thrale, never backward in promoting mischief, "methinks you might now disclose some of the particulars."

"Ay, do," said Mr. Crutchley, "pray repeat what he said."

"Oh! it is not in my power," cried Mr. Musgrave; "I have not the Doctor's eloquence. However, as well as I can remember, I will do it. He said that her manners were extraordinarily pleasing, and her language remarkably elegant; that she had as much virtue of mind as knowledge of the world; that with all her skill in human nature, she was at the same time as pure a little creature——"

This phrase, most comfortably to me, helped us to a laugh, and carried off in something like a joke praise that almost carried *me* off, from very shame not better to deserve it.

"Go on, go on!" cried Mr. Crutchley; "you have not said half."

"I am sensible of that," said he, very solemnly; "but it really is not in my power to do him justice, else I would say on, for Miss Burney I know would not be intoxicated."

"No, no; more, more," cried that tiresome creature; "at it again."

"Indeed, sir; and upon my word I would if I could; but only himself can do the old lion justice."

"'And what light is' ", cried Mrs. Thrale, "'tis only light can show.' However, let him love her as much as he will, he will never love her half enough, for he knows not half how good she is."

"Upon my word!" cried Miss Thrale, drolly; "do you think I shan't take some sly opportunity to poison you?"

"Miss Burney wants no incentive to virtue," said Mr. Musgrave, "or else, to anybody else such a character as Dr. Johnson has given her would be enough to stimulate her to it."

Ay, thought I, that is the best way for *me*—to take all this in sober seriousness. And I assure you, though I tried to laugh all this off as if I did not believe it, I knew so well his readiness and pleasure in speaking highly of me, that I was inwardly quite melted by his kindness, and my sense of the honour I receive from it.

We had half done breakfast before he came down; he then complained he had had a bad night and was not well.

"I could not sleep," said he, laughing; "no, not a wink, for thinking of Miss Burney; her cruelty destroys my rest."

"Mercy, sir!" cried Mrs. Thrale; "what, beginning again already?—why, we shall all assassinate her. Late at night, and early at morn,—no wonder you can't sleep!"

"Oh! what would I give," cried he, "that Miss Burney would come and tell me stories all night long!—if she would but come and talk to me!"

"That would be delightful, indeed!" said I; "but when, then, should I sleep?"

"Oh, that's *your* care! I should be happy enough in keeping you awake."

"I wish, sir," cried Mr. Musgrave, with vehemence, "I could give you my own night's sleep!"

"I would have you," continued Dr. Johnson to me (taking no notice of this flight), "come and talk to me of *Mr. Smith*, and then tell me stories of old *Branghton*, and then of his son, and then of your sea-captain."

"And pray, sir," cried Mrs. Thrale, "don't forget *Lady Louisa*, for I shall break my heart if you do."

"Ay," answered he, "and of *Lady Louisa*, and of *Evelina* herself as much as you please, but not of *Mr. Macartney*,—no, not a word of him!"

"I assure you, ma'am," said Mr. Musgrave, "the very person who first told me of that book was Mr. Jessop, my schoolmaster. Think of that!—was it not striking? 'A daughter,' says he, 'of your friend Dr. Burney has written a book, and it does her much credit.' Think of that! (lifting up his hands to enforce his admiration); and he desired me to read it—he recommended it to me;—a man of the finest taste,—a man of great profundity,—an extraordinary scholar,—living in a remote part of Ireland,—a man I esteem, upon my word!"

"But, sir," cried Mrs. Thrale to Dr. Johnson, "why, these men tell such wonders of what you said last night! Why, you spoke quite an oration in favour of Miss Burney."

"Ay," said Mr. Crutchley, "the moment it was over I went to bed. I stayed to hear the panegyric; but I thought I could bear nothing after it, and made off."

"I would you were off now," cried I, "and in your phaeton in the midst of this rain!"

"Oh, sir!" cried Mr. Musgrave, "the Doctor went on with it again after you went; I had the honour to hear a great deal more."

"Why, this is very fine indeed!" said Mrs. Thrale; "why, Dr. Johnson,—why, what is all this?"

"These young fellows," answered he, "play me false; they take me in; they start the subject, and make me say something of that Fanny Burney, and then the rogues know that when I have once begun I shall not know when to leave off."

"We are glad, sir," said Mr. Crutchley, "to hear our own thoughts expressed so much better than we can express them ourselves."

I could only turn up my eyes at him.

"Just so," said Mrs. Thrale,

"‘What oft was thought, but ne’er so well express’d.’"

Here, much to my satisfaction, the conversation broke up.

"I hope," said Miss Thrale, comically bowing to me, "you have approved this discourse. For my part, I wonder you will speak to *me* again."

"I wonder," said Mr. Crutchley, "she could *eat*!"

"Nay," quoth I, "this is no way to take off my appetite: though, perhaps, you think I ought to be too sublime to eat."

His phaeton was now announced, and, regardless of the rain, he took leave.

Mr. Musgrave stayed with us two or three days longer: but he is so infinitely more quiet when neither Mr. Seward nor Mr. Crutchley is here, that he left me nothing to write about him.

FRIDAY, SEPT. 14.—And now, if I am not mistaken, I come to relate the conclusion of Mr. Crutchley's most extraordinary summer career at Streatham, which place, I believe, he has now left without much intention to frequently revisit. However, this is mere conjecture; but he really had a run of ill-luck not very inviting to a man of his cold and splenetic turn, to play the same game.

When we were just going to supper, we heard a disturbance among the dogs; and Mrs. and Miss Thrale went out to see what was the matter, while Dr. Johnson and I remained quiet. Soon returning, "A friend! a friend!" she cried, and was followed by Mr. Crutchley.

He would not eat with us, but was chatty and in good-humour, and, as usual when in spirits, saucily sarcastic. For instance, it is generally half my employment in hot evenings here to rescue some or other poor buzzing idiot of an insect from the flame of a candle. This, accordingly, I was performing with a Harry Long-legs, which, after much trial to catch, eluded me, and escaped nobody could see how. Mr. Crutchley vowed I had caught and squeezed him to death in my hand.

"No, indeed," cried I, "when I catch them, I put them out of the window."

"Ay, their bodies," said he, laughing; "but their legs, I suppose, you keep."

"Not I, indeed; I hold them very safe in the palm of my hand."

"Oh!" said he, "the palm of your hand! why, it would not hold a fly! But what have you done with the poor wretch—thrown him under the table slyly?"

"What good would that do?"

"Oh, help to establish your full character for mercy."

Now, was not that a speech to provoke Miss Grizzle herself? However, I only made up a saucy lip.

"Come," cried he, offering to take my hand, "where is he? Which hand is he in? Let me examine?"

"No, no, I thank you; I shan't make *you* my confessor, whenever I take one."

He did not much like this: but I did not mean he should.

Afterwards he told us a most unaccountably ridiculous story of a *crying wife*. A gentleman, he said, of his acquaintance had married lately his own kept mistress; and last Sunday he had dined with the bride and bridegroom; but, to his utter astonishment, without any apparent reason in the world, in the middle of dinner or tea, she burst into a violent fit of crying, and went out

of the room, though there was not the least quarrel, and the *sposo* seemed all fondness and attention !

"What, then," said I, somewhat maliciously I grant, "had *you* been saying to her?"

"Oh, thank you!" said he, with a half-affronted bow, "I expected this! I declare I thought you would conclude it was me!"

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Dr. Johnson has been very unwell indeed. Once I was quite frightened about him: but he continues his strange discipline—starving, mercury, opium; and though for a time half demolished by its severity, he always, in the end, rises superior both to the disease and the remedy,—which commonly is the most alarming of the two. His kindness for me, I think, if possible, still increased: he actually *bores* everybody so about me that the folks even complain of it. I must, however, acknowledge I feel but little pity for their fatigue.

From Miss F. Burney to Mr. Crisp.

Streatham, Wednesday Morning,
22nd September.

At length, my dear daddy, I hope to have a peep at you. Mrs. Thrale is much better, though not well, but so kindly desirous to give me this indulgence, as well as to see you and my father, that she will venture to promise for next Monday; and, therefore, if nothing unlucky intervenes, and you send no prohibition, early on Monday morning you will see us. I cannot tell you half how glad I feel in the prospect of being again at dear Chesington, which I do indeed love at the bottom of my heart—and top too, for the matter of that.

Bid all the Misses look pretty, and Mrs. Hamilton be quite well. Tell dear Kitty not to prim up as if we had never met before, and charge Jem to be the pink of gallantry. Beg my dear father to "get from behind *la barba*" before breakfast; and do you, my dear daddy, put on my favourite *vig*.

I have time for no more, as I have an opportunity to send this to town now, and if it goes by Streatham post, you may not

receive it before you receive your ever and ever obliged and loving child.

F. B.

My duty, love, and compliments to all.

Mrs. Thrale's best compliments.

Miss Thrale will accompany us, but not Dr. Johnson.

From Mrs. Thrale to Miss F. Burney.

Sunday, 12th November, 1781.

SWEET BURNEY,

Your little scrap to my Tit was the most delightful thing I ever read—better than forty letters. Now that my stomach is lightened by doses of emetic tartar, and my heart pacified by a Paris letter, I can try for flash again—at least, rake up some old embers.

Our journal would be yet emptier and more compressible than yours, for not a living thing have we seen since Crutchley left us late on Monday night, till Seward visited us yester noon: but the poor lady of the manor tried all she could to keep from tormenting the only creature in her reach with ill-humour; and for that creature's comfort the house will now soon be full.

Sir Richard Jebb has done Peggy Pitches so much good, she is enchanted with him. A physician can sometimes parry the scythe of death, but has no power over the sand in the hourglass.

How happy Mr. Crisp is in his Fannikin! Take care of yourself for all our sakes, and do not go to church such weather as this; but keep the fear of the churchyard before your eyes.

I'm glad the little book or volume goes on; my notion is that I shall cry myself blind over the conclusion—it runs in my head—'tis so excessively pathetic. I saw your sweet father on Thursday, but he came alone.

"Not a ship on the ocean," says my last letter from Ashbourne,* "goes out with more good wishes than that which carries the fate of Burney. I love," continues he, "all of the race which I do know, and some that I do not, and love them for loving each other."

Of this consanguineous fondness I have had little experience myself, but I consider it as one of the lenitives of life. It has,

* Dr. Johnson was then at Ashbourne.

however, this deficiency—that it is never found where distress is mutual. He who has less than enough has nothing to spare. Prosperous people only love each other. May you and I, my love, be ever prosperous!

Miss Kitty may well think this the surprisingest world that ever was. I have long been of her mind. Cavendish Square is the place appointed for me to perform in next winter, I perceive by everybody; and though matters look cloudy just at present, I find we are to hope for a “little bit of Burney” in the spring. Did I say that bright thing before?

Somebody told me (but not your father) that the Opera singers would not be likely to get any money out of Sheridan this year. “Why, that fellow grows fat,” says I, “like Helio-gabalus, upon the tongues of nightingales.” Did I tell you that bright thing before? Ah, Burney! if I was well I would make a little fun yet, but I cannot get well. The next time I see Sir Richard I will coax him to let me go in the cold bath again, I am so low, so lamentable!

I am, however, most sincerely yours in all affection,

Respects to Mr. Crisp.

H. L. T.

Miss F. Burney to Mrs. Thrale.

Chesington, December 10th.

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And so Mrs. Shirley, Captain Phillips' sister, has been visiting Susan in form, and Susan has returned the courtesies with the proper formalities; and that awkward business being over, they begin to take to one another, and are already upon kind, open, and sisterly terms, visiting to and fro without ceremony. This is a very comfortable circumstance.

The Capitano has lately been promoted, and is now very earnest to accelerate matters: but my father, very anxious and fearful for poor Susanne, does not think there is *de quoi manger* very plentifully, and is as earnest for retarding them. For my own part, I think they could do very well. I know

Susan is a very good economist, and I know there is not any part of our family that cannot live upon very little as cheerfully as most folks upon very much. Besides, who knows how long poor *nuncle* may live, and keep the estate to himself? And why should he not live? I detest living upon no hopes but those of other people's losing all—I mean *pour le monde*, which we have no right to despise for others, while so anxious to fare well in it ourselves.

All this, dearest madam, you must at present keep wholly to yourself. My father, all the while, is so much pleased with the disinterestedness of Phillips, that it is painful to his kind heart to oppose him, and, between friends, I have little doubt but he will give way ere long.

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All these things put together, you may believe I am called enough for home; very—very little, therefore, shall I be able to see of dear Streatham before next summer; but what I can I will.

Mr. Crisp is much gratified by your so kindly and constantly remembering him. He is vastly well this year, and has had no gout since I came; he is, therefore, grown somewhat unruly, and if I hint but at going away, storms and raves with such a vengeance you would stare to see, and start to hear him. We keep to “fun-making” though, very gaily. Everything here is so new that has passed elsewhere, that nothing can be mentioned that has not the air of an anecdote, and the credit of peculiar observation upon matters and manners.

Adieu, my ever dearest Mrs. Thrale, and long, long preserve the health, spirits, and kindness, which mark your last letter to

F. B.

May we be prosperous, you say,—and Amen! say I, without a devotion particularly extraordinary; but yet I am by no means of opinion that there is no kindness where distress is mutual: on the contrary, I think, and once I found, that mutual distress gives mutual endearment.

CHAPTER XII

1782.

Progress of "Cecilia" through the Press—Dr. Burney's Opinion of it—The Author's Fears—Barry—Hoole—a Rout—Dr. Solander—Coxe, the traveller—Sir Sampson Gideon—Count Zenobia—Lady Say and Sele—An Amateur Novelist—Lady Hawke—Sir Gregory Page Turner. Correspondence : Mrs. Thrale to Miss Burney—Mr. Crisp to Miss Burney—His Opinion of "Cecilia"—Miss Burney to Mr. Crisp—Her Intentions in writing "Cecilia"—Literary Ladies—Poetical Description of them by Dr. Burney—General Paoli—Mrs. Garrick—Literary Forgery—Conversazione at Mrs. Thrale's—Miss Burney to Mrs. Phillips—Mrs. Garrick—The Female Wits—Mr. Crisp to Miss Burney—Voltaire *versus* Shakespeare—Advice to a Young Author—Miss Burney to Mr. Crisp—Mrs. Thrale to Miss Burney—Odd Reason for Marrying—Mrs. Thrale and "Cecilia"—Miss Burney to Mr. Crisp—Diary Resumed—Edmund Burke—Dinner at Sir Joshua Reynolds's—Lord Corke—The Bishop of St. Asaph—Gibbon, the Historian—Person and Manner of Burke—Lady Di. Beauclerk—Goldsmith's Blundering—Letter from Edmund Burke to Miss Burney—Visit to Chesington—Sitting for one's Portrait—Mr. Crisp to Miss Burney—Miss Burney to Mrs. Thrale—Miss Burney to Mr. Crisp—General Paoli—Boswell—The Irish Giant.

Miss F. Burney to Mrs. Phillips.

February 25, 1782.

ARE you quite *enragée* with me, my dearest Susy? Indeed, I think I am with myself, for not sooner and oftener writing to you; and every night when I go to bed, and every morning when I wake, I determine shall be the last I will do either again till I have written to you. But *hélas!* my pens get so fagged, and my hands so crippled, when I have been up two or three hours, that my resolution wavers, and I sin on, till the time of rest and meditation, and then I repent again. Forgive me, however, my

dearest girl. and pray pay me not in kind; for, as Charlotte would say, *kind* that would not be, however deserved and just.

My work is too long in all conscience for the hurry of my people to have it produced. I have a thousand million of fears for it. The mere copying, without revising and correcting, would take at least ten weeks, for I cannot do more than a volume in a fortnight, unless I scrawl short hand and rough hand as badly as the original. Yet my dear father thinks it will be published in a month! Since you went I have copied one volume and a quarter—no more! Oh, I am sick to think of it! Yet not a little reviving is my father's very high approbation of the first volume, which is all he has seen. I totally forget whether, in my last, I told you I had presented it to him? but I am sure you would never forget, for the pleasure you would have felt for me, had you seen or heard him reading any part of it.

Would you ever believe, bigoted as he was to "Evelina," that he now says he thinks this a superior design and superior execution?

You can never half imagine the delight this has given me. It is answering my first wish and first ambition in life. And though I am certain, and though he thinks himself, it will never be so popular as "Evelina," his so warm satisfaction will make me amends for almost any mortification that may be in store for me.

I would to Heaven it were possible for me to have a reading *de suite* of it with you, my Susy, more than with anybody; but I could not admit Captain Phillips, dearly as I love him; I could not for my life read myself to Mr. Burney, and was obliged to make Etty. It is too awkward a thing to do to any human beings but my sisters, and poor auntys, and Kitty Cooke. I have let the first *tome* also run the gauntlet with Mrs. Thrale.

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One thing frets me a good deal, which is, that my book affair has got wind, and seems almost everywhere known, notwithstanding my earnestness and caution to have it kept snug till the last. Mr. Barry, t'other day, told me he had heard from Miss Mudge what, &c., &c., he had soon to expect from me. The Hooles have

both told Charlotte how glad they are in the good news they hear: and Mrs. Boyle and the strangers take it for granted, they say, that I am too busy for visiting! Mrs. Ord, also, attacked me very openly about it, and I have seen nobody else. It is easy to guess whence this comes, but not easy to stop its course, or to prevent the mischief of long expectation, any more than the great *désagrément* of being continually interrogated upon the subject.

Miss F. Burney to Mrs. Phillips.

I thank you most heartily for your two sweet letters, my ever dearest Susy, and equally for the kindness they contain and the kindness they accept. And as I have a frank and a subject, I will leave my *bothers*, and write you and my dear brother Molesworth a little account of a *rout* I have just been at, at the house of Mr. Paradise.

You will wonder, perhaps, in this time of hurry, why I went thither; but when I tell you Pacchierotti was there, you will not think it surprising.

There was a crowd of company; Charlotte and I went together; my father came afterwards. Mrs. Paradise received us very graciously, and led me immediately up to Miss Thrale, who was sitting by the Pac. The Miss Kirwans, you may be sure, were not far off, and so I did pretty well. There was nobody else I knew but Dr. Solander, Mr. Coxe the traveller,* Sir Sampson and Lady Gideon (Streatham acquaintances), Mr. Sastres†, and Count Zenobia, a noble Venetian, whom I have often met lately at Mrs. Thrale's.

We were very late, for we had waited cruelly for the coach, and Pac. had sung a song out of "Artaxerxes," composed for a

* Born in 1747. Eldest son of Dr. William Coxe, physician to the King's household. Brought up to the church, where he held several preferments. Contributed largely to the biographical and historical departments of general literature. Died in 1828.

† Mr. Sastres. This gentleman is spoken of by Boswell as "Mr. Sastres, the Italian Master." He was on terms of great intimacy with Dr. Johnson, some of whose most pleasant letters were addressed to him (see the General Appendix to "Murray's Boswell," vol. 10).

tenor, which we lost, to my infinite regret. Afterwards he sang "Dolce speme," set by Bertoni, less elegantly than by Sacchini, but more expressively for the words. He sang it delightfully. It was but the second time I have heard him in a room since his return to England.

After this he went into another room, to try if it would be cooler; and Mrs. Paradise, leaning over the Kirwans and Charlotte, who hardly got a seat all night for the crowd, said she begged to speak to me. I squeezed my great person out, and she then said,—

"Miss Burney, Lady Say and Sele desires the honour of being introduced to you."

Her ladyship stood by her side. She seems pretty near fifty—at least turned forty; her head was full of feathers, flowers, jewels, and gew-gaws, and as high as Lady Archer's; her dress was trimmed with beads, silver, persian sashes, and all sort of fine fancies; her face is thin and fiery, and her whole manner spoke a lady all alive.

"Miss Burney," cried she, with great quickness, and a look all curiosity, "I am very happy to see you; I have longed to see you a great while; I have read your performance, and I am quite delighted with it. I think it's the most elegant novel I ever read in my life. Such a style! I am quite surprised at it. I can't think where you got so much invention!"

You may believe this was a reception not to make me very loquacious. I did not know which way to turn my head.

"I must introduce you," continued her ladyship, "to my sister; she'll be quite delighted to see you. She has written a novel herself; so you are sister authoresses. A most elegant thing it is, I assure you; almost as pretty as yours, only not quite so elegant. She has written two novels, only one is not so pretty as the other. But I shall insist upon your seeing them. One is in letters, like yours, only yours is prettiest; it's called the 'Mausoleum of Julia!'"

What unfeeling things, thought I, are *my* sisters! I'm sure I never heard them go about thus praising *me*!

Mrs. Paradise then again came forward, and taking my hand,

led me up to her ladyship's sister, Lady Hawke, saying aloud, and with a courteous smirk, "Miss Burney, ma'am, authoress of 'Evelina.'"

"Yes," cried my friend, Lady Say and Sele, who followed me close, "it's the authoress of 'Evelina;' so you are sister authoresses!"

Lady Hawke arose and curtseyed. She is much younger than her sister, and rather pretty; extremely languishing, delicate, and pathetic; apparently accustomed to be reckoned the genius of her family, and well contented to be looked upon as a creature dropped from the clouds.

I was then seated between their ladyships, and Lady S. and S., drawing as near to me as possible, said,—

"Well, and so you wrote this pretty book!—and pray did your papa know of it?"

"No, ma'am; not till some months after the publication."

"So I've heard; it's surprising! I can't think how you invented it!—there's a vast deal of invention in it! And you've got so much humour, too! Now my sister has no humour—hers is all sentiment. You can't think how I was entertained with that old grandmother and her son!"

I suppose she meant Tom Branghton for the son.

"How much pleasure you must have had in writing it; had not you?"

"Y—e—s, ma'am."

"So has my sister; she's never without a pen in her hand; she can't help writing for her life. When Lord Hawke is travelling about with her, she keeps writing all the way."

"Yes," said Lady Hawke; "I really can't help writing. One has great pleasure in writing the things; has not one, Miss Burney?"

"Y—e—s, ma'am."

"But your novel," cried Lady Say and Sele, "is in such a style!—so elegant! I am vastly glad you made it end happily. I hate a novel that don't end happy."

"Yes," said Lady Hawke, with a languid smile, "I was vastly glad when she married Lord Orville. I was sadly afraid it would not have been."

"My sister intends," said Lady Say and Sele, "to print her 'Mausoleum,' just for her own friends and acquaintances."

"Yes," said Lady Hawke; "I have never printed yet."

"I saw Lady Hawke's name," quoth I to my first friend, "ascribed to the play of 'Variety.'"

"Did you indeed?" cried Lady Say, in an ecstasy. "Sister! do you know Miss Burney saw your name in the newspapers, about the play!"

"Did she?" said Lady Hawke, smiling complacently. "But I really did not write it; I never wrote a play in my life."

"Well," cried Lady Say, "but do repeat that sweet part that I am so fond of—you know what I mean; Miss Burney *must* hear it,—out of your novel, you know!"

Lady H.: No, I can't; I have forgot it.

Lady S.: Oh, no! I am sure you have not; I insist upon it.

Lady H.: But I know you can repeat it yourself; you have so fine a memory; I am sure you can repeat it.

Lady S.—Oh, but I should not do it justice! that's all,—I should not do it justice!

Lady Hawke then bent forward, and repeated—"If, when he made the declaration of his love, the sensibility that beamed in his eyes was felt in his heart, what pleasing sensations and soft alarms might not that tender avowal awaken!"

"And from what, ma'am," cried I, astonished, and imagining I had mistaken them, "is this taken?"

"From my sister's novel!" answered the delighted Lady Say and Sele, expecting my raptures to be equal to her own; "it's in the 'Mausoleum,'—did not you know that? Well, I can't think how you can write these sweet novels! And it's all just like that part. Lord Hawke himself says it's all poetry. For my part, I'm sure I never could write so. I suppose, Miss Burney, you are producing another,—a'n't you?"

"No, ma'am."

"Oh, I dare say you are. I dare say you are writing one at this very minute!"

Mrs. Paradise now came up to me again, followed by a square man, middle-aged, and hum-drum, who, I found, was Lord Say

and Sele, afterwards from the Kirwans; for though they introduced him to me, I was so confounded by their vehemence and their manners, that I did not hear his name.

"Miss Burney," said Mrs. P., presenting me to him, "authoress of 'Evelina.'"

"Yes," cried Lady Say and Sele, starting up, "'tis the authoress of 'Evelina!'"

"Of what?" cried he.

"Of 'Evelina.' You'd never think it,—she looks so young, to have so much invention, and such an elegant style! Well, I could write a play, I think, but I'm sure I could never write a novel."

"Oh, yes, you could, if you would try," said Lady Hawke.

"Oh, no, I could not," answered she; "I could not get a style—that's the thing—I could not tell how to get a style! and a novel's nothing without a style, you know!"

"Why no," said Lady Hawke; "that true. But then you write such charming letters, you know!"

"Letters?" repeated Lady S. and S., simpering; "do you think so? Do you know I wrote a long letter to Mrs. Ray just before I came here, this very afternoon,—quite a long letter! I did, I assure you!"

Here Mrs. Paradise came forward with another gentleman, younger, slimmer, and smarter, and saying to me, "Sir Gregory Page Turner," said to him, "Miss Burney, authoress of 'Evelina!'"

At which Lady Say and Sele, in fresh transport, again arose, and rapturously again repeated—"Yes, she's authoress of 'Evelina!' Have you read it?"

"No! is it to be had?"

"Oh dear, yes! it's been printed these two years! You'd never think it! But it's the most elegant novel I ever read in my life. Writ in such a style!"

"Certainly," said he, very civilly, "I have every inducement to get it. Pray where is it to be had? everywhere, I suppose?"

"Oh, nowhere, I hope!" cried I, wishing at that moment it had been never in human ken.

My *square* friend, Lord Say and Sele, then putting his head forward, said, very solemnly, "I'll purchase it!"

His lady then mentioned to me a hundred novels that I had never heard of, asking my opinion of them, and whether I knew the authors; Lady Hawke only occasionally and languidly joining in the discourse: and then Lady S. and S., suddenly arising, begged me not to move, for she should be back again in a minute, and flew to the next room.

I took, however, the first opportunity of Lady Hawke's casting down her eyes, and reclining her delicate head, to make away from this terrible set; and, just as I was got by the pianoforte, where I hoped Pacchierotti would soon present himself, Mrs. Paradise again came to me, and said,—

“Miss Burney, Lady Say and Sele wishes vastly to cultivate your acquaintance, and begs to know if she may have the honour of your company to an assembly at her house next Friday?—and I will do myself the pleasure to call for you, if you will give me leave.”

“Her ladyship does me much honour, but I am unfortunately engaged,” was my answer, with as much promptness as I could command.

F. B.

Mrs. Thrale to Miss F. Burney.

Wednesday Night, Going to Bed.

MY DEAREST BURNEY,

May I venture, do you think, to call a little company about me on St. Taffy's day? or, will the world in general, and the Pepyses in particular, feel shocked at my “dissipation” and my “haste to be married?” They came last night and found me alone with Murphy. There was an epoch! The Bishop of Peterborough came in soon after. Queeny was gone to Mrs. Davenant's, with Miss Owen and Dr. Delap. What dangers we do go through! But I have not gone out to meet mine half way, at least.

Pray come on Friday se'nnight, if you never come again.

I was very near you yesterday, but I put a constraint upon myself, and pressed forward, for I should only have dirtied the

house, and hindered you, and been wished at York by the Padrona di casa.

I went to dear Dr. Johnson's, *rassegnarlo la solita servitù*, but at one o'clock he was not up, and I did not like to disturb him. I am very sorry about him—exceeding sorry! When I parted from you on Monday, and found him with Dr. Lawrence, I put my nose into the old man's wig and shouted; but got none except melancholy answers,—so melancholy, that I was forced to crack jokes for fear of crying.

"There is gout at the bottom, madam," says Lawrence.

"I wish it were at the bottom!" replied saucebox, as loud as she could bawl, and pointing to the *pedestals*.

"He complains of a general *gravedo*," cries the Doctor; "but he speaks too good Latin for *us*."

"Do you take care, at least, that it does not *increase long*," quoth I. (The word *gravedo*, you know, makes *gravedinis*, and is, therefore, said to "increase long in the genitive case." I thought this a good, stupid, scholar-like pun, and Johnson seemed to like that Lawrence was pleased.

This morning I was with him again, and this evening Mrs. Ord's conversation and Piozzi's *cara voce* have kept away care pretty well. Mr. Selwyn helped us to be comfortable. My Tit went with her Coz. to Abel's concert.

Good night, sweetest; I am tired and want to go to bed.

Good night once more, through the door at Streatham, for thither imagination carries your affectionate

H. L. T.

Mr. Crisp to Miss F. Burney.

Chesington, February 25.

OUR OWN FANNIKIN,

I do acquiesce ('tis true), but not in calm acquiescence (as Dr. Johnson does with Pope), that you should remain where you are instead of Chesington; but still I *do* say that, if you could have returned hither in Suzette's chaise, safe and warm, your undisturbed, unbroken, assiduous minding your lesson

would have overbalanced the time you gain by being upon the spot to correct proofs, &c.*

I am not of your other Daddy's mind, who would have sent it off to Mr. Payne just as it is. You have so much to lose, you cannot take too much care. Not that I would have you file, and polish, and refine, till the original fire and spirit of the composition flies off in vapour,—and that, I dare say, is what he would guard against; and so should I if I were not convinced there is no danger of that kind to be apprehended; *that* belongs to your half geniuses;—a true—a real—a great one, cannot be otherwise than highly luxuriant, and must be pruned. The finest apricots I ever tasted were the produce of a tree on the side of a house, that had on it, at one time, eighteen hundred dozen, and were thinned to about seven hundred, from twenty-one thousand six hundred! You may imagine this enormous quantity were mostly not bigger than peas. What then?—it demonstrates the monstrous force and vigour of the tree.

You “wish I had never seen the book in the rough.” There you are in the wrong. If ever the hints or observations of others can be worth listening to, that is the time; and I have already told you one opinion and piece of advice of mine, the truth and solidity of which every day of my life I am more and more convinced of. Whoever you think fit to consult, let their talents and taste be ever so great, hear what they say,—allowed!—agreed!—but never give up or alter a tittle merely on their authority, nor unless it perfectly coincides with your own inward feelings. I can say this to my sorrow and to my cost. But mum! The original sketches of works of genius, though ever so rude and rough, are valuable and curious monuments, and well worth preserving.

I am truly glad you have resolution enough of your own, and are permitted by others to stand your ground manfully, and sustain the siege of visitors that would overwhelm you with their numbers and incessant attacks. I perfectly concur with your Doctor Daddy in his selection of particulars, so far as he *has* read, and with his sentiments in general of the work and

* The allusions throughout this letter are to “Cecilia,” then in the press.

the plan, which (by what he has already seen) he cannot but have conceived an idea of. The unreasonable hurry with which I was obliged to gallop over such a book has disabled me from making, or even forming, observations, other than general ones. But by my imperfect recollection of particulars, and what I felt at the time, I think nothing struck me more forcibly than the Foxhall* scene; it is finely—it is powerfully imagined; it is a noble piece of morality! the variety—the contrast of the different characters quite new and unhackneyed, and yet perfectly in nature; and the dreadful catastrophe that concludes the whole makes it a masterpiece. What a subject for that astonishing lad, Edward, to make a finished drawing, and Bartolozzi a print of! The scene of Foxhall illuminated—the mangled, bleeding body carried along—the throng of spectators crowding after, filled with various expressions of horror, wonder, eager curiosity, and inquiry; and many other particulars, which the perusal of the passage itself, and his genius, would suggest. I like Cecilia much better than Albina, which I never was fond of, though not of much consequence.

I long to see Mrs. Thrale's letter, which I do most faithfully promise to return; and I do hereby summon you to despatch it to me immediately. To own to you the real truth, it was wholly owing to my impatience to get at it that I so directly answered your last.

As to your lovely Greek, I most earnestly recommend to you, notwithstanding your five sheets of paper, to put her down (while she is strong and warm in your memory and imagination) in a finished drawing in black and white. I don't mean this merely to satisfy curiosity, but as a wonderful academy figure, which may be of powerful use to you hereafter, to design from, in some future historical composition. Such opportunities don't offer every day; perfect novelty, united to such uncommon excellence, is a prize indeed; don't let her slip, but like Lothario,

“Seize the golden, glorious opportunity.”

* The old mode of spelling Vauxhall.

I am in thorough, serious earnest, and seriously for the reason I have given.

Your loving Daddy,

S. C.

P.S.—You say the book is to be printed vol. by vol., as fast as you can get it out. Sure, I hope, you don't mean by that that it is to come out in single, separate volumes? I can't bear the thoughts of it. All published at once, or "Chaos is come again!"

2d P.S.—I have not the conscience to demand long letters now in return; only send Mrs. Thrale's and to Kit.

Miss F. Burney to Mr. Crisp.

15th March.

Your letter, my dear daddy, which I have just received, has given me so much uneasiness that I may as well answer it immediately, as I can do nothing for thinking of it.

The conflict scene for Cecilia, between the mother and son, to which you so warmly object, is the very scene for which I wrote the whole book, and so entirely does my plan hang upon it, that I must abide by its reception in the world, or put the whole behind the fire.

You will believe, then, with the opinion I have of your judgment, and the anxious desire I have to do nothing quite contrary to your approbation, if I can now be very easy. I would it were in my power to defer the whole publication to another spring, but I am sure my father would run crazy if I made such a proposal.

Let me not, however, be sentenced without making my defence, and at least explaining to you my own meaning in the part you censure.

I meant in Mrs. Delville to draw a great, but not a perfect character; I meant, on the contrary, to blend upon paper, as I have frequently seen blended in life, noble and rare qualities with striking and incurable defects. I meant, also, to show how the greatest virtues and excellences may be totally obscured by the indulgence of violent passions and the ascendancy of favourite prejudices.

This scene has yet been read by no human creature but yourself and Charlotte, who would not let me rest till I let her go through the book. Upon Charlotte's opinion you will easily believe I put no solid reliance; but yet I mention to you the effect it had on her, because, as you told me about dear Kitty Cooke, the natural feelings of untaught hearers ought never to be slighted; and Dr. Johnson has told me the same a thousand times. Well, she prefers it to any part of the book, and cried over it so vehemently that she could eat no dinner, and had a violent headache all day.

I would rather, however, have had one good word from you than all the tears of the tender, and all the praises of the civil.

The character of Mrs. Delville struck you in so favourable a light, that you sunk, as I remember I privately noticed to myself, when you mentioned her, all the passages to her disadvantage previous to this conflict, else it would have appeared to you less inconsistent, for the way is paved for it in several places. But, indeed, you read the whole to cruel disadvantage; the bad writing, the haste, the rough copy, all were against me. Your anger at Mrs. Delville's violence and obduracy are nothing but what I meant to excite; your thinking it unnatural is all that disturbs me.

Yet, when I look about me in the world, such strange inconsistencies as I see, such astonishing contrariety of opinions, and so bigoted an adherence of all *marked* characters to their own way of thinking, I really know not how to give up this point.

Another thing gives me some comfort—the part you have selected to like best, Foxhall, is what I read to you myself, and the whole of the residence at Delville Castle, which I also read to you, I remember well you were pleased with more than with any other part of the book. I cannot, therefore, but hope the bad copy and difficulty of reading did me as much mischief as the bad and unequal composition.

But what are you thinking of, my dear daddy, when you desire me to send you the two last vols. immediately? Did I not tell you I am still actually at work upon the second? And as to

sending you again the rough draft, it would both be soliciting and establishing your disapprobation.

The first volume seems to grow, by recollection, both on my father and Mrs. Thrale. It is not to be expressed how fond they are of it, especially my father.

Have you seen the verses in the newspaper, where they poked me in with all the *belles esprits*?* Two days ago, at Mr. Pepys' I met them almost all. Mrs. Boscawen, Mrs. Chapone, Hannah More, Mrs. Carter, Sophy Streatfield, Mrs. Buller, famous for writing Greek notes in Greek books, Miss Georgiana Shipley (Mrs. Washington's friend), famous for construing Horace after a year's studying Latin, Mr. Wraxall, the northern historian, General Paoli, Dr. Cadogan, Sir Joshua Reynolds, &c., &c. But the greatest pleasure I received was from meeting Mrs. Garrick again. She had almost forgot me, but was very kind, and looked very well, very sweet, and very elegant. I was also gratified by meeting with the lady of the late young Lord Lyttelton, who was made very celebrated by the book called the "Correspondents," which was asserted to be written by her and the old Lord Lyttelton, but proves to be a very impertinent forgery. She is still pretty, though a little *passée*, and very elegant and pleasing in her manners. Mrs. and Miss Ord, Mr. Burrows, and many others, were there also.

This is but the second large assembly I have been to this year, though I have been invited to a hundred. The other was at Mrs. Thrale's, who first invited a large party about a week ago. There I met again the fair Greek, the Hales, Mr. Jenkinson,† Lord and Lady Sandys, the Burgoynes, Mr. Seward, Mr. Murphy, Dr. Delap, Mrs. Byron, and fifty more at least.

I wish, my dear daddy, I had time to write you some of the flash that passes upon these occasions; but it is totally impossible.

Everybody knows that I am about something; and the moment I put my head out of doors, I am sure to be attacked and catechised. Oh, that I were but as sure of the success as of

* *Vide infra* p. 423. Advice to the Herald.

† Afterwards Earl of Liverpool.

the sale of this book ! but, indeed, I am now more discomfited and alarmed than I have ever been yet.

Adieu, my dear daddy. I would I could do better ; but to love you and your most kind sincerity more truly is not possible. Never, therefore, spare it, till you cease to love, or cease to esteem, your ever affectionate

F. B.

Miss F. Burney to Mrs. Phillips.

Saturday, March 19, 1782.

But that I am myself in continual disgrace about writing, how should I murmur to hear so very, very seldom from my beloved Susy ! yet, when your letters *do* come, to tell you half the pleasure with which I read them would almost tempt you, culprit as I am, to let me see them oftener. The serenity of happiness you seem now to enjoy, my ever dearest girl, makes me ready to cry over your letters with fulness of content for you ; and were it otherwise, how to forbear repining at your absence I am sure I should not know ; for I miss you here so seriously, so cruelly, so perpetually, that nothing in the world short of your established happiness could make me any mental amends for your loss. The house seems so strange without you, my room so unoccupied, and my affairs and interests and thoughts so uncomfortable, in wanting your participation.

I don't well know what sullen fit of selfishness makes me write all this ; so, to have done with it, give to your sweet captain my kindest love, and tell him, let me murmur as I will by fits, I would not, if I could, change your destination, nor reverse the decree that was given by Mr. Shirley in St. Martin's Church ; and repeat to him—if you can—what I once told him myself,—that never, till I knew him, did I see the person to whom I could so cheerfully resign my first, longest, best, and dearest friend. So now—*let's have a dance !*

I had a very agreeable evening last Tuesday at Mr. Pepys', where I met Mrs. Garrick, whom I rejoiced much to see. She had all but forgot me ; but when I was introduced to her, by her half recollecting and asking who I was, she was extremely kind

and obliging. She looks very well, and very elegant. She was cheerfully grave, did not speak much, but was followed and addressed by everybody. I could not help being quite melancholy myself at sight of her, from remembrance of dear Mr. Garrick.

Do you know they have put me again into the newspapers, in a copy of verses made upon literary ladies,—where are introduced Mrs. Carter, Chapone, Cowley, Hannah More, Mrs. Greville, Mrs. Boscawen, Mrs. Thrale, Mrs. Crewe, Sophy Streatfield, and Mrs. Montagu? In such honourable company, to repine at being placed, would, perhaps, be impertinent; so I take it quietly enough; but I would to Heaven I could keep clear of the whole! However, my dear father is so delighted, that, though he was half afraid of speaking to me at all about them at first, he carries them constantly in his pocket, and reads them to everybody! I have a great suspicion they were written by Mr. Pepys, as they are just what I have heard him say of all the people, and as every creature mentioned in them, but Mrs. Cowley, Greville, and Crewe, were invited to be at his house on the very day they were printed.

Yesterday I went, with Charlotte and the two Kirwans, to a rehearsal of Rauzzini's new opera. I was not at all enchanted, though very well entertained. The music is pretty, and the accompaniments pleasant; but there is such a struggle for something uncommon, and such queer disappointments of the ear in the different turns given to the passages from what it expects, that it appears to have far more trick than genius in the composition; and every song is so very near being comic, that the least change in the world would make it wholly so.

Pacchierotti was in better spirits than I have seen him for some time, and very earnest to help Rauzzini, acting as *maestro* for him, and singing like twenty angels; but his songs are so unworthy of him, I think, that I never found out by the symphonies whether they were meant for him; and I never was at an opera rehearsal before without knowing the first singer's airs long enough before he began them. Yet I really expect this will be the favourite opera for the season, as there are Scotticisms

and oddities in it of all sorts, to catch popularity. Pacchierotti came and spoke and said,—

“I have not seen you for a great age, Miss Burni.”

“No,” quoth I, “you never come.”

“I beg your pardon, ma’am,” said he, “never you are at home, and then you say never I come.”

For I have been denied to him, perforce, repeatedly.

“Well,” said I, “I am obliged to be a great deal with Mrs. Thrale, but if you will fix a time, I will be sure to be in the way.”

“Ah!” said he, “always you are to Mrs. Thrale! Well, I only say, Heaven forgive her!”

However he could not fix a positive time; but next Tuesday, Wednesday or Friday, he will come, and the Kirwans are to come and watch for him till he does. They are sweet girls, but this is a most inconvenient arrangement for me at present.

Adieu, my Susy,—write very soon.*

F. B.

* The following are the lines alluded to in this letter; they appeared in the “Morning Herald” for March 12, 1782. Some years afterwards, Sir W. W. Pepys denied having written these lines; and in the year 1822, a MS. copy of them was found among Dr. Burney’s papers, with so many erasures, interlineations, and changes, as to give the most direct internal evidence that they were the doctor’s own composition.

“ADVICE TO THE HERALD.

“HERALD, wherefore thus proclaim
Nought of woman but the *shame*?
Quit, oh, quit, at least awhile,
Perdita’s too luscious smile;
Wanton Worsley, stilted Daly,
Heroines of each blackguard alley;
Better sure record in story
Such as shine their sex’s glory!
Herald! haste, with me proclaim
Those of literary fame.
Hannah More’s pathetic pen,
Painting high th’ *impassion’d* scene;
Carter’s piety and learning,
Little Burney’s quick discerning;
Cowley’s* neatly pointed wit,
Healing those her satires hit;

* Authoress of “The Belle’s Stratagem,” and other less successful dramatic works, and also of some long poetical pieces. She was the

From Mr. Crisp to Miss F. Burney.

Chesington, Friday, April 5, 1782.

* * * * *

In works of genius, fancy, imagination, 'tis not the long, learned argumentations of critics, *pro* and *con*, that come with the compass and line in their hands, to measure right and wrong, that will decide; no, 'tis the genuine, unbiassed, uninfluenced, inward feelings of mankind that are the true, infallible test, ultimately, of sterling merit. In vain comes Voltaire, with all the powers of wit, satire, learning, and art, to knock down Shakespeare, and turn him into ridicule; when he has finished his harangue, Shakespeare stands just where he did—like a rock in the sea; and the universal voice of high and low, from their own impressions, without attempting to answer him in his own way, give him the lie, and send him about his business.

Smiling Streatfield's ivory neck,
 Nose, and notions—*à la Grecque* !
 Let Chapone retain a place,
 And the mother of her Grace,
 Each art of conversation knowing,
 High-bred, elegant Boscawen ;*
 Thrale, in whose expressive eyes
 Sits a soul above disguise,
 Skill'd with wit and sense t' impart
 Feelings of a generous heart.
 Lucan,† Leveson,‡ Greville,§ Crewe ;
 Fertile-minded Montagu,
 Who makes each rising art her care,
 ' And brings her knowledge from afar !'
 Whilst her tuneful tongue defends
 Authors dead, and absent friends ;
 Bright in genius, pure in fame :—
 Herald, haste, and these proclaim !"

daughter of Mr. Parkhouse of Tiverton, where she was born 1743, and died 1809.

* The Hon. Frances Boscawen, daughter of W. E. Glanville, Esq., and wife to Admiral Boscawen. This lady was also mother to the Duchess of Beaufort and Mrs. Leveson Gower. All these three ladies are celebrated in Hannah More's poem entitled "Sensibility."

† Wife of the first Lord Lucan.

‡ Daughter of Mrs. Boscawen and wife of the Hon. Leveson Gower.

§ Mrs. Greville. Author of the celebrated "Ode to Indifference." She was wife of Fulke Greville, who was Minister Plenipotentiary at the Court of Bavaria.

And now, Fanny, after this severe lecturing, I shall give you a sweetener to make it up with you ; after assuring you it comes from the same sincerity that dictated what I have said already ; and I shall do it in the very words I made use of to Daddy Burney on Tuesday morning last—that I would ensure the rapid and universal success of this work for half-a-crown ; that nothing like it had appeared since Fielding and Smollett ; and that you bid fair for becoming the first writer of the age in compositions of this kind.

I have nothing further to add, but this piece of advice—not to let success intoxicate you, and influence you to remit your ardour and industry to be perfect. There have been more instances than one, where writers have wrote themselves down, by slovenliness, laziness, and presuming too much on public favour for what is past.

Your loving daddy,

S. C.

Miss F. Burney to Mr. Crisp.

April 6, 1782.

Heartily do I thank you, my ever dear daddy, for your kind and honourable dealing with me. A lecturing do you call this ? Believe me, I am, *as yet*, so far from being “intoxicated with success,” that I read it with gratitude and wonder ; for I expected much more severity, and when I received your letters, I was almost sick with painful prognostics of your disapprobation. I shall do the utmost in my power to profit from your criticisms, but I can speak to no particulars till I come to the places themselves.

With respect, however, to the great point of Cecilia’s fortune, I have much to urge in my own defence, only now I can spare no time, and I must frankly confess I shall think I have rather written a farce than a serious history, if the whole is to end, like the hack Italian operas, with a jolly chorus that makes all parties good and all parties happy ! The people I have ever met with who

have been fond of blood and family, have all scouted *title* when put in any competition with it. How then should these proud Delvilles think a new-created peerage any equivalent for calling their sons' sons, for future generations, by the name of Beverley? Besides, I think the book, in its present conclusion, somewhat original, for the hero and heroine are neither plunged in the depths of misery, nor exalted to *unhuman* happiness. Is not such a middle state more natural, more according to real life, and less resembling every other book of fiction?

Besides, my own end will be lost if I change the conclusion, which was chiefly to point out the absurdity and short-sightedness of those *name-compelling* wills, which make it always presumed a woman marries an inferior, since he, not she, is to leave his own family in order to be incorporated into hers.

You find, my dear daddy, I am prepared to fight a good battle here; but I have thought the matter much over, and if I am made to give up this point, my whole plan is rendered abortive, and the last page of any novel in Mr. Noble's circulating library may serve for the last page of mine, since a marriage, a reconciliation, and some sudden expedient for great riches, concludes them all alike. In everything else you have pointed out I shall either wholly change, or greatly alter. And I will be very diligent to improve and mend the whole. Pray, if anything more occurs to you, write it, and believe me with the truest gratitude and affection your

F. B.

Mrs. Thrale to Miss Burney.

Streatham, April 24, 1782.

I thought to have seen my sweet Fanny in London to-day, instead of her father here, for I was engaged to meet my fellow-executors at Robson's upon business; but 'tis all put off till to-morrow, and so Mr. Johnson and Crutchley came home with me then.

How does dear Cecilia do at Delville Castle? and how does my poor Henrietta get letters to kiss from him who seems wholly

engaged to her best friend and most dangerous rival? What becomes of Lady Honoria without scandal and flirtation? and when does Mr. Monckton bury peevish Lady Margaret and fill us with fresh confusion?

Oh! write away, sweet Burney! I wish I could help you in the manual part. I think I could submit to be printer's devil, to get a sight of the next volume, verily.

My last word puts me in mind of David Barclay. He has sent me the "Apology for the Quakers," and thinks to convert me, I believe. I have often been solicited to change my religion by Papists. Why do all the people think me foolisher than I am?

So Sir Philip's bill* is past, and I am so glad! Why your father says that there would have been a rebellion if his bill had not passed. A rebellion! and all about our dear innocent sweet Sir Philip; who, while his humanity is such that he would scruple no fatigue to save the life of a lamb, would have drenched the nation in blood without ever foreseeing, or ever repenting, the consequences! What a world do we live in! and how such things justly operate to make Johnson and you, and all observers of life, despise us readers of the *Punic War*, in which, perhaps, the agents we learn the names of in Latin, French, and English, were people not a whit more respectable than Sir Harbord Harbord and Sir Philip Jennings Clerke.

Miss Sharp will marry the old schoolmaster too! Did you ever talk to Baretti, or hear him talk, of the Tromba Marino man, that the girl in Venice would absolutely marry for the comfort of combing his beard?

Adieu, my love, I only disturb the Doctor and my Tit, and they plague me.

Adieu, and love your
H. L. T.

Mrs. Thrale to Miss F. Burney.

Thursday, 25, 1782.

Upon my honour then, my dear, I have not said half of what my heart is full. The Delvilles, since I wrote last, efface every

* Probably the bill alluded to in the remarkable conversation between Sir Philip Clerke and Dr. Johnson, reported *antèa*.

thing else. When I read the lady's character in my own dressing-room, I catch myself looking at my mother's picture every moment; yours is so like her in many things. Hobson and Simkins are Borough men, and I am confident they were both canvassed last year; they are not representations of life, they are the life itself. Even Mr. Briggs, *caricato* as he certainly is, won all my esteem by his scene with Don Puffendorff, whose misty magnitude was never shown so despicably dropsical before. I was happy to see Briggs have the better of him.

But poor Henrietta! some harm will come to her, I see, and break my heart, for she has won it strangely; her innocent love of a character superior in rank and fortune to herself, shows her taste and proves her merit; while the delicacy of her mind, the diffidence arising from — I am just ready to order the coach, in short, and fetch her away to Streatham, from that most inimitably painted mother, whom Queeny does so detest. But she has seized Lady Honoria for her favourite, and her saying how Cecilia's fortune should patch up the old fortifications there about West Wood enchanted us both.

Oh, lovely Burney! *ma che talento mai!* I will trust myself no further on a subject that makes me wild.

And so your father don't come to-day; and so I must send Daniel back with your sweet manuscript in the morning. Very well, he shall take the greatest care of it. I had never one in my possession that I valued half so much before. Seward only have I said anything about it to.

Do you believe that I am steadily set to read "Marmontel" all over again, to see whether, in variety of character, comprehension of genius, and elegance of touch, he at all equals this third volume of my Burney's?

Here comes your father. What can make him so late? Adieu, ever more and more your admirer! Can I be more your friend?

H. L. T.

Mrs. Thrale to Miss F. Burney.

Tuesday Night.

My eyes red with reading and crying, I stop every moment to kiss the book and to wish it was my Burney 'Tis the sweetest

book, the most interesting, the most engaging. Oh! it beats every other book, even your own other volumes, for "Evelina" was a baby to it.

Dear charming creature! do I stop every six pages to exclaim; and my Tit is no less delighted than I; she is run out of the room for a moment. But young Delville is come and Queeny returned, so I leave the pen and seize the MSS.

Such a novel! Indeed, I am seriously and sensibly touched by it, and am proud of her friendship who so knows the human heart. May mine long bear the inspection of so penetrating, so discriminating an eye!

This letter is written by scraps and patches, but every scrap is admiration, and every patch thanks you for the pleasure I have received. I will say no more; I cannot say half I think with regard to praise.

I am sorry Pacchierotti does not come on Thursday, for on Thursday se'nnight I am engaged. In your book his praises will be recorded, and by it they will be diffused.

The Belfields are my joy, my delight. Poor Henrietta! how I adore her! How easily was her sweet heart engaged by that noble friend! But I have not finished my book yet; 'tis late now, and I pant for morning. Nothing but hoarseness made me leave off at all.

My most ingenious, my most admirable friend, adieu! If I had more virtue than "Cecilia," I should half fear the censures of such an insight into the deepest recesses of the mind. Since I have read this volume, I have seriously thanked Heaven that all the litter of mine was in sight; none hoarded in holes, nor hastily stuffed into closets. You have long known the worst of your admiring

H. L. T.

Miss F. Burney to Mr. Crisp.

May, 1782.

Who in the world has a daddy so kind as mine? I cannot, indeed, say half how grateful I am for your solicitude for me.

All you say about the annuity and the money appears to me unanswerably right.

* * * * *

If I had made a request to you for the sum total of my wishes upon your reading this trash, it would have been precisely what you have promised voluntarily at the end of your letter,—to let me have your real opinion, yet not insist, if that opinion is condemnation, upon my forbearing to try that of the public: which I now must do, and which my former success makes me hope obtainable. But though I can now do little in consequence of your objections, I may in future profit from remembering them.

With regard to the second volume, everybody has seemed to prefer it to the first, except Mrs. Thrale, who was so fond of the *ton* parties in the beginning, and of Miss Larolles, Mr. Meadows, and the Captain, that she lamented not having more of them. Mr. Gosport, too, she is so fond of, that she declares if I don't provide for him, "she will have him herself." Mrs. Belfield, however, has quite enchanted her,—she knows she says, so many like her in the Borough.

Etty much prefers the second volume, because there is so much more incident; Mrs. Thrale is more partial to character.

My father's present favourite is the old crazy moralist, Albany. He is quite delighted with him; and no one else has taken any notice of him. Next to him, he is fondest of Belfield. The tradesman *manqué*, he says, is new, and may be not uninteresting, and he is much pleased with his various struggles, and the *agréments* of his talents, and the spirit, yet failure, of his various flights and experiments.

F. B.

Journal Resumed.

JUNE, 1782.—At length, my ever dearest Susan, my long-neglected journal and long-promised renewal behold at your feet—for thither shall I speed them with all the expedition in my power.

So much has passed since I lost you—for I cannot use any other word—that I hardly know what first to record; but I think 'tis best to begin with what is uppermost in my mind, Mr. Burke.

Among the many I have been obliged to shirk this year, for the sake of living almost solely with "Cecilia," none have had less patience with my retirement than Miss Palmer, who, bitterly believing I intended never to visit her again, has forbore sending me any invitations: but, about three weeks ago, my father had a note from Sir Joshua Reynolds, to ask him to dine at Richmond, and meet the Bishop of St. Asaph: and, therefore, to make my peace, I scribbled a note to Miss Palmer to this purpose,—

"After the many kind invitations I have been obliged to refuse, will you, my dear Miss Palmer, should I offer to accompany my father to-morrow, bid me remember the old proverb,—

‘ Those who will not when they may,
When they will, they shall have nay ?

“ F. B.”

This was graciously received; and the next morning Sir Joshua and Miss Palmer called for my father and me, accompanied by Lord Corke. We had a mighty pleasant ride. Miss Palmer and I *made up*, though she scolded most violently about my long absence, and attacked me about the book without mercy. The book, in short, to my great consternation, I find is talked of and expected all the town over. My dear father himself, I do verily believe, mentions it to everybody; he is fond of it to enthusiasm, and does not foresee the danger of raising such general expectation, which fills *me* with the horrors every time I am tormented with the thought.

Sir Joshua's house is delightfully situated, almost at the top of Richmond Hill. We walked till near dinner-time upon the terrace, and there met Mr. Richard Burke, the brother of the orator. Miss Palmer, stopping him, said,—

“Are you coming to dine with us?”

“No,” he answered; “I shall dine at the Star and Garter.”

"How did you come—with Mrs. Burke, or alone?"

"Alone."

"What, on horseback?"

"Ay, sure!" cried he, laughing; "*up and ride!* Now's the time."

And he made a fine flourish with his hand, and passed us. He is just made under-secretary at the Treasury. He is a tall and handsome man, and seems to have much dry drollery; but we saw no more of him.

After our return to the house, and while Sir Joshua and I were *tête-à-tête*, Lord Corke and my father being still walking and Miss Palmer having, I suppose, some orders to give about the dinner, the "Knight of Plympton" was desiring my opinion of the prospect from his window, and comparing it with Mr. Burke's, as he told me after I had spoken it,—when the Bishop of St. Asaph and his daughter, Miss Georgiana Shipley, were announced. Sir Joshua, to divert himself, in introducing me to the Bishop, said, "Miss Burney, my lord; otherwise, 'Evelina.'"

The bishop is a well-looking man, and seemed grave, quiet, and sensible. I have heard much more of him; but nothing more appeared. Miss Georgiana, however, was showy enough for *two*. She is a very tall, and rather handsome girl; but the expression of her face is, to me, disagreeable. She has almost a constant smile, not of softness, nor of insipidity, but of self-sufficiency and internal satisfaction. She is very much accomplished, and her fame for painting and for scholarship, I know you are well acquainted with. I believe her to have very good parts and much quickness; but she is so full of herself, so earnest to obtain notice, and so happy in her confidence of deserving it, that I have been not less charmed with any young lady I have seen for many a day. I have met with her before, at Mrs. Pepys', but never before was introduced to her.

Miss Palmer soon joined us; and, in a short time, entered more company,—three gentlemen and one lady; but there was no more ceremony used of introductions. The lady, I concluded, was Mrs. Burke, wife of *the* Mr. Burke, and was not mistaken. One of the gentlemen I recollected to be young Burke, her son,

whom I once met at Sir Joshua's in town, and another of them I knew for Mr. Gibbon : but the third I had never seen before. I had been told that *the* Burke was not expected ; yet I could conclude this gentleman to be no other ; he had just the air, the manner, the appearance, I had prepared myself to look for in him, and there was an evident, a striking superiority in his demeanour, his eye, his motions, that announced him no common man.

I could not get at Miss Palmer to satisfy my doubts, and we were soon called downstairs to dinner. Sir Joshua and the *unknown* stopped to speak with one another upon the stairs ; and, when they followed us, Sir Joshua, in taking his place at the table, asked me to sit next to him ; I willingly complied. "And then," he added, "Mr. Burke shall sit on the other side of you."

"Oh, no, indeed !" cried Miss Georgiana, who also had placed herself next Sir Joshua ; "I won't consent to that ; Mr. Burke must sit next *me* ; I won't agree to part with him. Pray, come and sit down quiet, Mr. Burke."

Mr. Burke,—for him it was,—smiled and obeyed.

"I only meant," said Sir Joshua, "to have made my peace with Mr. Burke, by giving him that place, because he has been scolding me for not introducing him to Miss Burney. However, I must do it now ;—Mr. Burke !—Miss Burney !"

We both half rose, and Mr. Burke said,—

"I have been complaining to Sir Joshua that he left me wholly to my own sagacity ; however, it did not here deceive me."

"Oh dear, then," said Miss Georgiana, looking a little *consternated*, "perhaps you won't thank me for calling you to this place !"

Nothing was said, and so we all began dinner,—young Burke making himself my next neighbour.

Captain Phillips knows Mr. Burke. Has he or has he not told you how delightful a creature he is ? If he has not, pray, in my name, abuse him without mercy ; if he has, pray ask if he will subscribe to my account of him, which herewith shall follow.

He is tall, his figure is noble, his air commanding, his address

graceful : his voice is clear, penetrating, sonorous, and powerful ; his language is copious, various, and eloquent ; his manners are attractive, his conversation is delightful.

What says Captain Phillips ? Have I chanced to see him in his happiest hour ? or is he all this in common ? Since we lost Garrick I have seen nobody so enchanting.

I can give you, however, very little of what was said, for the conversation was not *suivie*, Mr. Burke darting from subject to subject with as much rapidity as entertainment. Neither is the charm of his discourse more in the matter than the manner ; all, therefore, that is related *from* him loses half its effect in not being related *by* him. Such little sketches as I can recollect take however.

From the window of the dining-parlour, Sir Joshua directed us to look at a pretty white house which belonged to Lady Di. Beauclerk.

"I am extremely glad," said Mr. Burke, "to see her at last so well housed ; poor woman ! the bowl has long rolled in misery ; I rejoice that it has now found its balance. I never, myself, so much enjoyed the sight of happiness in another, as in that woman when I first saw her after the death of her husband. It was really enlivening to behold her placed in that sweet house, released from all her cares, a thousand pounds a-year at her own disposal, and—her husband was dead ! Oh, it was pleasant, it was delightful to see her enjoyment of her situation !"

"But, without considering the circumstances," said Mr. Gibbon, "this may appear very strange, though, when they are fairly stated, it is perfectly rational and unavoidable."

"Very true," said Mr. Burke, "if the circumstances are not considered, Lady Di. may seem highly reprehensible."

He then, addressing himself particularly to me, as the person least likely to be acquainted with the character of Mr. Beauclerk, drew it himself in strong and marked expressions, describing the misery he gave his wife, his singular ill-treatment of her, and the necessary relief the death of such a man must give.

He then reminded Sir Joshua of a day in which they had dined at Mr. Beauclerk's, soon after his marriage with Lord

Bolingbroke's divorced wife, in company with Goldsmith, and told a new story of poor Goldsmith's eternal blundering.

From the Right Honourable Edmund Burke to Miss F. Burney.

MADAM,

I should feel exceedingly to blame if I could refuse to myself the natural satisfaction, and to you the just but poor return, of my best thanks for the very great instruction and entertainment I have received from the new present you have bestowed on the public. There are few—I believe I may say fairly there are none at all—that will not find themselves better informed concerning human nature, and their stock of observation enriched, by reading your “Cecilia.” They certainly will, let their experience in life and manners be what it may. The arrogance of age must submit to be taught by youth. You have crowded into a few small volumes an incredible variety of characters; most of them well planned, well supported, and well contrasted with each other. If there be any fault in this respect, it is one in which you are in no great danger of being imitated. Justly as your characters are drawn, perhaps they are too numerous. But I beg pardon; I fear it is quite in vain to preach economy to those who are come young to excessive and sudden opulence.

I might trespass on your delicacy if I should fill my letter to you with what I fill my conversation to others. I should be troublesome to you alone if I should tell you all I feel and think on the natural vein of humour, the tender pathetic, the comprehensive and noble moral, and the sagacious observation, that appear quite throughout that extraordinary performance.

In an age distinguished by producing extraordinary women, I hardly dare to tell you where my opinion would place you amongst them. I respect your modesty, that will not endure the commendations which your merit forces from everybody.

I have the honour to be, with great gratitude, respect, and esteem, madam, your most obedient and most humble servant,

EDM. BURKE.

Whitehall, July 29, 1782.

My best compliments and congratulations to Dr. Burney on the great honour acquired to his family.

Journal Resumed.

CHESINGTON, MONDAY, AUGUST 12TH.—I set out for this ever dear place, accompanied by Edward, who was sent for to paint Mr. Crisp for my father. I am sure you will rejoice in this. I was a little dumpish in the journey, for I seemed leaving my Susan again. However I read a “Rambler” or two, and “composed the harmony of my temper,” as well as I could, for the sake of Edward, who was not only faultless of this, but who is, I almost think, faultless of all things. I have thought him more amiable and deserving than ever, since this last sojourn under the same roof with him; and, as it happened, I have owed to him almost all the comfort I have this time met with here.

We came in a chaise, which was well loaded with canvasses, pencils, and painting materials; for Mr. Crisp was to be three times painted, and Mrs. Gast once. My sweet father came down Gascoign Lane to meet us, in very good spirits and very good health. Next came dear Daddy Crisp, looking vastly well, and, as usual, high in glee and kindness at the meeting. Then the affectionate Kitty, the good Mrs. Hamilton, the gentle Miss Young, and the enthusiastic Mrs. Gast.

The instant dinner was over, to my utter surprise and consternation, I was called into the room appropriated for Edward and his pictures, and informed I was to sit to him for Mr. Crisp! Remonstrances were unavailing, and declarations of aversion to the design were only ridiculed; both daddies interfered, and, when I ran off, brought me back between them, and compelled my obedience;—and from that time to this, nothing has gone forward but picture-sitting.

* * * *

Now to the present state of things and people.

My father is all himself—gay, facile, and sweet. He comes to all meals, writes without toiling, and gives us more of his society than he has done many years. His third volume he is not tied down to produce at any stated time, and he has most

wisely resolved not to make any promise to the public about it, nor take in any subscriptions, but to keep free from all engagement.

A serious piece of intelligence has given, does give, and long must give me the utmost concern and sorrow. My dear Mrs. Thrale, the friend, though not the *most* dear friend of my heart, is going abroad for three years certain. This scheme has been some time in a sort of distant agitation, but it is now brought to a resolution. Much private business belongs to it relative to her detestable lawsuit; but much private inclination is also joined with it relative to her long wishing to see Italy. I have determined, therefore, to do all in my power to bear this blow steadily; and the remembrance how very much I suffered when such an one was formerly thought of, makes me suppress all my regret, and drive the subject from my mind by every method in my power, that I may save myself from again experiencing such unavailing concern. The thought, indeed, that she wishes to go would reconcile me to a yet longer absence, by making me feel that my own sorrow is merely selfish.

Streatham,—my other home, and the place where I have long thought my residence dependent only upon my own pleasure, and where, indeed, I have received such as my father and you alone could make greater,—is already let for three years to Lord Shelburne. If I was to begin with talking of my loss, my strangeness, I had almost said, for these three years, I should never have done, and only make us both melancholy; so nothing will I say about the matter, but that you, tender and liberal as you are, will be almost my only friend who will not rejoice in this separation, as the most effectual means of keeping me more in London; though you, my Susy, will be, perhaps the most sincerely gratified by what additional time it may give me.

Mr. Crisp to Miss Burney.

MY DEAR FANNIKIN,

I deferred a return of my most sincere thanks and acknowledgments, both for your highly agreeable present and

your two kind short notes, till I had twice read over, and thoroughly, nay, severely considered the first. Don't be surprised at so harsh an adverb. I was resolved to put myself in the place of an uninfluenced, yawning, fastidious reader, that takes up a new book with careless indifference, expecting from a novel nothing more than the usual commonplace trash they abound with.

In this state of mind I endeavoured at divesting myself, as well as I could, of all remembrance of the work, and all partiality for the author. To do this completely was indeed impossible; but still it was something to be continually saying to myself, after I had read a chapter, How will this go down? What will the multitude, who care not a straw for author or bookseller, or anything but their own immediate amusement, say of it? These were my queries to myself. If I could have given a positive and certain answer to them, that answer would have determined the fate of the book, and the character of the author's abilities; for these are the people (not a few, nay, even a numerous partial set of friends) that ultimately can and do decide.

The tribunal of the Inquisition itself is not more inflexible than I endeavoured to be on this occasion. Every other mode of proceeding is only delusive, and what is called making one's market at home.

What was the result of these my meditations? To enter into particulars would be endless; but the sum total amounts to this—a full, unlimited confirmation of my warm approbation of the whole work together, and a positive declaration of the improvements it has received, beyond all expectation: greatly and judiciously compressed; long conversations curtailed; several incidents much better managed; and the winding up beyond all compare, more happy, more judicious, more satisfactory. Many particulars, which I did not quite relish are softened off to a degree that, if I do not perfectly assent to, I hardly know how to condemn, particularly in the instance of Old Delville, in whom (without departing from his original character, which would have been unpardonable) you have found means, fairly accounted for, to melt down some of that senseless, obstinate, inherent

pride, which, if still kept up to its height, would have rendered miserable those who ought to have been dearest to him, and have established him (which would have been a great impropriety) without any necessity, (young Delville's father, and the excellent Mrs. Delville's husband) the most hateful of beings.

These, my dear Fannikin, without the least favour or affection, are my sincere sentiments ; and, if I know myself, would be such if I had met with the book without any name to it. At the same time, to evince my sincerity, and that you may not think I mean, sycophant-like, to turn about and recant, in order to swim with the wind and tide that brings you (as I hear) clouds of incense from every quarter—to avoid this scandalous imputation, I do declare that I must adhere to my former sentiments on some parts of the work, particularly the loss of Cecilia's estate.

But don't think I pretend to set up against the public voice my trumpery objection, which, even if well founded, would be a mere dust in the balance. So much at present for "Cecilia."

Now, Fannikin, I must remind you of your promise, which was to come to your loving daddy when you could get loose. Look ye, Fanny, I don't mean to cajole you hither with the expectation of amusement or entertainment. You and I know better than to hum or be hummed in that manner. If you come here, come to work,—work hard—stick to it. This is the harvest time of your life ; your sun shines hot ; lose not a moment, then, but make your hay directly. "Touch the yellow boys," as Briggs says,—“grow warm ;” make the booksellers come down handsomely—count the ready—the chink. Do but secure this one point while it is in your power, and all things else shall be added unto thee.

I talked to your doctor daddy on the subject of disposing of your money ; and we both agreed in the project of a well-secured annuity ; and in the meantime, till that could be procured, that the ready should be vested in the three per cent annuities, that it might produce something ; and he promised to advance, to make even money.

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S. C.

Miss Burney to Mrs. Thrale.

August, 1782.

I have been kept in hot water, in defiance of snow, till I heard from my dearest Tyo; and if you do like the book, I am gratified to my heart's content; and if you only say you do, to have it so said is very delightful, for your wish to give me pleasure would give it, if you hated all I ever wrote.

So you are all for the heroine and Miss Larolles? Mr. Crisp was for the heroine and Mrs. Delville. My father likes the imperious old gentleman; my mother is all for the Harrels. Susan and Charlotte have not seen a word. If it does but attract, as dear Dr. J. says, I am happy, be it which way it will. Why do you lament Gosport? he is clever, but an elderly man from the first, and no rival.

Adieu, my sweetest of friends. To-morrow I spend with Mrs. Ord. Friday, if there comes a dry frost, to you will run your own

F. B.

Miss Burney to Mr. Crisp.

Oct. 15, 1782.

* * * * *

I am very sorry you could not come to Streatham at the time Mrs. Thrale hoped to see you, for when shall we be likely to meet there again? You would have been much pleased, I am sure, by meeting with General Paoli,* who spent the day there, and was extremely communicative and agreeable. I had seen

* General Paoli. A Corsican officer, who greatly distinguished himself by his exertions to preserve the independence of his native country. He organized a force which successfully opposed all the efforts of the Genoese oppressors of Corsica, for nearly ten years, and led at length to the cession of the island to the French by the Genoese. Paoli refused to concur in this arrangement, and fled to England, where he enjoyed a pension of £1200 a-year from the English government. Twenty years afterwards, (at the Revolution of 1789,) he agreed to Corsica being declared a province of France; but subsequently, by his influence, the island became a dependency of England. He afterwards returned to London, where he died in 1807.

him in large companies, but was never made known to him before; nevertheless, he conversed with me as if well acquainted not only with myself, but my connexions,—inquiring of me when I had last seen Mrs. Montagu? and calling Sir Joshua Reynolds, when he spoke of him, my friend. He is a very pleasing man, tall and genteel in his person, remarkably well bred, and very mild and soft in his manners.

I will try to give you a little specimen of his conversation, because I know you love to hear particulars of all out-of-the-way persons. His English is blundering, but not unpretty. Speaking of his first acquaintance with Mr. Boswell,—

“He came,” he said, “to my country, and he fetched me some letter of recommending him: but I was of the belief he might be an impostor, and I supposed, in my minte, he was an espy; for I look away from him, and in a moment I look to him again, and I behold his tablets. Oh! he was to the work of writing down all I say! Indeed I was angry. But soon I discover he was no impostor and no espy; and I only find I was myself the monster he had come to discern. Oh, —— is a very good man, I love him indeed; so cheerful! so gay! so pleasant! but at the first, oh! I was indeed angry.”

After this he told us a story of an expectation he had had of being robbed, and of the protection he found from a very large dog that he is very fond of.

“I walk out,” he said, “in the night; I go towards the field; I behold a man—oh, ugly one! I proceed—he follow; I go on—he address me, ‘You have one dog,’ he says. ‘Yes,’ say I to him. ‘Is a fierce dog?’ he says; ‘is he fiery?’ ‘Yes,’ reply I, ‘he can bite.’ ‘I would not attack in the night,’ says he, ‘a house to have such dog in it.’ Then I conclude he was a breaker; so I turn to him—oh, very rough! not gentle—and I say, very fierce, ‘He shall destroy you, if you are ten!’”

Afterwards, speaking of the Irish giant, who is now shown in town, he said,—

“He is so large I am as a baby? I look at him—oh! I find myself so little as a child! Indeed, my indignation it rises when I see him hold up his hand so high. I am as nothing:

and I find myself in the power of a man who fetches from me half-a-crown."

This language, which is all spoke very pompously by him, sounds comical from himself, though I know not how it may read.

Adieu, my dear and kind daddy, and believe me your ever obliged and ever affectionate

F. B.

CHAPTER XIII.

Dr. Johnson—The Pepyses—The Rooms at Brighton—Mr. Coxe—A Literary Milliner—A Ball—Dr. Johnson and Mr. Pepys—Discussion on Wit—Confounding Words with Things—Sarcastic Repartees—Lady Borlase Warren—A Story : Way to Preserve 50,000*l.*—A Cool Request—Bringing up a Child Stout—Character of Lady Rothes—Dr. Johnson—Consequences of his Severity—His Hatred of being Alone—Lord and Lady De Ferrars—Miss Ellerker—Dr. Johnson's Declaration that he never saw a Word of "Cecilia" till it was Printed—Mr. Metcalfe—Newmarket Hill—Miss Monckton, afterwards Countess of Cork—Her Parties—Description of Her—Anecdote of the Duke of Devonshire—Madame de Genlis's "Adèle et Théodore"—Party at Mrs. Thrale's—Watching for a Snug Chat.

Journal Resumed.

BRIGHTHELMSTONE, OCT. 26TH.—My journey was incidentless; but the moment I came into Brighthelmstone I was met by Mrs. Thrale, who had most eagerly been waiting for me a long while, and therefore I dismounted, and walked home with her. It would be very superfluous to tell you how she received me, for you cannot but know, from her impatient letters, what I had reason to expect of kindness and welcome.

I was too much tired to choose appearing at dinner, and therefore eat my eat upstairs, and was then decorated a little, and came forth to tea.

Mr. Harry Cotton and Mr. Swinerton were both here. Mrs. Thrale said they almost lived with her, and therefore were not to be avoided, but declared she had refused a flaming party of blues, for fear I should think, if I met them just after my journey she was playing Mrs. Harrel.

Dr. Johnson received me too with his usual goodness, and with a salute so loud, that the two young beaux, Cotton and Swinerton, have never done laughing about it.

Mrs. Thrale spent two or three hours in my room, talking over all her affairs, and then we wished each other *bon repos*, and—retired. *Grandissima* conclusion!

Oh, but let me not forget that a fine note came from Mr. Pepys, who is here with his family, saying he was *pressé de vivre*, and entreating to see Mrs. and Miss T., Dr. Johnson, and Cecilia, at his house the next day. I hate mightily this method of naming me from my heroines, of whose honour I think I am more jealous than of my own.

OCT. 27TH.—The Pepyses came to visit me in form, but I was dressing; in the evening, however, Mrs. and Miss T. took me to them. Dr. Johnson would not go; he told me it was my day, and I should be crowned, for Mr. Pepys was wild about “Cecilia.”

“However,” he added, “do not hear too much of it; but when he has talked about it for an hour or so, tell him to have done. There is no other way.”

A mighty easy way, this! however, ’tis what he literally practises for himself,

We found at Mr. Pepys’ nobody but his wife, his brother, Dr. Pepys, and Dr. Pepys’ lady, Countess of Rothes. Mr. Pepys received me with such distinction, that it was very evident how much the book, with the most flattering opinion of it, was in his head; however, he behaved very prettily, and only mentioned it by allusions; most particularly upon the character of Meadows, which he took various opportunities of pronouncing to be the “best hit possible” upon the present race of fine gentlemen. He asked me whether I had met with Mrs. Chapone lately; and when I said no, told me he had two letters from her, all about me, which he must communicate to me.

We did not stay with them long, but called upon Miss Benson, and proceeded to the Rooms. Mr. Pepys was very unwilling to part with us, and wanted to frighten me from going, by saying,—

"And has Miss Burney courage to venture to the Rooms? I wonder she dares!"

I did not seem to understand him, though to mistake him was impossible. However, I thought of him again when I was at the rooms, for most violent was the staring and whispering as I passed and repassed; insomuch that I shall by no means be in any haste to go again to them. Susan and Sophy Thrale, who were with their aunt, Mrs. Scot, told Queeny, upon our return, that they heard nothing said, whichever way they turned, but "That's she!" "That's the famous Miss Burney!" I shall certainly escape going any more, if it is in my power.

Lady Shelley and Lady Poole were there, and were very civil, and looked very pretty. There was also a Mr. Coxe, brother to the writer, a very cultivated man, a great scholar, a poet, a critic, and very soft-mannered and obliging. He is, however, somewhat stiff and affected, and rather too plaintive in his voice.

MONDAY, OCT. 28TH.—Mr. Pepys had but just left me, when Mrs. Thrale sent Susan with a particular request to see me in her dressing-room, where I found her with a milliner.

"Oh, Miss Burney," she cried, "I could not help promising Mrs. Cockran that she should have a sight of you—she has begged it so hard,"

You may believe I stared; and the woman, whose eyes almost looked ready to eat me, eagerly came up to me, exclaiming,—

"Oh, ma'am, you don't know what a favour this is, to see you! I have longed for it so long! It is quite a comfort to me, indeed. Oh, ma'am, how clever you must be! All the ladies I deal with are quite distracted about 'Cecilia,'—and I got it myself. Oh, ma'am, how sensible you must be! It does my heart good to see you."

Did you ever hear the like? 'Twas impossible not to laugh, and Mrs. Thrale has done nothing else ever since.

At dinner, we had Dr. Delap and Mr. Selwyn, who accompanied us in the evening to a ball; as did also Dr. Johnson, to the universal amazement of all who saw him there; but he said he had found it so dull being quite alone the preceding evening,

that he determined upon going with us; "for," he said, "it cannot be worse than being alone."

Strange that he should think so! I am sure I am not of his mind.

Mr. H. Cotton and Mr. Swinerton of course joined us immediately. We had hardly been seated five minutes before Mr. Selwyn came to me, from some other company he had joined, and said,—

"I think you don't choose dancing, ma'am?"

"No," I answered.

"There is a gentleman," he added, "who is very ambitious of the honour of dancing with you; but I told him I believed you would not dance."

I assured him he was right.

There was, indeed, no need of my dancing by way of attraction, as I saw, again, so much staring, I scarce knew which way to look; and every glance I met was followed by a whisper from the glancer to his or her party. It was not, indeed, quite so bad as on Sunday, as the dancers were something to look at besides me: but I was so very much watched, and almost pointed at, that I have resolved to go no more, neither to balls nor Rooms, if I can possibly avoid it.

Lady Shelley, who spied us out, sent us an invitation to her party, and we all paraded to the top of the room, which in these places is the post of honour. There we found also Mrs. Hatsel, Mrs. Dickens, and Miss Benson, and we all drank tea together. Dr. Johnson was joined by a friend of his own, Mr. Metcalf, and did tolerably well.

OCT. 29TH.—We had a large party at home in the evening, consisting of Lady Shelley, Mr. and Mrs. Hatsel, Mrs. and Miss Dickens, Miss Benson, H. Cotton, Mr. Swinerton, Mr. Pepys, and Mr. Coxe. Mr. Selwyn has gone away to town upon business. I was presently engaged by Mr. Pepys, and he was joined by Mr. Coxe, and he by Miss Benson. Poor Miss Dickens was also in our circle; but if I had not made her some sport by occasional ridiculous whispers, she would certainly have gone to sleep, as no one else noticed her, and as not a word was said in which she

had any chance of taking any interest. Mr. Pepys led the conversation, and it was all upon criticism and poetry, and such subjects as she had no chance to care for. But I kept her awake by applying to her from time to time, to give us an epigram of Martial, a quotation from Ovid, a few lines of Homer, and such sort of impracticable requests, which served to divert her lassitude and *ennui* of all else that was said. The conversation, however, grew so very bookish, I was ashamed of being one in it, and not without reason, as everybody, out of that party, told me afterwards, "they had been afraid of approaching me, I was so well engaged;" and the odd Dr. Delap told me the next morning, that Lady Shelley had complained she could not venture to speak with me, I was "surrounded by so many, and all prostrate!"

This is just the sort of stuff I wish to avoid, and, as far as I can, I do avoid; but wholly it is not possible.

Mr. Coxe repeated several of his own compositions in verse, and in such melting strains, I thought he would have wept over them! When I got from that set, Mr. Hatsel* said to me,—

"Pray, Miss Burney, what was all that poetry you have been repeating? I was quite grieved to be out of the way of hearing it."

"Not me, sir, it was Mr. Coxe."

"And what was the poem?"

"Something of his own, sir."

Oh, how he stared and looked! I saw he longed to say wicked things, but I would not encourage him, for the poems were pretty, though the man was conceited.

Poor Mr. Pepys had, however, real cause to bemoan my escape; for the little set was broken up by my retreat, and he joined Dr. Johnson, with whom he entered into an argument upon some lines of Gray, and upon Pope's definition of wit, in which he was so roughly confuted, and so severely ridiculed, that he was hurt and piqued beyond all power of disguise, and, in the midst of the discourse, suddenly turned from him, and, wishing Mrs. Thrale good-night, very abruptly withdrew.

Dr. Johnson was certainly right with respect to the argument

* For many years Clerk of the House of Commons.

and to reason ; but his opposition was so warm, and his wit so satirical and exulting, that I was really quite grieved to see how unamiable he appeared, and how greatly he made himself dreaded by all, and by many abhorred. What pity that he will not curb the vehemence of his love of victory and superiority !

The sum of the dispute was this. Wit being talked of, Mr. Pepys repeated,—

“ True wit is Nature to advantage dress'd,
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd.”*

“ That, sir,” cried Dr. Johnson, “ is a definition both false and foolish. Let wit be dressed how it will, it will equally be wit, and neither the more nor the less for any advantage dress can give it.”

Mr. Pepys : But, sir, may not wit be so ill expressed, and so obscure, by a bad speaker, as to be lost ?

Dr. Johnson. The fault, then, sir, must be with the hearer. If a man cannot distinguish wit from words, he little deserves to hear it.

Mr. P. But, sir, what Pope means——

Dr. Johnson. Sir, what Pope means, if he means what he says, is both false and foolish. In the first place, ‘ what oft was thought,’ is all the worse for being often thought, because to be wit, it ought to be newly thought.

Mr. P. But, sir, ’tis the expression makes it new.

Dr. Johnson. How can the expression make it new ? It may make it clear, or may make it elegant ; but how new ? You are confounding words with things.

Mr. P. But, sir, if one man says a thing very ill, may not another man say it so much better that——

Dr. Johnson. That other man, sir, deserves but small praise for the amendment ; he is but the tailor to the first man’s thoughts.

Mr. P. True, sir, he may be but the tailor ; but then the difference is as great as between a man in a gold lace suit and a man in a blanket.

Dr. Johnson. Just so, sir, I thank you for that : the difference is

* In a previous conversation (reported *antè*) this line was quoted in Dr. Johnson’s presence unchallenged. [S.]

precisely such, since it consists neither in the gold lace suit nor the blanket, but in the man by whom they are worn.

This was the summary; the various contemptuous sarcasms intermixed would fill, and very unpleasantly, a quire.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 30TH.—In the evening we all went to Mrs. Hatsel's, where there was a large party; the Countess Rothes, Lady Shelley, Lady Warren, formerly Miss Clavering, Miss Benson, Mrs. and Miss Dickens, H. Cotton, Mr. Swinerton, two Bartons, the Hatsels, and Mrs. and Miss Thrale. Dr. Johnson was not invited. We had a very good evening; but that I had a vile cold, and could not quit the fire a moment.

Lady Warren is immensely tall, and extremely beautiful: she is now but just nineteen, though she has been married two or three years. She is giddy, gay, chatty, good-humoured, and a little affected; she hazards all that occurs to her, seems to think the world at her feet, and is so young, and gay, and handsome, that she is not much mistaken. She is, in short, an inferior Lady Honoria Pemberton: somewhat beneath her in parts and understanding, but strongly in that class of character. I had no conversation with her myself; but her voice is loud and deep, and all she said was for the whole room.

Take a trait or two, which I think will divert my daddy Crisp. Marriages being talked of,—

“I'll tell you,” cried she, “a story; that is, it sha'n't be a story, but a fact. A lady of my acquaintance, who had 50,000*l.* fortune, ran away to Scotland with a gentleman she liked vastly; so she was a little doubtful of him, and had a mind to try him: so when they stopped to dine, and change horses, and all that, she said, ‘Now, as I have a great regard for you, I daresay you have for me: so I will tell you a secret: I have got no fortune at all, in reality, but only 5,000*l.*; for all the rest is a mere pretence: but if you like me for myself, and not for my fortune, you won't mind that.’ So the gentleman said, ‘Oh, I don't regard it at all, and you are the same charming angel that ever you was,’ and all those sort of things that people say to one, and then went out to see about the chaise. So he did not come back; but when dinner was ready, the lady said, ‘Pray, where is he?’ ‘Lor, ma'am,’ said

they, 'why, that gentleman has been gone ever so long!' So she came back by herself; and now she's married to somebody else, and has her 50,000*l.* fortune all safe."

Lady Warren was extremely smitten with Mrs. Thrale, and talked to her almost incessantly, though they had never before met: but in the end of the evening, when Mrs. T. mentioned that she was going the next morning to make a visit at Lewes——

"Oh," cried her ladyship, "I have a great mind to beg a favour of you then."

"Pray do, ma'am," said Mrs. Thrale, "I shall think it an honour to grant it."

"Oh, but it's such an odd thing—it's quite an odd request; but it is for a place in your coach."

"My coach shall be very much at your ladyship's service; I beg you will make what use of it you please."

"Why, you must know it is to carry a little dog for me to Lewes. It belongs to Dr. Poole, and he'll quite break his heart if I don't send it him; so I'll part with it at once before I grow too fond of it."

This was, indeed, an odd request to a new acquaintance, and to a Welsh woman, as Mrs. Thrale said afterwards. The look of her eye the moment she heard it made Lady Warren colour violently; but she answered with great good humour,—

"Suppose your ladyship was to do me the honour to go too, and so carry your little dog yourself?"

Lady Warren evidently understood her, and began many apologies; but said she was engaged herself to spend the morning at Lady Dashwood's.

"I had hoped," said Mrs. Thrale, "your ladyship had meant your little boy; for I should have been very proud to have been trusted with him; but I suppose you could not spare him so long."

She has one child, of ten weeks old, of which she is doatingly fond.

"Oh, no," she answered eagerly, "not for half an hour. I shall never trust him away from me till he is eight years old,

and then I shall send him to sea. He shall be true blue. I bring him up very stout. He sucked a hare-bone for dinner to-day."

"A hare-bone for a child of ten weeks old!"

"Oh, he liked it vastly. He laughed and crowed the whole time. I often have veal stewed into good strong broth for him."

Her husband, Sir John Borlase Warren, is in the navy. Mrs. Thrale soon saw that though she was careless and unthinking, she did not mean to be insolent, so that she afterwards very gracefully offered to carry the dog, and assured her nobody would more carefully perform her commission. She thought however, better of the matter than to send him, and she told Mrs. Hatsel she found she was "in a scrape."

My own chat was all with Mrs. Hatsel or Lady Rothes, with whom I never spoke before, though I have often seen her. The talk was by no means writable; but very pleasant. Lady Rothes is sociable, lively, sensible, gentle, and amiable. She, Lady Shelley, and Mrs. Hatsel, are all of the same cast; but Lady Rothes in understanding seems to have the advantage. In manners it would be hard to say which excelled.

THURSDAY, OCT. 31ST.—A note came this morning to invite us all, except Dr. Johnson, to Lady Rothes's. Dr. Johnson has tortured poor Mr. Pepys so much that I fancy her ladyship omitted him in compliment to her brother-in-law. She mentions me in the civilest terms; and, as I like her much, I will hide my blushes and recollect them.

"May I flatter myself that Miss Burney will do me the favour to accompany you? I shall be much obliged and particularly happy to cultivate so charming an acquaintance."

There's a Countess for you! Does not she deserve being an Earl? for such in fact she is, being Countess in her own right, and giving her own name to her children, who, though sons and daughters of Mr. Evelyn and Dr. Pepys,—for she has been twice married,—are called, the eldest Lord Lesley, and the rest the Honourable Mr. Lesleys, and Lady Harriet and Lady Mary.

At noon, Mr. Pepys called and found only me, and sate with

me till dressing-time. He brought me a book I was very glad to see. He has collected into one volume all the political works of Mr. Burke, and has marked in the margin all the passages that will be entertaining or instructive to non-politicians. They are indeed charming, eloquent, spirited, rational, yet sentimental. He told me he had two long letters from Mrs. Chapone to show me, all about me and mine, but he had them not in his pocket.

At Lady Rothes's we met only her doctor, and Mr. and Mrs. Pepys. The talk was all literary, but not pedantic; and the evening was very agreeable.

FRIDAY, NOV. 1ST.—We spent at home with only our two young beaux. I was quite glad of not going out; for, though the places have done very well, and been very lively when we have assembled at them, I have been heartily tired of such perpetual preparation, dressing, and visiting.

SATURDAY, NOV. 2ND.—We went to Lady Shelley's. Dr. Johnson, again, excepted in the invitation. He is almost constantly omitted, either from too much respect or too much fear. I am sorry for it, as he hates being alone, and as, though he scolds the others, he is well enough satisfied himself; and, having given vent to all his own occasional anger or ill-humour, he is ready to begin again, and is never aware that those who have so been "downed" by him, never can much covet so triumphant a visitor. In contests of wit, the victor is as ill off in future consequences as the vanquished in present ridicule.

MONDAY, NOV. 4TH.—This was a grand and busy day. Mr. Swinerton has been some time arranging a meeting for all our house, with Lady De Ferrars, whom you may remember as Charlotte Ellerker, and her lord and sisters: and this morning it took place, by mutual appointment, at his lodgings, where we met to breakfast. Dr. Johnson, who already knew Lord De Ferrars, and Mrs. and Miss Thrale, and myself, arrived first; and then came the Lord and Lady, and Miss Ellerker and her youngest sister, Harriet. Lord De Ferrars is very ugly, but extremely well-bred, gentle, unassuming, sensible, and pleasing. His lady is much improved since we knew her in former days,

and seems good-humoured, lively, and rather agreeable. Miss Ellerker is nothing altered.

I happened to be standing by Dr. Johnson when all the ladies came in; but, as I dread him before strangers, from the staring attention he attracts both for himself and all with whom he talks, I endeavoured to change my ground. However, he kept prating a sort of comical nonsense that detained me some minutes whether I would or not; but when we were all taking places at the breakfast-table I made another effort to escape. It proved vain; he drew his chair next to mine, and went rattling on in a humorous sort of comparison he was drawing of himself to me,—not one word of which could I enjoy, or can I remember, from the hurry I was in to get out of his way. In short, I felt so awkward from being thus marked out, that I was reduced to whisper a request to Mr. Swinerton to put a chair between us, for which I presently made a space: for I have often known him stop all conversation with me, when he has ceased to have me for his next neighbour. Mr. Swinerton, who is an extremely good-natured young man, and so intimate here that I make no scruple with him, instantly complied, and placed himself between us.

But no sooner was this done, than Dr. Johnson, half seriously, and very loudly, took him to task.

“How now, sir! what do you mean by this? Would you separate me from Miss Burney?”

Mr. Swinerton, a little startled, began some apologies, and Mrs. Thrale winked at him to give up the place; but he was willing to oblige me, though he grew more and more frightened every minute, and coloured violently as the Doctor continued his remonstrance, which he did with rather unmerciful raillery, upon his taking advantage of being in his own house to thus supplant him, and *crow*; but when he had borne it for about ten minutes, his face became so hot with the fear of hearing something worse, that he ran from the field, and took a chair between Lady De Ferrars and Mrs. Thrale.

I think I shall take warning by this failure, to trust only to my own expedients for avoiding his public notice in future.

However, it stopped here ; for Lord De Ferrars came in, and took the disputed place without knowing of the contest, and all was quiet.

All that passed afterwards was too general and too common to be recollected.

I walked out afterwards, up Newmarket Hill, with Mrs. Thrale and Mr. Swinerton. This young man is very sweet-tempered, and good, and soft-hearted ; but alas ! he is also soft-headed.

We met, upon the Newmarket Hill, a large troop of horse and a pack of hounds returning from hunting. Among the gentlemen one stopped Mr. Swinerton, who, we were told, is *the* object here at this time,—Mr. Kaye of the Dragoons,—a baronet's son, and a very tall, handsome, and agreeable-looking young man ; and, as the folks say, it is he for whom all the belles here are sighing. I was glad to see he seemed quite free from the *non-chalante* impertinence of the times.

At dinner, we had Mr. Swinerton and Mr. Selwyn, who is just returned.

Miss Thrale, who had met with Miss Benson, brought me a long message from her, that I had used her very ill, and would make her no reparation ; for she had been reading my book till she was so blind with crying, she had disfigured herself in such a manner she could not dress, and must give up going to the ball in the evening, though it was the last ; and though she had not yet near come to the end, she was so knocked up with blubbering, she must give up every engagement in order to go on with it, being quite unfit for any thing else ; but she desired Miss Thrale to tell me she thought it very unwarrantable in me to put her nerves in such a state !

“Ay,” cried Dr. Johnson, “some people want to make out some credit to me from the little rogue's book. I was told by a gentleman this morning, that it was a very fine book, if it was all her own. ‘It is all her own,’ said I, ‘for me, I am sure, for I never saw one word of it before it was printed.’”

This gentleman I have good reason to believe is Mr. Metcalf, Capt. Phillips I daresay remembers that he supped with us at Sir Joshua Reynolds's the evening that James came from Ports-

mouth. He is much with Dr. Johnson, but seems to have taken an unaccountable dislike to Mrs. Thrale, to whom he never speaks. I have seen him but once or twice myself; and as he is dry, and I am shy, very little has passed between us.

When all our company was gone, late as it was, it was settled we should go to the ball, the last for the season being this night. My own objections about going not being strong enough to combat the ado my mentioning them would have occasioned, I joined in the party without demur. We all went but Dr. Johnson.

The ball was half over, and all the company seated to tea. Mr. Wade* came to receive us all, as usual, and we had a table procured for us, and went to tea ourselves, for something to do. When this repast was over, the company returned to their recreation. The room was very thin, and almost half the ladies danced with one another, though there were men enough present, I believe, had they chosen such exertion; but the Meadowses at balls are in crowds. Some of the ladies were in riding habits, and they made admirable men. 'Tis *tonnish* to be so much undressed at the last ball.

None of our usual friends, the Shelleys, Hatsels, Dickens, or Pepys, were here, and we, therefore, made no party; but Mrs. Thrale and I stood at the top of the room to look on the dancing, and as we were thus disengaged, she was seized with a violent desire to make one among them, and I felt myself an equal inclination. She proposed, as so many women danced together, that we two should, and nothing should I have liked so well; but I begged her to give up the scheme, as that would have occasioned more fuss and observation than our dancing with all the men that ever were born.

While we were debating this matter, a gentleman suddenly said to me,—“Did you walk far this morning, Miss Burney?” And, looking at him, I saw Mr. Metcalf, whose graciousness rather surprised me, for he only made to Mrs. Thrale a cold and distant bow, and it seems he declares, aloud and around, his aversion to literary ladies. That he can endure, and even seek

* The master of the ceremonies.

me, is, I presume, only from the general perverseness of mankind, because he sees I have always turned from him; not, however, from disliking him, for he is a shrewd, sensible, keen, and very clever man; but merely from a dryness on his own side that has excited retaliation.

"Yes," I answered, "we walked a good way."

"Dr. Johnson," said he, "told me in the morning you were no walker; but I informed him then I had had the pleasure of seeing you upon the Newmarket Hill."

"Oh, he does not know," cried I, "whether I am a walker or not—he does not see me walk, because he never walks himself."

"He has asked me," said he, "to go with him to Chichester, to see the cathedral, and I told him I would certainly go if he pleased; but why, I cannot imagine, for how shall a blind man see a cathedral?"

"I believe," quoth I, "his blindness is as much the effect of absence as of infirmity, for he sees wonderfully at times."

"Why, he has assured me he cannot see the colour of any man's eyes, and does not know what eyes any of his acquaintance have."

"I am sure, however," cried I, "he can see the colour of a lady's top-knot, for he very often finds fault with it."

"Is that possible?"

"Yes, indeed; and I was much astonished at it at first when I knew him, for I had concluded that the utmost of his sight would only reach to tell him whether he saw a cap or a wig."

Here he was called away by some gentleman, but presently came to me again.

"Miss Burney," he said, "shall you dance?"

"No, sir, not to-night."

"A gentleman," he added, "has desired me to speak to you for him."

Now Susanna, for the grand moment!—the height—the zenith of my glory in the *ton* meridian! I again said I did not mean to dance, and to silence all objection, he expressively said,—

"'Tis Captain Kaye who sends me."

Is not this magnificent? Pray congratulate me!

I was really very much surprised, but repeated my refusal, with all customary civilities to soften it. He was leaving me with this answer, when this most flashy young officer, choosing to trust his cause to himself, came forward, and desired to be introduced to me. Mr. Metcalf performed that ceremony, and he then, with as much respect and deference as if soliciting a countess, said,—

“May I flatter myself you will do me the honour of dancing with me?”

I thanked him, and said the same thing over again. He looked much disappointed, and very unwilling to give up his plan.

“If you have not,” he said, “any particular dislike to dancing, it will be doing, not only me, but the whole room much honour, if you will make one in a set.”

“You do me much honour, sir,” I answered, “but I must beg you to excuse me.”

“I hope not,” cried he; “I hope out of charity you will dance, as it is the last ball, and the company is so thin.”

“Oh, it will do very well without me: Mr. Wade himself says he dies to-night a very respectable death?”

“And will you not have the goodness to help it on a little in its last stage?”

“No,” said I, laughing; “why should we wish it to be kept lingering?”

“Lingering!” repeated he, looking round at the dancers; “no,” surely it is not quite so desperate; and if you will but join in you will give it new existence.”

I was a little thrown off my guard at this unexpected earnestness, so different to the *ton* of the day, and I began hardly to know what to answer, my real objection being such as I could by no means publish, though his urgency and his politeness joined would have made me give up any other.

“This is a very quiet dance,” he continued; “there is nothing fatiguing in it.”

“You are very good,” said I, “but I cannot really dance to-night.”

I was sorry to seem so obstinate, but he was just the man

to make everybody inquire whom he danced with ; and any one who wished for general attention could do no better than to be his partner.

The ever-mischievous Mrs. Thrale, calling to Mr. Selwyn, who stood by us, said,—

“ Why, here’s a man in love!—quite, downright in love with Miss Burney, if ever I saw one!”

“ He is quite mortified, at least,” he answered ; “ I never saw a man look more mortified.”

“ Well, he did not deserve it,” said she ; “ he knew how to beg, and he ought not to have been so served.”

I begged her to be silent, for Mr. Metcalf returned to me.

“ Were you too much tired,” he said, “ with your walk this morning, to try at a dance ?”

I excused myself as well as I could, and we presently went into the card-room to vary the scene. When we returned to the ball-room I was very glad to see my new captain had just taken out Lady Anne Lindsay, who is here with Lady Margaret Fordyce, and who dances remarkably well, and was every way a more suitable partner for him. He was to leave the town, with his regiment, the next day.

TUESDAY.—Mrs. Thrale took me out to walk with her. We met Lady De Ferrars and Miss Ellerker in our ramble, and the very moment the ball was mentioned, this dear and queer creature called out,—

“ Ay, there was a sad ado, ladies dancing with ladies, and all sorts of odd things ; and that handsome and fine Mr. Kaye broke his heart almost to dance with Miss Burney ; but she refused him, and so, in despair, he took out Lady Anne Lindsay.”

WEDNESDAY.—Dr. Delap called to-day and brought a play with him for Mrs. Thrale and me to read, and he has most vehemently and repeatedly begged me to write a critique upon it. I will not, however, undertake any such thing, which I not only do not hold myself equal to, but which would be a most disagreeable and thankless task. I shall, nevertheless, mark such places and passages as I think would be obviously mended by some change, for he is so very earnest, it would be either ill-nature or treachery to refuse him.

At night we had Dr. Pepys and Lady Rothes, and were very sociable and pleasant.

THURSDAY.—Mr. Metcalf called upon Dr. Johnson, and took him out an airing. Mr. Hamilton is gone, and Mr. Metcalf is now the only person out of this house that voluntarily communicates with the Doctor. He has been in a terrible severe humour of late, and has really frightened all the people, till they almost ran from him. To me only I think he is now kind, for Mrs. Thrale fares worse than any body. 'Tis very strange and very melancholy that he will not a little more accommodate his manners and language to those of other people. He likes Mr. Metcalf, however, and so do I, for he is very clever and entertaining when he pleases. Capt. Phillips will remember that was not the case when we saw him at Sir Joshua's. He has, however, all the *de quoi*.

Poor Dr. Delap confessed to us that the reason he now came so seldom, though he formerly almost lived with us when at this place, was his being too unwell to cope with Dr. Johnson. And the other day Mr. Selwyn having refused an invitation from Mr. Hamilton to meet the Doctor, because he preferred being here upon a day when he was out, suddenly rose at the time he was expected to return, and said he must run away, "for fear the Doctor should call him to account."

FRIDAY.—We strolled all the morning, and spent the evening with Lady S., where we met Miss Benson, Dr. Delap, and Mr. Selwyn. Sir John is very civil to me, and, as it is the *ton* to do here, he, among the rest, has discovered a new excellence. Dr. Delap, in his odd manner, said here the other morning—

"Sir John S. told me he had met yesterday Miss Burney, but he neither said she talked well nor wrote well; he only said she walked well. He never, he said, saw any woman walk so well!"

Comic enough; but this is a mere specimen, by-the-bye, of the various new discoveries made in the polite world, of my endowments—discoveries which would make you grin amain if I had room to write them. It is not modesty stops me, for they are far too sublime for vanity, and, consequently, for shame.

SATURDAY.—We had Miss Benson and Mr. Selwyn, and a very

good chatty, quiet day. Miss Benson has given me a little commission to do for her with Dr. Delap, concerning some books belonging to Louisa Harris, on purpose, she says, to make me call upon her when I return to town. I like the office very well, for her hardness and disagreeableness wear off more and more, and there is so much of that rare quality, sound sense, in her composition, that it makes amends for much deficiency in her address and manner.

SUNDAY, NOV. 10TH, brings in a new person. The Honourable Miss Monckton,* who is here with her mother, the Dowager Lady Galway, has sent various messages of her earnest desire to be acquainted with Mrs. Thrale and your humble servant to command. Dr. Johnson she already knew, for she is one of those who stand foremost in collecting all extraordinary or curious people to her London conversaziones, which, like those of Mrs. Vesey, mix the rank and the literature, and exclude all beside. Well, after divers intimations of this sort, it was at last settled that Lady De Ferrars should bring her here this morning.

In the evening came Lady De Ferrars, Miss Monckton, and Miss Ellerker. Miss Monckton is between thirty and forty, very short, very fat, but handsome; splendidly and fantastically dressed, rouged not unbecomingly, yet evidently and palpably desirous of gaining notice and admiration. She has an easy levity in her air, manner, voice, and discourse, that speak all within to be comfortable; and her rage of seeing anything curious may be satisfied, if she pleases, by looking in a mirror.

I can give you no account of the conversation, as it was broken, and not entertaining. Miss Monckton went early, having another engagement, but the other ladies stayed very late. She told us, however, one story extremely well worth recording. The Duke of Devonshire was standing near a very fine glass lustre in a corner of a room, at an assembly, and in a house of people who, Miss Monckton said, were by no means in a style of life to hold expense as immaterial, and, by carelessly lolling back, he threw the lustre down, and it was broke. He showed not, however, the smallest concern or confusion at the accident,

* Afterwards Countess of Cork and Orrery.

but coolly said, "I wonder how I did that!" He then removed to the opposite corner, and to show, I suppose, he had forgotten what he had done, leaned his head in the same manner, and down came the opposite lustre! He looked at it very calmly, and, with a philosophical dryness, merely said, "This is singular enough!" and walked to another part of the room, without either distress or apology.

After Miss Monckton was gone, Lady De Ferrars drew a chair next mine, and began talking of "Cecilia."

"We have plagued my lord," said she, "to death about it, because he always says that old Delville was in the right not to give up a good family name; but I was never so glad as when I found the old gentleman's own name was my Lord De Ferrars; for he, you know, is a Compton; so I told him I was sure it was himself, and he owned that if he had been a Delville, he should have done the same with a Beverley."

Is not this triumph for me, my dearest Susy? Pray let my daddy Crisp hear it, and knock under Mr. Bewley,* too, shall be told it, who has made the same objection with my daddy to the improbability of relinquishing a fortune for a name. Neither my daddy, my father, nor Mr. Bewley, are here judges to oppose to Lord De Ferrars, who, being a man of rank, and having a cherished name himself, is more fit to decide upon this question than wit, understanding, judgment, or general knowledge, can make any others who have not the power to so well feel the temptation of family pride in exciting such obstacles to reason and happiness. I never meant to vindicate old Delville, whom I detested and made detestable; but I always asserted that, his character and situation considered, he did nothing that such a man would hesitate in doing.

Mrs. Thrale has since met Lord De Ferrars, and talked over all the book to him, and he told her that he thought its great merit was the reasonableness of the Delvillian distress with respect to changing their name!

* William Bewley. He was for some time the writer of the articles on science and natural philosophy in the *Monthly Review*. He died at the house of Dr. Burney in 1783.

I felt, however, a little ashamed when Lady De Ferrars told me her lord's name, which he has, with his title, in right of his mother; but as I had tied it to a family celebrated for its antiquity, I saw they were none of them displeased. Lord De Ferrars told Mrs. Thrale himself that he is descended from Elfrida, and has the castle of Tamworth, originally built by her, now in his possession. So here is a Delvillian ancestry with great exactness. I always told my dear daddy that his reasoning against the Delville prejudice, however unanswerable for truth, by no means disproved the existence of such prejudice, as all those very high-born and long genealogists agree. Mrs. Thrale herself says that her own mother would have acted precisely as Mrs. Delville acted. And Mrs. Thrale's father was descended from Adam of Salisbury.

"I assure you, however," continued her ladyship, "my lord was so fond of the book, he could never part with it, and so much interested in the story he could think of nothing else. He cried violently, too, I assure you; so I hope that will give you a good idea of his heart."

Mrs. Thrale and Miss Ellerker then joined in the conversation, and much discussion followed about family names and family honour. Lady De Ferrars said—

"This is very rude, I confess, to talk so of the book before Miss Burney; but when once one has begun there is no dropping the subject."

I was glad, however, when it was dropped, as I think it as little my business to vindicate as to censure my characters; and therefore, from caring to do neither, I am always at a loss and uncomfortable when they are mentioned.

TUESDAY.—We went in a party to breakfast with Dr. Delap, at Lewes, by his earnest desire. Mr. Selwyn accompanied us. The Doctor again urged his request that I would write a criticism upon his new play; but I assured him, very truly, I was too ignorant of stage business and stage effects to undertake offering any help or advice to him; yet I pointed out several lines that I thought wanted alteration, and proposed a change in two or three scenes, for he would not let me rest without either praising

what I did not like, or giving explicit reasons why I did not praise. Mrs. Thrale has promised him an epilogue.

I am now so much in arrears that I must be more brief in my accounts. We spent this evening at Lady De Ferrars', where Dr. Johnson accompanied us, for the first time he has been invited of our parties since my arrival. The company was select, but dull. Miss Monckton, Sir Henry Dashwood, Mr. Manners,—son of Lord Robert—Mr. Musgrave—a buckish kind of young man of fashion—the two Miss Ellerkers, and ourselves. Miss Monckton only confirmed my first notions of her, and the rest gave me no notions worth mentioning.

MONDAY and TUESDAY.—I have no time, except to tell you a comical tale which Mrs. Thrale ran to acquaint me with. She had been calling upon Mr. Scrase, an old and dear friend, who is confined with the gout; and while she was inquiring about him of his nurse and housekeeper, the woman said,—

“Ah, madam, how happy are you to have Minerva in the house with you!”

“Oh,” cried Mrs. Thrale, “you mean my dear Miss Burney, that wrote ‘Cecilia.’ So you have read it; and what part did you like?”

“Oh, madam, I liked it all better than anything I ever saw in my life; but most of all I liked that good old gentleman, Mr. Albany, that goes about telling people their duty, without so much as thinking of their fine clothes.”

When Mrs. Thrale told us this at dinner, Dr. Johnson said—

“I am all of the old housekeeper's mind; Mr. Albany I have always stood up for: he is one of my first favourites. Very fine indeed are the things he says.”

My dear Dr. Johnson!—what condescension is this! He fully, also, enters into all my meaning in the high-flown language of Albany, from his partial insanity and unappeasable remorse.

So here concludes Brightelmstone for 1782.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 20TH, Mrs. and the three Miss Thrales and myself all arose at six o'clock in the morning, and “by the pale blink of the moon” we went to the sea-side, where we had bespoke the bathing-women to be ready for us, and into the ocean

we plunged. It was cold, but pleasant. I have bathed so often as to lose my dread of the operation, which now gives me nothing but animation and vigour. We then returned home, and dressed by candle-light, and, as soon as we could get Dr. Johnson ready, we set out upon our journey, in a coach and a chaise, and arrived in Argyll Street at dinner time. Mrs. Thrale has there fixed her tent for this short winter, which will end with the beginning of April, when her foreign journey takes place.

ST. MARTIN'S STREET.—The day after my return home, Pacchierotti came and spent part of the afternoon here. Mr. Sastres also was with us. The Pac. was very sweet and amiable, in exceeding good humour, and tolerably in spirits. But what was my delight to receive, by Charlotte, a message from Mrs. Fitzgerald, to invite me to a place in her box at the Opera! She called for us, and we both went. Her box is a new one, only up two pair of stairs, the fourth from the stage, and holds six. It is, indeed, the most delightful box in the house, from not being so much in sight as to render very much dress necessary, yet enough to have every convenience of seeing both performers and company.

The opera was the new serious one, "Medonte." I am not enchanted with it; there is a general want of something striking or interesting. Pacchierotti sang most sweetly, without force, effort, or pain to himself, but with an even excellence he is seldom well enough to keep throughout a whole opera. He is but too perfect; for how we shall bear his successors I cannot guess.

He found me out, and gave me several smiles during the performance; indeed, he could never look either to the right or left without a necessity of making some sort of acknowledgment in return to the perpetual bows made him from almost every box in the house.

Nov. 24TH.—Mrs. Thrale was with me all the morning, upstairs, in my cold bedchamber; and all the evening I spent with my mother, in reading "Adèle and Théodore;" a book you must purchase, for there are so many good directions about education, that, though the general plan is impracticable, except to very

rich and very independent people, there are a thousand useful hints for folks in real life. Its worst fault seems tediousness, much repetition, and minuteness, making it necessary to skip, from time to time, in order to keep up any attention; but the whole, as a work, has great merit indeed, both in design and execution. Some of the episodes are pretty, but the plot of the stories is commonly either trite or unnatural, though the circumstances attending them are very interesting, and very well told.

DEC. 2ND.—This evening Mrs. Thrale had a large party, and invited Charlotte to it, which I was very glad of, as she was much delighted. My father took us both, for I could not go to dinner, and we were very late.

Dear Mrs. Thrale received me, as usual, as if I was the first person of her company. There was not a creature there with whom I was not acquainted, except the Duca di Sangro, a Neapolitan nobleman, very much in fashion at present among the young ladies *comme il faut*, with two or three of whom he has trifled not very honourably. He is very young and very handsome, and very insinuating in his address and manners.

The rest were Lady Rothes, who very politely and obligingly apologised for not having waited upon me in town, and Dr. Pepys, Mrs. Ord, who made me promise to spend Thursday with her, to meet a relation of hers lately come to town, Mrs. Byron who asked me for the same day, and whom I rejoiced in being able to refuse without affronting; Mr. and Mrs. Davenant, Harry Cotton, Mr. Swinerton; Piozzi, who sang very well, and whose voice is this year in very good order; Mr. Evans, Mr. Seward, Mr. Sastres; Mr. Thornton, the new member for the borough, a man of Presbyterian extraction, upon which he has grafted of late much *ton* and *nonchalance*, and who was pleased to follow me about with a sort of hard and unmeaning curiosity, very disagreeable to me, and to himself very much like nothing; Mr. and Mrs. Pepys, Mrs. Scot, and Dr. and Mrs. Parker.

TUESDAY.—Pacchierotti called in the morning, and was very sweet and amiable. I received, also, a most perfumed note, on French paper, gilt, bordered, glazed, inclosed in a finely-decorated

cover, and sealed with a miniken figure, from Miss Monckton, to invite me for the 8th, to meet Mrs. Thrale. I accepted the invitation with pleasure; her parties are the most brilliant in town, and she is acquainted with many people I wish to meet. In small parties, or intimate acquaintances, it is necessary to like the mistress of the house; but in large assemblies, it is but like going to a better regulated public place.

WEDNESDAY.—I called in the morning upon Miss Palmer, with whom I sat some time. Her uncle has been very dangerously ill, but is now quite recovered. I then went and spent all the day with sweet Mrs. Thrale, who shut out all company, and gave me herself to myself, and it was much the happiest time I have spent, away from my father, since I left Brighton. Dr. Johnson was at home, and in most excellent good humour and spirits.

CHAPTER XIV.

An Assembly at the Hon. Miss Monckton's—Singular Style of Reception—Lady Galway—Dr. Johnson—Chit-Chat—Female Costume—Edmund Burke—Sir Joshua Reynolds—The old Duchess of Portland—Mrs. Greville—Conversation with Burke—The Old Wits—Gibbon—Mrs. Siddons—Truth and Romance—Dr. Johnson and Mrs. Siddons—Dr. Johnson at the Play—A Party at Mrs. Walsingham's—Sir Charles Hanbury Williams—Mrs. Montagu—Mr. Percy—Introduction to Mrs. Siddons—Erskine—Lady Lucan—Dinner at Mrs. Thrale's—The Opera—Allegrante—Assembly at Lady Gideon's—Sir Sampson Gideon—Lady Margaret Fordyce—Lady Anne Lindsay—Lord Gage—Sir Hugh Dalrymple—The Duca di Sangro—Lady Clarges—Mrs. Walsingham's Paintings—Queen Charlotte—Her Remarks on "Cecilia"—Party at Lady Rothes'—Lord Falmouth—Dr. Cadogan—Mr. Wraxall—The Inconveniences of Popularity—Visit to Dr. Johnson—Christmas Day—A Party at Mrs. Ord's—Dr. Johnson's Advice to a Young Lady on her "Coming Out"—Mrs. Chapone—Mrs. Delany—Chit-chat—Character of Mr. Crisp—Dinner at Sir Joshua's—West, the Painter—Jackson of Exeter—Table talk—Anecdotes of Mrs. Reynolds—A Hum-drum Evening—Mrs. Delany and Mrs. Chapone—Sir Ashton Lever—His Museum—Nollekens, the Sculptor.

DEC. 8TH.—Now for Miss Monckton's assembly.

I had begged Mrs. Thrale to call for me, that I might have her countenance and assistance upon my entrance. Miss Thrale came also. Everything was in a new style. We got out of the coach into a hall full of servants, not one of which inquired our names, or took any notice of us. We proceeded, and went upstairs, and when we arrived at a door, stopped and looked behind us. No servant had followed or preceded us. We deliberated what was to be done. To announce ourselves was rather awkward, neither could we be sure we were going into the right apartment. I proposed our going up higher, till we met with

somebody; Miss Thrale thought we should go down and call some of the servants; but Mrs. Thrale, after a ridiculous consultation, determined to try her fortune by opening the door. This being done, we entered a room full of—tea-things, and one maid-servant!

“Well,” cried Mrs. Thrale, laughing, “what is to be done now? I suppose we are come so early that nothing is ready.”

The maid stared, but said,—“There’s company in the next room.”

Then we considered again how to make ourselves known; and then Mrs. Thrale again resolved to take courage and enter. She therefore opened another door, and went into another apartment. I held back, but looked after, and observing that she made no curtsy, concluded she was gone into some wrong place. Miss Thrale followed, and after her went little I, wondering who was to receive, or what was to become of us.

Miss Monckton lives with her mother, the old Dowager Lady Galway, in a noble house in Charles Street, Berkeley Square. The room was large and magnificent. There was not much company, for we were very early. Lady Galway sat at the side of the fire, and received nobody. She seems very old, and was dressed with a little round white cap, and not a single hair, no cushion, roll, nor anything else but the little round cap, which was flat upon her forehead. Such part of the company as already knew her made their compliments to her where she sat, and the rest were never taken up to her, but belonged wholly to Miss Monckton.

Miss Monckton’s own manner of receiving her guests was scarce more laborious; for she kept her seat when they entered, and only turned round her head to nod it, and say “How do do?” after which they found what accommodation they could for themselves.

As soon, however, as she perceived Mrs. and Miss Thrale, which was not till they had been some minutes in the room, she arose to welcome them, contrary to her general custom, and merely because it was their first visit. Our long trains making my entrance some time after theirs, gave me the advantage of

being immediately seen by her, and she advanced to me with quickness, and very politely thanked me for coming, and said,—

“I fear you think me very rude for taking the liberty of sending to you.”

“No, indeed, you did me much honour,” quoth I.

She then broke further into her general rules, by making way for me to a good place, and seating me herself, and then taking a chair next me, and beginning a little chat. I really felt myself much obliged to her for this seasonable attention, for I was presently separated from Mrs. Thrale, and entirely surrounded by strangers, all dressed superbly, and all looking saucily; and as nobody's names were spoken, I had no chance to discover any acquaintances. Mr. Metcalf, indeed, came and spoke to me the instant I came in, and I should have been very happy to have had him for my neighbour; but he was engaged in attending to Dr. Johnson, who was standing near the fire, and environed with listeners.

Some new people now coming in, and placing themselves in a regular way, Miss Monckton exclaimed,—“My whole care is to prevent a circle;” and hastily rising, she pulled about the chairs, and planted the people in groups, with as dexterous a disorder as you would desire to see.

The company in general were dressed with more brilliancy than at any rout I ever was at, as most of them were going to the Duchess of Cumberland's, and attired for that purpose. Just behind me sat Mrs. Hampden, still very beautiful, but insufferably affected. Another lady, in full dress, and very pretty, came in soon after, and got herself a chair just before me; and then a conversation began between her and Mrs. Hampden, of which I will give you a specimen.

“How disagreeable these sacques are! I am so incommoded with these nasty ruffles! I am going to Cumberland House—are you?”

“To be sure,” said Mrs. Hampden; “what else, do you think, would make me bear this weight of dress? I can't bear a sacque.”

“Why, I thought you said you should always wear them?”

"Oh, yes, but I have changed my mind since then—as many people do."

"Well, I think it vastly disagreeable indeed," said the other; "you can't think how I'm encumbered with these ruffles!"

"Oh, I am quite oppressed with them," said Mrs. Hampden; "I can hardly bear myself up."

"And I dined in this way!" cried the other; "only think—dining in a sacque!"

"Oh," answered Mrs. Hampden, "it really puts me quite out of spirits."

Well, have you enough?—and has my daddy raved enough?

After this they found some subject less popular, and the lady unknown leaned over me, without any ceremony, to whisper with Mrs. Hampden. I should have offered her my place if she had made any apology, but as it was, I thought she might take her own way. In the course of the evening, however, I had the pleasure to observe a striking change in her manners; for as soon as she picked up, I know not how, my name, she ceased her whispering, looked at me with the civilest smiles, spoke to me two or three times, and calling to a fine beau, said,—

"Do pray sit this way, that you may screen Miss Burney as well as me from that fire."

I did not, however, sufficiently like her beginning, to accept her challenge of talking, and only coldly answered by yes, no, or a bow.

Mrs. and Miss Thrale had other engagements, and soon went away. Miss Monckton then took a chair again next to me, which she kept till we both started at the same voice, and she cried out,—"Oh, it's Mr. Burke!" and she ran to him with as much joy as, if it had been our house, I should. Cause the second for liking her better.

I grew now in a violent fidget, both to have his notice, and for what his notice would be; but I sat very still, and he was seized upon by scores, and taken to another part of the room.

Then came in Sir Joshua Reynolds, and he soon drew a chair near mine, and from that time I was never without some friend at my elbow.

"Have you seen," said he, "Mrs. Montagu lately?"

"No, not very lately."

"But within these few months?"

"No, not since last year."

"Oh, you must see her, then. You ought to see and to hear her—'twill be worth your while. Have you heard of the fine long letter she has written?"

"Yes, but I have not met with it."

"I have."

"And who is it to?"

"The old Duchess of Portland. She desired Mrs. Montagu's opinion of 'Cecilia,' and she has written it at full length. I was in a party at Her Grace's, and heard of nothing but you. She is so delighted, and so sensibly, so rationally, that I only wish you could have heard her. And old Mrs. Delany had been forced to begin it, though she had said she should never read any more; however, when we met, she was reading it already for the third time."

Pray tell my daddy to rejoice for me in this conquest of the Duchess, his old friend, and Mrs. Delany, his sister's.

Sir Joshua is extremely kind; he is always picking up some anecdote of this sort for me; yet, most delicately, never lets me hear his own praises but through others. He looks vastly well, and as if he had never been ill.

After this Mrs. Burke saw me, and, with much civility and softness of manner, came and talked with me, while her husband, without seeing me, went behind my chair to speak to Mrs. Hampden.

Miss Monckton, returning to me, then said,—

"Miss Burney, I had the pleasure yesterday of seeing Mrs. Greville."

I suppose she concluded I was very intimate with her.

"I have not seen her," said I, "many years."

"I know, however," cried she, looking surprised, "she is your godmother."

"But she does not do her duty and answer for me, for I never see her."

"Oh, you have answered very well for yourself! But I know by that your name is Fanny."

She then tripped to somebody else, and Mr. Burke very quietly came from Mrs. Hampden, and sat down in the vacant place at my side. I could then wait no longer, for I found he was more near-sighted than myself; I, therefore, turned towards him and bowed: he seemed quite amazed, and really made me ashamed, however delighted, by the expressive civility and distinction with which he instantly rose to return my bow, and stood the whole time he was making his compliments upon seeing me, and calling himself the blindest of men for not finding me out sooner. And Mrs. Burke, who was seated near me, said, loud enough for me to hear her,—

"See, see! what a flirtation Mr. Burke is beginning with Miss Burney! and before my face too!"

These ceremonies over, he sate down by me, and began a conversation which you, my dearest Susy, would be glad to hear, for my sake, word for word; but which I really could not listen to with sufficient ease, from shame at his warm eulogiums, to remember with any accuracy. The general substance, however, take as I recollect it.

After many most eloquent compliments upon the book, too delicate either to shock or sicken the nicest ear, he very emphatically congratulated me upon its most universal success; said, "he was now too late to speak of it, since he could only echo the voice of the whole nation;" and added, with a laugh, "I had hoped to have made some merit of my enthusiasm; but the moment I went about to hear what others say, I found myself merely one in a multitude."

He then told me that, notwithstanding his admiration, he was the man who had dared to find some faults with so favourite and fashionable a work. I entreated him to tell me what they were, and assured him nothing would make me so happy as to correct them under his direction. He then enumerated them: and I will tell you what they are, that you may not conclude I write nothing but the fairer part of my adventures, which I really always relate very honestly, though so fair they are at this time, that it hardly seems possible they should not be dressed up.

The masquerade he thought too long, and that something might be spared from Harrel's grand assembly; he did not like Morrice's part of the pantheon; and he wished the conclusion either more happy or more miserable; "for in a work of imagination," said he, "there is no medium."

I was not easy enough to answer him, or I have much, though perhaps not good for much, to say in defence of following life and nature as much in the conclusion as in the progress of a tale; and when is life and nature completely happy or miserable?

"But," said he, when he had finished his comments, "what excuse must I give for this presumption? I have none in the world to offer but the real, the high esteem I feel for you; and I must at the same time acknowledge it is all your own doing that I am able to find fault; for it is your general perfection in writing that has taught me to criticise where it is not quite uniform."

Here's an orator, dear Susy!

Then, looking very archly at me, and around him, he said,—

"Are you sitting here for characters? Nothing, by the way, struck me more in reading your book than the admirable skill with which your ingenious characters make themselves known by their own words."

He then went on to tell me that I had done the most wonderful of wonders in pleasing the old wits, particularly the Duchess of Portland and Mrs. Delany, who resisted reading the book till they were teased into it, and, since they began, could do nothing else; and he failed not to point out, with his utmost eloquence, the difficulty of giving satisfaction to those who piqued themselves upon being past receiving it.

"But," said he, "I have one other fault to find, and a far more material one than any I have mentioned."

"I am the more obliged to you. What is it?"

"The disposal of this book. I have much advice to offer to you upon that subject. Why did not you send for your own friend out of the city? he would have taken care you should not part with it so much below par."

He meant Mr. Briggs.

Sir Joshua Reynolds now joined us.

"Are you telling her," said he, "of our conversation with the old wits? I am glad you hear it from Mr. Burke, Miss Burney, for he can tell it so much better than I can, and remember their very words."

"Nothing else would they talk of for three whole hours," said he, "and we were there at the third reading of the bill."

"I believe I was in good hands," said I, "if they talked of it to you?"

"Why, yes," answered Sir Joshua, laughing, "we joined in from time to time. Gibbon says he read the whole five volumes in a day."

"Tis impossible," cried Mr. Burke, "it cost me three days; and you know I never parted with it from the time I first opened it."

Here are laurels, Susy! My dear daddy and Kitty, are you not doubly glad you so kindly hurried me upstairs to write when at Chesington?

Mr. Burke then went to some other party, and Mr. Swinerton took his place, with whom I had a dawdling conversation upon dawdling subjects; and I was not a little enlivened, upon his quitting the chair, to have it filled by Mr. Metcalfe,* who, with much satire, but much entertainment, kept chattering with me till Dr. Johnson found me out, and brought a chair opposite to me.

Do you laugh, my Susan, or cry at your F. B.'s honours?

"So," said he to Mr. Metcalfe, "it is you, is it, that are engrossing her thus?"

"He's jealous," said Mr. Metcalfe, dryly.

"How these people talk of Mrs. Siddons!" said the Doctor. "I came hither in full expectation of hearing no name but the name I love and pant to hear,—when from one corner to another they are talking of that jade Mrs. Siddons! till, at last wearied out, I went yonder into a corner, and repeated to myself Burney! Burney! Burney!"

"Ay, sir," said Mr. Metcalfe, "you should have carved it upon the trees."

* M.P. for Horsham in 1784.

"Sir, had there been any trees, so I should ; but, being none, I was content to carve it upon my heart."

Soon after the parties changed again, and young Mr. Burke came and sat by me. He is a very civil and obliging, and a sensible and agreeable young man. I was occasionally spoken to afterwards by strangers, both men and women, whom I could not find out, though they called me by my name as if they had known me all my life. Old Lady Galway trotted from her corner, in the middle of the evening, and leaning her hands upon the backs of two chairs, put her little round head through two fine high dressed ladies on purpose to peep at me, and then trotted back to her place ! Ha, ha !

Miss Monckton now came to us again, and I congratulated her upon her power in making Dr. Johnson sit in a group ; upon which she immediately said to him,—

"Sir, Miss Burney says you like best to sit in a circle."

"Does she ?" said he, laughing ; "Ay, never mind what she says. Don't you know she is a writer of romances ?"

"Yes, that I do, indeed !" said Miss Monckton, and every one joined in a laugh that put me horribly out of countenance.

"She may write romances and speak truth," said my dear Sir Joshua, who, as well as young Burke, and Mr. Metcalfe, and two strangers, joined now in our little party.

"But, indeed, Dr. Johnson," said Miss Monckton, "you *must* see Mrs. Siddons. Won't you see her in some fine part ?"

"Why, if I *must*, madam, I have no choice."

"She says, sir, she shall be very much afraid of you."

"Madam, that cannot be true."

"Not true," cried Miss Monckton, staring, "yes it is."

"It *cannot* be, madam."

"But she said so to me ; I heard her say it myself."

"Madam, it is not *possible* ! remember, therefore, in future, that even fiction should be supported by probability."

Miss Monckton looked all amazement, but insisted upon the truth of what she had said.

"I do not believe, madam," said he, warmly, "she knows my name."

"Oh, that is rating her too low," said a gentleman stranger.

"By not knowing my name," continued he, "I do not mean so literally; but that, when she sees it abused in a newspaper, she may possibly recollect that she has seen it abused in a newspaper before."

"Well, sir," said Miss Monckton, "but you must see her for all this."

"Well, madam, if you desire it, I will go. See her I shall not, nor hear her; but I'll go, and that will do. The last time I was at a play, I was ordered there by Mrs. Abington, or Mrs. Somebody, I do not well remember who, but I placed myself in the middle of the first row of the front boxes, to show that when I was called I came."

The talk upon this matter went on very long, and with great spirit; but I have time for no more of it. I felt myself extremely awkward about going away, not choosing, as it was my first visit, to take French leave, and hardly knowing how to lead the way alone among so many strangers.

At last, and with the last, I made my attempt. A large party of ladies arose at the same time, and I tripped after them; Miss Monckton, however, made me come back, for she said I must else wait in the other room till those ladies' carriages drove away.

When I returned, Sir Joshua came and desired he might convey me home; I declined the offer, and he pressed it a good deal, drolly saying,—

"Why, I am old enough, a'n't I?"

And when he found me stout, he said to Dr. Johnson,—

"Sir, is not this very hard? Nobody thinks me very young, yet Miss Burney won't give me the privilege of age in letting me see her home? She says I a'n't old enough."

I had never said any such thing.

"Ay, sir," said the Doctor, "did I not tell you she was a writer of romances?"

Again I tried to run away, but the door stuck, and Miss Monckton prevented me, and begged I would stay a little longer. She then went and whispered something to her mother, and I had a notion from her manner she wanted to keep me to supper,

which I did not choose, and, therefore, when her back was turned, I prevailed upon young Burke to open the door for me, and out I went. Miss Monckton ran after me, but I would not come back. I was, however, and I am, much obliged by her uncommon civility and attentions to me. She is far better at her own house than elsewhere.

DEC. 15TH.—To-day, by an invitation of ten days standing, I waited upon Mrs. Walsingham. She is a woman high in fame for her talents, and a wit by birth, as the daughter of Sir Charles Hanbury Williams.*

She has the character of being only civil to people of birth, fame, or wealth, and extremely insolent to all others. Of this, however, I could see nothing, since she at least took care to invite no company to her own house whom she was disposed to disdain. Her reception of me appeared rather singular. She was violently dressed,—a large hoop, flowers in her small and full dressed cap, ribands and ornaments extremely shown, and a fan in her hand. She was very polite, said much of her particular pleasure in seeing me, and kept advancing to me so near, that involuntarily I retreated from her, not knowing her design, and kept, therefore, getting further and further back as she came forward, till I was stopped from any power of moving by the wainscot. I then necessarily stood still, and she saluted me.

We then quietly sat down, and my father began a very lively conversation upon various subjects; she kept it up with attention and good breeding, often referring to me, and seeming curious to know my notions.

The rest of the company who came to dinner were Mrs. Montagu, Mr. Percy, Speaker of the Irish House of Commons, his lady and daughter, and Sir Joshua Reynolds and Miss Palmer. I was excessively glad to see the latter, who clung to me all the visit, and took off from its formality and grandeur by her chatting and intimacy.

Mrs. Walsingham lives in a splendid house in Stratford Place, elegantly fitted up, chiefly by her own paintings and drawings,

* M.P. for Monmouth in several parliaments. Afterwards Minister at the Courts of Berlin and St. Petersburg.

which are reckoned extremely clever. I hate that word, but cannot think of another.

We did not stay late, for my father and I were both engaged to Miss Monckton's; so was Sir Joshua, who accompanied us. Miss Palmer had not been invited, which she much regretted. Mrs. Walsingham begged to see me again, and very much pressed me to call some morning.

I was extremely happy to have my dear father with me at Miss Monckton's. We found Mrs. Siddons, the actress, there. She is a woman of excellent character, and therefore I am very glad she is thus patronised, since Mrs. Abington, and so many frail fair ones, have been thus noticed by the great. She behaved with great propriety; very calm, modest, quiet, and unaffected. She has a very fine countenance, and her eyes look both intelligent and soft. She has, however, a steadiness in her manner and deportment by no means engaging. Mrs. Thrale, who was there, said,—“Why, this is a leaden goddess we are all worshipping! however, we shall soon gild it.”

A lady who sat near me then began a dialogue with Mr. Erskine, who had placed himself exactly opposite to Mrs. Siddons; and they debated together upon her manner of studying her parts, disputing upon the point with great warmth, yet not only forbearing to ask Mrs. Siddons herself which was right, but quite overpowering her with their loquacity, when she attempted, unasked, to explain the matter. Most vehement praise of all she did followed, and the lady turned to me and said,—

“What invitation, Miss Burney, is here for genius to display itself!—Everybody, I hear, is at work for Mrs. Siddons; but if you would work for her, what an inducement to excel you would both of you have!—Dr. Burney——.”

“Oh, pray, ma'am,” cried I, “don't say to him——”

“Oh, but I will!—if my influence can do you any mischief, you may depend upon having it!”

She then repeated what she had said to my father, and he instantly said,—

“Your ladyship may be sure of my interest.”

I whispered afterwards to know who she was, and heard she as Lady Lucan.

MONDAY.—There was a very full assembly at Mrs. Thrale's, where I dined and spent the day.

The evening proved very gay and very agreeable, though I have but a short account to give of it, as the conversation was only in parties, and never for more than a few minutes with the same people. I had some chat with everybody in turn, and therefore I had not one moment unoccupied. What gave me, however, the most pleasure was the discourse of the two Mr. Cambridges, father and son,* who both, though at different times, sung to me the praises of Captain Phillips with so much energy and heartiness, that I was ready to shake hands with them, and cry, "Gentlemen, agreed!"

Mr. Seward made me known to Mrs. Hunter, who is extremely pretty, and reckoned very ingenious. Dr. Parker introduced me to Mr. Hutton, a clergyman, at his desire; but I saw nothing of him that made it mine.

My father told me that Miss Catherine Bull had desired her compliments to "Cecilia," and begged her acceptance of her opera ticket for the next night, to see Anfossi's new opera, if it would be of any use. Miss Bull then called out—

"And pray give my compliments, too,—though I should be dreadfully afraid of her!"

How provoking that they have this simple notion! as my father himself once answered them,—

* Richard Owen Cambridge. This gentleman, of an opulent and ancient Gloucestershire family, was distinguished for his wit in conversation, no less than for his taste and talents in literature. He wrote a burlesque poem called "The Scribbleriad," and was a principal contributor to the periodical paper called "The World." He died, aged 85, at his seat near Twickenham, on the banks of the Thames, in the year 1802, leaving a widow, two sons, and one daughter. His works were collected and republished by his younger son, who prefixed to them a memoir of Mr. Cambridge, which has been justly admired for its elegance and perspicuity. The Rev. George Owen Cambridge—second son of R. O. Cambridge, Esq., Prebendary of Ely and Archdeacon of Middlesex. This gentleman is chiefly known in the literary world by the valuable and interesting memoir of his father, for which it is indebted to him; but the sphere in which he eminently shone, was that of public and private benevolence. He was ever foremost in assisting and promoting the best charitable institutions, and employed his long and exemplary life in doing good to all that came within the reach of his unwearied benevolence. He died at Twickenham Meadows, early in the year 1841.

“ So tame a lion, who can say fie on ‘”

I am glad, however, there seems a little opening to an acquaintance I so much desire. I accepted the ticket, and should if I had not wished for it, merely that I might have to thank her for it.

THURSDAY.—We were all invited to Sir Joshua Reynolds', to dinner, but I was engaged to Mrs. Thrale. In the morning, Miss Benson returned my visit, and Miss Streatfield called also, and sate hours, and Mrs. Hatsell called to, and sat only minutes. I am increasing my acquaintance daily, and that, whether I will or not, with new folks of all sorts.

At Mrs. Thrales's, we were comfortable and alone. She and her daughter carried me to the opera house, and tried to entice me to sit in the pit with them: but I had already engaged a place in Mrs. Fitz's box. I can give you but little account of the opera, for I was much disappointed in it. My expectations had planned another Buona Figliuola, or Fraschetana, from Anfossi, —but it is a pretty opera, simply, and nothing more. Allegrante sung very well, but—but—but—oh, how has Pacchierotti spoilt me.

FRIDAY.—There was a grand assembly at Lady Gideon's; and everything in the house, both of decorations, refreshments, and accommodation, was in greater magnificence than I have yet seen. Lady Gideon is still very pretty, and extremely gentle, well bred, attentive, and amiable. Sir Sampson seems all good-nature, and his desire to oblige is unremitting, and there is even a humility in the manners of both that makes it impossible to quarrel with them for such other brighter qualities as they have missed.

The moment my reception was over, and my dear father being with me, I felt no awkwardness in my entrance—Mrs. Walsingham came up to me, and invited me to her house for the next Monday morning, to meet Lady Gideon, who was to go and see her paintings. There was no refusing, and, indeed, I wished to see them, as they are of great fame in the world, and, I fancy, very well worth seeing.

The next who found me out was Sir Joshua, and the instant I

told him of the engagement I had made, he said he would go too, for he was invited to call some morning, so he would choose Monday. He kept with me, to my great satisfaction, the principal part of the evening. He is so pleasant, unaffected, and agreeable, that there is no one, among those who are of celebrity, I can converse with half so easily and comfortably.

Late in the evening came in Lady Margaret Fordyce, and Lady Anne Lindsay: I had hopes they would have sung, but I was disappointed; for they only looked handsome. Mrs. Hampden, also, did that, and was much less in her airs.

Among my acquaintance, were Lord Gage, Miss Monckton, Mr. Selwyn, Mr. Swinerton, Harry Cotton, Mr. H. Shelley, Mrs. Walsingham, the Thrales, and Sir Joshua. Amongst those at whom I looked, were Sir Hew Dalrymple, author of the *Memoirs*, a very respectable looking man, Mr. Erskine, and Soame Jenyns.

Sir Joshua desired me to speak to Soame Jenyns,* for he said he was now of an age to be entitled to such an attention. You may suppose I complied readily. Another time, when he had strolled away for a few minutes, he hastened back to me, and exclaimed,—

“I have just found out Mr. Simkins!”

“Where? which is he?”

“There,—that gentleman, who is bowing to Lady Juliana Penn.”

“Mercy!” cried I, perceiving, to my great dismay, Mr. Selwyn, “Why, that is one of our intimate friends!”

“Oh, is he so?” cried he, with great readiness. “Why, then, that I suppose, is the reason of the resemblance!”

Wicked enough! however, by no means true.

Afterwards I had some talk with the Duca di Sangro, a Neapolitan nobleman; very young, excessively handsome, and very gay, talkative, sportive, and frolicsome. He took off the French

* The son of Sir Roger Jenyns of Bottisham Hall, Cambridgeshire, which county he represented in Parliament. A successful writer in various departments of literature, but chiefly known by his work “*On the Evidences of the Christian Religion*.” He died in 1787.

manner of singing in general, then M. le Gros in particular; he acted, capered, talked comical bad English, sang, languished, laughed and mimicked; and, in short, was an admirable and most diverting buffoon.

A *small* part of the company, consisting of about thirty, were kept to supper; my father and self were of the number. The entertainment given was superb, and most elegantly costly. Twenty-four had seats at our table; the rest stood round, till another supper was prepared in another room. But I shall give no further particulars, as the evening, altogether, was but tiresome.

SUNDAY, DEC. 22.—I went to the French chapel in the morning, and found Mr. Seward here when I returned. He was followed by Barry, and succeeded by Pacchierotti, who, in rather better spirits than I have lately seen him, told me he had been admitted for half an hour the day before to Lady Clarges, as poor Sir Thomas was a little better. She told him that Sir Thomas though often delirious, never failed, in his intervals of reason and of ease, to inquire for Pacchierotti, and to call out, “Has Pacchierotti been here to-day?”—“Does Pacchierotti call always to ask how I do himself?” This affected the feeling of Pacchierotti very strongly.

Lady Clarges, in this short interview, inquired very much about you, and whether you were coming to town, and how your health was, and what were your designs. “Indeed,” added the Pac., “is a very true regard which Lady Clarges she has always for Mrs. Phillips.”

I asked him if he had heard that Miss Catherine Bull had lent me an Opera ticket—and told him I very much wished to be acquainted with her family. He looked much pleased, and called out, “Then, I am sure, it is in your own power, for Doctor Burney can——” He stopped, as if suddenly recollecting, and checking himself, and added, “I don’t know, ma’am, how it is; but you have made, indeed, all the people, not only for the young, but at the same time for the old, quite afraid of you. Indeed, is their just veneration, which is the cause of such a thing.”

This always much vexes me, but I know not how to conquer

so unfair a prejudice, while I never can get sight of these folks, except through an opera-glass: in which way they most assiduously view me in return, whenever I am in Mrs. Fitzgerald's box. By his saying the *old*, as well as the *young*, I suspected he meant Lady Mary Duncan; and upon sounding my father, he acknowledged she professed the same ridiculous fear. 'Tis horribly provoking, and thwarts my most favourite views.

MONDAY.—I waited upon Mrs. Walsingham. I found Lady Gideon and two of her daughters, and Lady Middleton, and two other ladies, all assembled to see these pictures. I was, indeed, extremely pleased with the exhibition. They appear to me surprisingly well executed, and the subjects are admirably chosen and selected. They are chiefly copies from old pictures, or from Sir Joshua Reynolds. Two were lent her by the King himself at Windsor,—a Silence, a beautiful picture of Caracci, and a Madonna and Child of Guido. The others are chiefly from the Devonshire collection of Sir Joshua; she has the Fishing Boys, the noble Angel viewing the Cross, two Samuels, a beautiful Child, and one other I cannot recollect. She has also copied Gainsborough's sweet Shepherd's Boy: and there are originals, by herself, of Captain Walsingham, and her son, and Miss Boyle. These are all in oils. There were also some heads in Crayons, and several small figures in Plaster of Paris by Miss Boyle, who inherits her mother's genius and fondness for painting, and who behaved with great modesty and politeness. They showed me also a work of Mrs. Delany, which they have framed. 'Tis from an invention of her own, a Geranium—composed of paper stained different colours, cut out very delicately, and pasted upon paper, so as to look in relief, and the effect is extremely pretty. This she did at eighty-two!

I would have made my exit at the same time with the rest of the company, but Mrs. Walsingham would not suffer me, and made me stay and chat with her for I believe two hours. She insisted upon my telling her the whole history of my writing and publishing "*Evelina*," and was curious for the most minute particulars.

When this curiosity was satisfied, she gave me a long his-

tory of herself, and her painting, with equal openness, and then said :

"But do pray, now, Miss Burney, let me ask one thing more—how came you to write that book that is my first darling—'Cecilia?' did the idea come to you by chance? or did you regularly sit down to write by design?"

I had then to satisfy her about this, and she spared not for praises in return, but said one thing which extremely astonished me.

"The character," cried she, "which I most delight in is Mr. Briggs. I think it the most admirable and entertaining in the book."

"I am very glad to hear it, ma'am, for he has very few friends."

"Oh, I know many people think him too low, but that is merely from choosing only to look in the upper circle. Now, I am not at all surprised to find that the Queen objects to him—a foreigner, and in so exalted a station, may well not understand so vulgar a miser—but why people in common life should object to what in common life is to be found, I don't understand. For myself, while I paint, or work, I can divert myself with thinking of him, and, if I am quite alone, I can burst out a-laughing by recollecting any of his speeches."

You will easily believe I was by no means so sorry at the Queen's objection, as I was glad and surprised that her Majesty should ever have met with the book.

"But how wonderfully you have contrived," she added, "to make one love Mrs. Delville for her sweetness to Cecilia, notwithstanding all her pride, and always to hope the pride is commanded by the husband."

"No, ma'am," answered I, "I merely meant to show how differently pride, like every other quality, operates upon different minds, and that, though it is so odious when joined with meanness and incapacity, as in Mr. Delville, it destroys neither respect nor affection when joined with real dignity and generosity of mind, as in Mrs. Delville."

I had much more to have said of my meaning and purpose in these characters; but she has so much established in the world an opinion of her own pride, that I was glad to leave the subject.

In the evening I went to Lady Rothés' with my father. I found her, as I had left her at Brighton, amiable and sociable. I never tell you when the invitations come, for I rather fancy you will not conclude I am likely to go without them. The party was a good one—Mrs. Boscawen, Mrs. Walsingham, Mr. and Mrs. Pepys, sweet Mrs. Thrale and her daughter, Dr. Cadogan, Miss Streatfield, Mr. Wraxall, Lord Falmouth, Mr. Seward, Mrs. Ord, and some others I did not know ; but the evening was a most melancholy one, for I soon heard, from Mrs. Ord, that poor Sir Thomas Clarges was dead ! How sorry was I for his lady, for Pacchierotti, and for you ! I could never get you a moment out of my head ; and from the time that I heard it, I could do nothing but wish myself at home.

The next morning, Tuesday, I wrote a little note of consolation and good wishes to poor Pacchierotti. My father called on the Miss Bulls, and found them in deep affliction. I long to hear if Lady Louisa Nugent can go to Lady Clarges. I believe she is now out of town.

I called upon Bessy Kirwan, and stayed with her a couple of hours ; and all our talk was of poor Pacchierotti and his loss, and dear Susy and her health. As I had the coach, I then *spit* cards at Mrs. Chapone's, who has sent me an invitation. I declined ; for so I do by at least half I receive, much as I go out ;—and at Mrs. Hatsell's, and Mrs. Paradise's, and Lady Gideon's.

When I came here I found Mrs. Wilkinson, who insists upon again renewing our long-dropped acquaintance. She is somewhat improved, I think, and much less affected. Mrs. Ord also called, at the desire of Secretary Ord's lady, to make a tender of acquaintance with me.

I begin to grow most heartily sick and fatigued of this continual round of visiting, and these eternal new acquaintances. I am now arranging matters in my mind for a better plan ; and I mean, henceforward, never to go out more than three days in the week ; and, as I am now situated, with Mrs. Thrale to seize every moment I do not hide from her, it will require all the management I can possibly make use of to limit my visits to only half the week's days. But yet, I am fixed in resolving to put it in

practice, except upon some very singular and unforeseen occasions, as I really have at present no pleasure in any party, from the trouble and tiresomeness of being engaged to so many.

For my own part, if I wished to prescribe a cure for dissipation, I should think none more effectual than to give it a free course. The many who have lived so from year to year amaze me now more than ever; for now more than ever I can judge what dissipation has to offer. I would not lead a life of daily engagements, even for another month, for any pay short of the most serious and substantial benefit. I have been tired some time, though I have only now broke out; but I will restore my own spirit and pleasure by getting more courage in making refusals, and by giving that zest to company and diversion which can only be given by making them subservient to convenience, and by taking them in turn with quietness and retirement.

This is my intention, and I shall never, by inclination, alter it.

Now, to return to Tuesday, one of my out-days.

I went in the evening to call on Mrs. Thrale, and tore myself away from her to go to Bolt Court to see Dr. Johnson, who is very unwell. He received me with great kindness, and bade me come oftener, which I will try to contrive. He told me he heard of nothing but me, call upon him who would; and, though he pretended to growl, he was evidently delighted for me. His usual set, Mrs. Williams and Mrs. Desmoulins, were with him; and some queer man of a parson, who, after grinning at me some time, said—

“Pray, Mrs. Desmoulins, is the fifth volume of ‘Cecilia’ at home yet? Dr. Johnson made me read it, ma’am.”

“Sir, he did it much honour——”

“*Made* you, sir?” said the Doctor; “you give an ill account of your own taste or understanding if you wanted any *making*, to read such a book as ‘Cecilia.’”

“Oh, sir, I don’t mean that; for I am sure I left everything in the world to go on with it.”

A shilling was now wanted for some purpose or other, and none of them happened to have one; I begged that I might lend one.

"Ay, do," said the Doctor, "I will borrow of you ; authors are like privateers, always fair game for one another."

"True, sir," said the parson, "one author is always robbing another."

"I don't know that, sir," cried the Doctor ; "there sits an author who, to my knowledge, has robbed nobody. I have never once caught her at a theft. The rogue keeps her resources to herself !"

CHRISTMAS DAY.—And a merry one be it to my Susy ! I went to Oxendon chapel, and heard a very good sermon, by a Mr. Lazard, against infidelity ; and I came home and repeated it for divers purposes. I was soon followed by Miss Palmer, and, just as she took her leave, came Pacchierotti, looking so ill, so thin, so dejected ! He came to thank me for my consolatory note, and he stayed till dinner-time. Our whole talk was of poor Sir Thomas and his lady. I was happy, however, to keep him, and to make him talk ; for he says that when he is at home he is in a state so deplorable it cannot be described. He pressed me to make use both of Lady Mary's tickets and her box for the next comic opera ; but I refused both, as I intend to go but once or twice more to the comic opera, and then can make use of Mrs. Crewe's ticket.

THURSDAY.—In the morning Mr. Cambridge came, and made a long visit. He is entertaining, original, and well-bred ; somewhat formal, but extremely civil and obliging, and, I believe, remarkably honourable and strict in his principles and actions.

I wished I could have been easy and chatty with him, as I hear he is so much my friend, and as I like him very much ; but in truth, he listens to every syllable I utter with so grave a deference, that it intimidates and silences me. When he was about taking leave, he said,—

"Shall you go to Mrs. Ord's to-morrow ?"

"Yes, sir."

"I thought so," said he, smiling, "and hoped it. Where shall you go to-night ?"

"Nowhere ; I shall be at home."

"At home ? Are you sure ?"

“Yes.”

“Why, then, Miss Burney, my son, and I dine to-day in your neighbourhood, at the Archbishop of York’s, and, if you please, we will come here in the evening.”

This was agreed to. And now I am writing up to the very moment; for it is just seven o’clock, and we are going to tea, as these gentlemen are not expected till nine. He talked much of Capitano, and said several times how happy he should be to know Mrs. Phillips.

Our evening was really a charming one. The two Mr. Cambridges came at about eight o’clock, and the good Mr. Hoole was here.* My father came downstairs to them in high spirits and good humour, and he and the elder Mr. Cambridge not only talked enough for us all, but so well and so pleasantly that no person present had even a wish to speak for himself. Mr. Cambridge has the best stock of good stories I almost ever heard; and, though a little too precise in his manner, he is always well-bred, and almost always entertaining. Our sweet father kept up the ball with him admirably, whether in anecdotes, serious disquisitions, philosophy, or fun: for all which Mr. Cambridge has both talents and inclination.

The son rises extremely in my opinion and liking. He is sensible, rational, and highly cultivated; very modest in all he asserts, and attentive and pleasing in his behaviour; and he is wholly free from the coxcombical airs, either of impertinence, or negligence and nonchalance, that almost all the young men I meet, except also young Burke, are tainted with. What chiefly however, pleased me in him was observing that he quite adores his father. He attended to all his stories with a face that never told he had heard them before; and, though he spoke but little himself, he seemed as well entertained as if he had been the leading person in the company,—a post which, nevertheless, I believe he could extremely well sustain; and, no doubt, much the better for being in no haste to aspire to it. I have seldom, altogether, had an evening with which I have been better pleased.

* John Hoole, the translator of Tasso, Ariosto, &c.

And now, for once, I leave off a packet at the end of a day's adventures. So bless you, my Susy, and all your hearers.

FRIDAY.—I dined with Mrs. Thrale and Dr. Johnson, who was very comic and good humoured. Susan Thrale had just had her hair turned up and powdered, and has taken to the womanly robe. Dr. Johnson sportively gave her instructions how to increase her consequence, and to "take upon her" properly.

"Begin," said he, "Miss Susy, with something grand—something to surprise mankind! Let your first essay in life be a warm censure of 'Cecilia.' You can no way make yourself more conspicuous. Tell the world how ill it was conceived, and how ill executed. Tell them how little there is in it of human nature, and how well your knowledge of the world enables you to judge of the failings in that book. Find fault without fear; and if you are at a loss for any to find, invent whatever comes into your mind, for you may say what you please, with little fear of detection, since of those who praise 'Cecilia' not half have read it, and of those who have read it, not half remember it. Go to work, therefore, boldly; and particularly mark that the character of Albany is extremely unnatural, to your own knowledge, since you never met with such a man at Mrs. Cummin's School."

This stopped his exhortation, for we laughed so violently at this happy criticism that he could not recover the thread of his harangue.

Mrs. Thrale, who was to have gone with me to Mrs. Ord's, gave up her visit in order to stay with Dr. Johnson; Miss Thrale, therefore, and I went together. We found there Charlotte, who had been invited to dinner, and who looked very pretty and very innocent; Mrs. Chapone, Mr. and Mrs. Pepys, Mr. Mulso, and young Mr. Cambridge. There came afterwards Mr. Burrows, Lady Rothes, Miss Burgoyne, Dr. Pepys, Mr. Seward, and a lady I knew not.

Mrs. Ord received us with her usual good breeding. Mrs. Chapone was more civil than ever, and, after a little general discourse, she asked me if I had yet heard that Swift's Mrs. Delany was among my unknown friends.

"I have a letter," she said, "which I must beg to show you from her, for I think it will be worth your running over. It is in answer to one I wrote, begging to know whether she had met with 'Cecilia.' She tells me that both she and the old Duchess of Portland are reading it for the third time, and that they desire nothing so much as an acquaintance with the amiable writer."

There, Miss Susanna, there, daddy, the *Old Wits* have begun the charge! This was very pleasant to me indeed, for if they have curiosity as well as I, we shall all have some end to answer in meeting.

SATURDAY, DEC. 28TH.—My father and I dined and spent the day at Sir Joshua Reynolds', after many preceding disappointments. Our dinner party consisted merely of Mr. West,* the painter, Mr. Jackson of Exeter, and Miss Reynolds. Mr. West had, some time ago, desired my father to invite him to our house, to see that lion, your sister, saying to him, "you will be safe, Dr. Burney, in trusting to our meeting, for I am past forty, and married."

My father, however, has had no time, and therefore I believe he applied to Sir Joshua, for the servant who brought our card of invitation said he was to carry no other till ours was answered.

The moment Miss Palmer had received me with a reproachful "At last we are met," Sir Joshua took my hand, and insisted upon wishing me a merry Christmas according to old forms, and then presenting me to Mr. West, he said,—

"You must let me introduce to you one of your greatest admirers."

Mr. West is a very pleasing man, gentle, soft-mannered, cheerful, and serene. Mr. Jackson you may remember our formerly seeing; he is very handsome, and seems possessed of much of that ardent genius which distinguishes Mr. Young; for his expressions, at times, are extremely violent, while at other times he droops, and is so absent that he seems to forget not only all about him, but himself.

* Benjamin West, afterwards President of the Royal Academy.

They were both exceedingly civil to me, and dear Sir Joshua is so pleasant, so easy, so comfortable, that I never was so little constrained in a first meeting with people who I saw came to meet me.

After dinner Mr. Jackson undertook to teach us all how to write with our left hands. Some succeeded, and some failed; but both he and Mr. West wrote nothing but my name. I tried, and would have written Sir Joshua, but it was illegible, and I tore the paper; Mr. Jackson was very vehement to get it from me.

"I have done the worst," cried I, "and I don't like disgracing myself."

"Pho!" cried he, just with the energy and freedom of Mr. Young, "let me see it at once; do you think you can do any thing with your left hand that will lessen the credit of what you have done with your right?"

This, however, was all that was hinted to me upon that subject by him. I had afterwards one slight touch from Mr. West, but the occasion was so tempting I could not possibly wonder at him. Sir Joshua had two snuff-boxes in use, a gold and a tin one; I examined them, and asked why he made use of such a vile and shabby tin one.

"Why," said he laughing, "because I naturally love a little of the blackguard. Ay, and so do you too, little as you look as if you did, and all the people all day long are saying, where can you have seen such company as you treat us with?"

"Why you have seen such, Sir Joshua," said Mr. West, taking up the tin snuff-box, "for this box you must certainly have picked up at Briggs's sale."

You may believe I was eager enough now to call a new subject; and Sir Joshua, though he loves a little passing speech or two upon this matter, never insists upon keeping it up, but the minute he sees he has made me look about me or look foolish, he is most good-naturedly ready to give it up.

But how, my dearest Susy, can you wish any wishes about Sir Joshua and me? A man who has had two shakes of the palsy! What misery should I suffer if I were only his niece, from a

terror of a fatal repetition of such a shock ! I would not run voluntarily into such a state of perpetual apprehension for the wealth of the East. Wealth, indeed, *per se*, I never too much valued, and my acquaintance with its possessors has by no means increased my veneration for it.

Sir Joshua has a plan in consideration for instituting a jubilee in honour of Raphael, who, this Easter, will have been dead 300 years. He is not yet determined what ceremonies to have performed, but he charged me to set my "little brain" to work in thinking for him, and said he should insist upon my assistance.

I had afterwards a whispering conversation with Mrs. Reynolds, which made me laugh, from her excessive oddness and absurdity. It began about Chesington. She expressed her wonder how I could have passed so much time there. I assured her that with my own will I should pass much more time there, as I know no place where I had had more, if so much, happiness.

"Well, bless me!" cried she, holding up her hands, "and all this variety comes from only one man! That's strange indeed, for, by what I can make out, there's nothing but that one Mr. Quip there!"

"Mr. *Crisp*," said I, "is indeed the only man, but there are also two ladies, very dear friends of mine, who live there constantly."

"What! and they neither of them married that Mr.—that same gentleman?"

"No, they never married anybody; they are single, and so is he."

"Well, but if he is so mighty agreeable," said she, holding her finger up to her nose most significantly, "can you tell me how it comes to pass he should never have got a wife in all this time?"

There was no answering this but by grinning; but I thought how my dear Kitty would again have called her the *old sifter*.

She afterwards told me of divers most ridiculous distresses she had been in with Mrs. Montagu and Mrs. Ord.

"I had the most unfortunate thing in the world happen to me," she said, "about Mrs. Montagu, and I always am in some distress or misfortune with that lady. She did me the honour

to invite me to dine with her last week,—and I am sure there is nobody in the world can be more obliged to Mrs. Montagu for taking such notice of anybody :—but just when the day came I was so unlucky as to be ill, and that, you know, made it quite improper to go and dine with Mrs. Montagu, for fear of any disagreeable consequences. So this vexed me very much, for I had nobody to send to her that was proper to appear before Mrs. Montagu : for, to own the truth, you must know I have no servant but a maid, and I could not think of sending such a person to Mrs. Montagu. So I thought it best to send a chairman, and to tell him only to ring at the bell, and to wait for no answer ; because then the porter might tell Mrs. Montagu my servant brought the note, for the porter could not tell but he might be my servant. But my maid was so stupid, she took the shilling I gave her for the chairman, and went to a green-shop, and bid the woman send somebody with the note, and she left the shilling with her : so the green-woman, I suppose, thought she might keep the shilling, and instead of sending a chairman she sent her own errand-girl ; and she was all dirt and rags. But this is not all ; for, when the girl got to the house, nothing would serve her but she would give the note to Mrs. Montagu, and wait for an answer ; so then, you know, Mrs. Montagu saw this ragged green-shop girl. I was never so shocked in my life, for when she brought me back the note I knew at once how it all was. Only think what a mortification, to have Mrs. Montagu see such a person as that ! She must think it very odd of me indeed to send a green-shop girl to such a house as hers !”

Now for a distress equally grievous with Mrs. Ord :—

“ You must know Mrs. Ord called on me the other day when I did not happen to be dressed ; so I had a very pretty sort of a bed-gown, like a jacket, hanging at the fire, and I had on a petticoat, with a border on it of the same pattern ; but the bed-gown I thought was damp, and I was in a hurry to go down to Mrs. Ord, so I would not stay to dry it, but went down in another bed-gown, and put my cloak on. But only think what Mrs. Ord must think of it, for I have since thought she must suppose I had no gown on at all, for you must know my cloak was so long it only showed the petticoat.”

If this makes you grin as it did me, you will be glad of another specimen of her sorrows:—

“I am always,” said she, “out of luck with Mrs. Ord, for another time when she came there happened to be a great slop on the table; so, while the maid was going to the door, I took up a rag that I had been wiping my pencils with, for I had been painting, and I wiped the table: but as she got upstairs before I had put it away, I popped a handkerchief upon it. However, while we were talking, I thought my handkerchief looked like a litter upon the table, and thinks I, Mrs. Ord will think it very untidy, for she is all neatness, so I whisked it into my pocket; but I quite forgot the rag with the paint on it. So, when she was gone,—bless me!—there I saw it was sticking out of my pocket, in full sight. Only think what a slut Mrs. Ord must think me, to put a dish-clout in my pocket!”

I had several stories of the same sort, and I fear I have lost all reputation with her for dignity, as I laughed immoderately at her disasters.

DECEMBER 29TH.—In the morning called Pacchierotti, rather in better spirits, but still looking very ill. I did not dare mention Lady Clarges, though I much wished to have gathered some information, in order to have sent it to you; but he is now so depressed by the loss of his friend, that he cannot, without a sadness too much well to endure, talk or think of him.

MONDAY, DEC. 30TH.—I spent all the morning at my aunt's. In the evening I went, by appointment, to Mrs. Chapone, where I met Mr. and Mrs. Pepys, Mr. and Mrs. Mulso, and Mr. Burrows and his old maiden sister. We had rather a *hum-drum* evening. I cannot bring myself to be well enough acquainted with this set to try at enlivening it, because I cannot help being half afraid of them; otherwise, a little rattling would prodigiously mend matters, and, though they might stare a little, I am sure they would like it.

Mrs. Chapone showed me a head of Mrs. Delany; I admired it much; there looks much benevolence and sense in it.

“I am glad,” said I, “to see even thus much of her.”

“I hope then,” said Mrs. Chapone, “you will give me the pleasure of introducing you to know more of her.”

TUESDAY, DEC. 31ST.—I went this morning with my dear father to Sir John Ashton Lever's, where we could not but be entertained. Sir Ashton * came and talked to us a good while. He may be an admirable naturalist, but I think if in other matters you leave the *ist* out, you will not much wrong him. He looks full sixty years old, yet he had dressed not only two young men, but himself, in a green jacket, a round hat, with green feathers, a bundle of arrows under one arm, and a bow in the other, and thus, accoutred as a forester, he pranced about; while the younger fools, who were in the same garb, kept running to and fro in the garden, carefully contriving to shoot at some mark, just as any of the company appeared at any of the windows. After such a specimen of his actions, you will excuse me if I give you none of his conversation.

We met with Mr. Nollekens and Miss Welsh.

As soon as I came home I went to Mrs. Thrale's, where I bargained for having nobody admitted, and I stayed till eleven o'clock, spending as quietly sociable a day as I could wish. But I was much vexed I had not returned somewhat sooner when I heard that young Mr. Cambridge had been here, just arrived from Chesington. I would have given the world to have heard his immediate account of what had passed, and whether the place and people had answered his expectations.

* Known as the collector of what was long exhibited to the public as the Leverian Museum, consisting of natural and artificial curiosities. He was the son of a Lancashire baronet, and so impaired his fortune by his passion for "collecting," that he was induced to dispose of his museum by lottery in 1785. He died in 1788.

CHAPTER XV.

1783.

A Quiet Day—A Busy Day—An Opera Rehearsal—Bertoni and Sacchini—Carnevale, the Singer—A Dinner Party at Dr. Burney's—Dr. Parr and Dr. Johnson—Loose Morality—Table-talk—Mrs. Chapone—Pacchierotti—Mrs. Siddons in Belvidera—Jackson of Exeter—Anecdotes of Dr. Johnson—The Bishop of Chester—A Dainty Gentleman—A Strange Question—Beauty thrown away—A Dinner at Mrs. Walsingham's—The Wartons—Walker, the Lecturer on Astronomy—Lady Charlotte Finch—Soame Jenyns—Mrs. Carter—The Bishop of Winchester—Mrs. North—Sir Henry Clinton—Mrs. Delany—Mrs. Chapone—A Conversazione—Meeting between Soame Jenyns and Miss Burney—Mrs. Ord—Foreign Impressions of English Climate—The Hooles—Miss Burney's first Introduction to Mrs. Delany and the Duchess of Portland—Singular art of Flower-making—The Etiquette of the Old School—"Clarissa" and Sir Charles Grandison—Lord Weymouth—The Bishop of Exeter—Mr. Lightfoot.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 1ST, 1783.—This was one of my quiet days at home, upon the new construction I mentioned to you. Pacchierotti called for a few minutes in the morning, to wish us a happy new year, and desired I would not forget making his compliments to Mrs. Phillips upon such an account.

THURSDAY.—I again spent at home.

FRIDAY, JAN. 3RD, was a very busy day. In the morning there was a grand rehearsal of a new serious opera. Mrs. Fitzgerald had engaged to go with me, but sent me suddenly an excuse. I, therefore, wrote to ask Mrs. Ord, for she had said she should like it a few days before. She sent me a very kind answer, and called for me at twelve o'clock.

We got into a very good box, though so much in the dark

that Pacchierotti did not know me. There was very little company. The famous old *dilettante*, Mrs. French, was in the next box to ours, and put her head in to ask if I was not "Miss Mee?" Mrs. Ord had a good mind to answer no, Miss B. However, when I told her of her mistake, she entered, nevertheless, into chat, asking my opinion of the opera, and what was the story, and the new singer, Carnevale, &c.

The opera is called "Cimene," and the story is the "Cid." The music Berton's. Some is very pretty, some very trite, and a good many passages borrowed from Sacchini. Many things, however, in the scheme of the opera were, to me, quite new. The duet they begin and end together, without one solo bit for either singer. It is extremely pretty, and if Piozzi had the upper part would have been beautiful. The conclusion is a long historical finale, such as we have been only used to in comic operas; and just before the last chorus Pacchierotti has a solo air, accompanied by the mandoline, which has a mighty pretty effect; but, not being expected, John Bull did not know whether it would be right or not to approve it, and, therefore, instead of applauding, the folks only looked at one another.

The new singer, Carnevale, has a loud, violent voice, very harsh and unpleasing, and as little manageable or flexible as if she had sung all her life merely by ear, and without teaching of any sort. She has all the abilities to be a great singer, and she is worse than any little one. Pacchierotti's first song is a sweet *mezza bravura*, or sweet, at least, he made it, with the same words Millico * had, "Placa lo sdegno, O cara." His second is "una vera cantabile." Oh, such singing!—so elegant!—so dignified!—so chaste!—so polished!—I never hear him sing without wishing for you, who only feel his singing as my father and I do; for my father seems more and more delighted with it every time he hears him.

FRIDAY, 4TH JAN.—We had an invited party at home, both for dinner and the evening. The occasion was in honour of Dr. Parr, of Norwich, Mr. Twining's friend; and who has been very kind about our Charles. He had been asked to dinner, to

* An Italian soprano singer, one of the most celebrated of his time.

meet Dr. Johnson, but could not come till the evening. Mr. Seward and Mr. Sastres came early. Charles also came from Chiswick.

Dr. Johnson came so very late, that we had all given him up; he was, however, very ill, and only from an extreme of kindness did he come at all. When I went up to him, to tell how sorry I was to find him so unwell,—

“Ah!” he cried, taking my hand and kissing it, “who shall ail anything when ‘Cecilia’ is so near? Yet you do not think how poorly I am!”

This was quite melancholy, and all dinner time he hardly opened his mouth but to repeat to me,—“Ah! you little know how ill I am.” He was excessively kind to me, in spite of all his pain, and indeed I was so sorry for him, that I could talk no more than himself. All our comfort was from Mr. Seward, who enlivened us as much as he possibly could by his puns and his sport. But poor Dr. Johnson was so ill, that after dinner he went home.

Very early in the evening came Mrs. Fitzgerald, who has all her life been dying to see Dr. Johnson, and who, I am sure, was extremely disappointed in missing him. Soon after came Mrs. Ord, who was less provoked, because her curiosity has often been gratified. Then came young Mr. Cambridge, who had had the same inducement sent him. Charles also came, and Mr. P—— the only accidental caller-in of the party.

My father now came up to me, followed by Dr. Parr, and said,—

“Fanny, Dr. Parr wishes to be introduced to you.”

I got up, and made my reverence.

“Dr. Parr,” said my father, “gives us hopes of seeing Mr Twining this year.”

“If Miss Burney,” cried the Doctor, “would write to him, success would be certain. I am sure he could resist nothing from her hand. Tell him he must come and see Mrs. Siddons.”

“Ay,” said my father, “and hear Pacchierotti.”

“Whatever Miss Burney tells him, will do—one line from her would do. And if she makes use even of any false pretences, as they will be for so good a purpose, I will absolve her.”

I hate, even in jest, this loose morality from a clergyman. I only curtseyed, and so forth, but attempted no answer; and he grew tired, and went on with my father and Mr. Seward.

Mr. Cambridge then asked me concerning this Mr. Twining, and I gave him a little history of his character, but not so animated a one as of my Daddy, lest he should order his horse, and set off for Colchester. His enthusiasm for anything he supposes admirable would never have stopped short of such an expedition. We then went on chatting about Mrs. Siddons, Mr. Garrick, Dr. Johnson, and sundries, till Mrs. Ord broke up the party by taking leave. Mrs. Fitzgerald, too, went at the same time.

Mr. P——, at last, spied me out, and came *squinying* up to me. His eyes are smaller than ever, and he is more blind than ever, and he pokes his nose more into one's face than ever. Mrs. Fitzgerald could not look at him without bursting into an almost hoarse laugh; which really made me hardly able to speak to him: but he talked to me with his usual prolific powers of entertainment. Dr. Parr, Mr. Seward, my father, and Mr. Sastres kept in a clump.

* * * * *

Young Mr. Cambridge need not complain of my taciturnity, whatever his father may do. Who, indeed, of all my new acquaintances has so well understood me? The rest all talk of "Evelina" and "Cecilia," and turn every other word into some compliment; while he talks of Chesington, or Captain Phillips, and pays me, not even by implication, any compliments at all. He neither looks at me with any curiosity, nor speaks to me with any air of expectation; two most insufferable honours, which I am continually receiving. He is very properly conscious he has at least as much to say as to hear, and he is above affecting a ridiculous deference to which he feels I have no claim. If I met with more folks who would talk to me upon such rational terms,—considering, like him, their own dignity of full as much value as my ladyship's vanity,—with how infinitely more ease and pleasure should I make one in those conversations!

SATURDAY.—I made visits this morning to Miss E—— and Mrs. Chapone, and found only the last at home ; but as she was not only last, but best, it accorded extremely well with my wishes. I then went on to Mrs. Thrale, with whom I spent the day—always with all my heart.

MONDAY.—Mrs. Fitzgerald called for me in the morning, to go to the last rehearsal of “Cimene.” I have nothing new to say about it. Mr. Fitzgerald brought Pacchierotti, for a few moments, into our box. He was not in spirits, but could not help singing sweetly.

As we were coming out of the Opera house, just at the door leading to the Haymarket, I saw the two Miss Bulls. Lady Mary Duncan, whom they had been with, had gone on. Miss Catherine Bull accidentally looked round, and, thinking now or never to put an end to the awkwardness of our acquaintance and no acquaintance, I ventured to instantly curtsy, though rather uncertain whether I was known. Miss Catherine returned my reverence with much alacrity, and most eagerly called after her sister,—“Sister! sister! here’s Miss Burney!” Miss Bull came back, and more curtseys followed. Miss Catherine Bull then began a most warm *éloge* of Pacchierotti.

“I hope,” cried she, “the new opera will be applauded!—If Pacchierotti is not applauded, I shall die! He is so unhappy about it!”

“It is very unfortunate,” said I, “that even those friends he has made, small as the number is to what I wish it, he is not conscious that he possesses; for they are, in general, the most quiet and attentive part of the audience, and though they listen to him with as much pleasure as we do, they hardly think of applauding him; and therefore he concludes they do not like him.”

“Yes,” cried Miss Catherine, “and one may talk one’s self out of breath before he will believe one, when one tells him how many people admire him.”

Mrs. Fitzgerald then made me go with her to Cosway’s to see her little girl’s picture. I saw also some sweet things there, especially a miniature of the Duchess of Rutland, that is beauty itself. I passed the rest of the day *chez nous*.

TUESDAY.—I was all the morning with Mrs. Thrale, and then went with my father to dinner at Mrs. Ord's. We met the Denoyers, and Jonas Hanway, the old traveller.* He is very loquacious, extremely fond of talking of what he has seen and heard, and would be very entertaining were he less addicted to retail anecdotes and reports from newspapers. Mr. Selwyn also was there.

THURSDAY.—Again at home, though Mrs. Thrale came to me to offer me a place in her side-box, to see Mrs. Siddons in "*Belvidera*." I could refuse that without offence, though not without surprise, as it was so generally a desirable thing, that it showed how much I really and sincerely coveted a little respite from dress and bustle. I had, however, seen and been half killed by Mrs. Siddons in "*Belvidera*," or I could not have been so heroic in my domesticity.

FRIDAY.—Again at home, but not alone, for we had visitors all day. Mr. Jackson,† of Exeter, came in the morning, and brought, as he had begged leave to do, his daughter. She seems sensible, but she is rather conceited, and fond of talking, and talking as if well satisfied she deserved hearers.

Before they went came Miss Streatfield, looking pale, but very elegant and pretty. She was in high spirits, and I hope has some reason. She made, at least, speeches that provoked such surmises. When the Jacksons went,—

"That," said I, "is the celebrated Jackson of Exeter; I dare say you would like him if you knew him."

"I dare say I should," cried she, simpering, "for he has the two requisites for me,—he is tall and thin."

* Jonas Hanway. Celebrated first as a traveller, and afterwards as a philanthropist; the establishment of the Marine Society and the Magdalen Hospital was chiefly due to his exertions. He was a man of eccentric habits, and greatly injured his fortune by his active benevolence. The government of the day, (under Lord Bute) in consequence of solicitations on his behalf from the principal merchants of London, appointed him a Commissioner of the Navy, (which post he enjoyed for twenty years, and the salary of it to the end of his life.) He was born in 1712, and died in 1786.

† William Jackson, chiefly known as a musical composer; but he possessed considerable and varied attainments, both as a writer and an artist. He was born at Exeter in 1730 and died in 1804.

To be sure, this did not at all call for raillery! Dr. Vyse has always been distinguished by those two epithets. I said, however, nothing, as my mother was present; but she would not let my looks pass unnoticed.

"Oh!" cried she, "how wicked you look!—No need of seeing Mrs. Siddons, for expression!—However, you know how much that is my taste,—tall and thin!—but you don't know how *àpropos* it is just now!"

She was here interrupted by the entrance of young Mr. Cambridge, who then came into the room.

He had a good deal of talk with Miss Streatfield about her darling Bishop of Chester, at whose house he has often met her. She talked of him with her usual warmth of passionate admiration, and he praised him very much also, and said,—

"I know no house where conversation is so well understood as the Bishop of Chester's,—except this,—where, from the little I have seen—and much more I hope to see—I think it is more pleasantly and desirably managed than anywhere."

FRIDAY.—Mr. Jackson and his daughters came to tea in the evening, and Miss Mathias, as a visitor of Charlotte's. Mr. Jackson, unfortunately, was in one of his gloomy humours, and would not talk with my mother; as to me, I never hardly, when the party is so small, can talk with any comfort or spirit. I gave the evening wholly, therefore, to Miss Jackson, who could give me back nothing in payment, but that I had merely done what was fitting to do.

I made a visit to poor Dr. Johnson, to inquire after his health. I found him better, yet extremely far from well. One thing, however, gave me infinite satisfaction. He was so good as to ask me after Charles, and said, "I shall be glad to see him; pray tell him to call upon me." I thanked him very much, and said how proud he would be of such a permission.

"I should be glad," said he, still more kindly, "to see him, if he were not your brother; but were he a dog, a cat, a rat, a frog, and belonged to you, I must needs be glad to see him!"

Mr. Seward has sent me a proof plate, upon silver paper, of an extremely fine impression of this dear Doctor, a mezzotinto,

by Doughty, from Sir Joshua's picture, and a very pretty note to beg my acceptance of it. I am much obliged to him, and very glad to have it.

SATURDAY, JAN. 11TH.—I went early to my dear Mrs. Thrale's to spend the whole day with her, which I did most comfortably, and nobody was let in. In the evening, as I had Mrs. Crewe's ticket, I went with her and Miss Thrale into the pit at the Opera. It was Medonte. Pacchierotti was charmingly in voice, and we sat near the orchestra, and I heard him to all possible advantage.

In our way we passed through the coffee-room. There we were recognised by Mr. J——. He was very civil, and soon after we had taken our places, Mrs. Thrale being between her daughter and me, he took the outward seat next to mine, where he sat during the whole opera. He is affected and dainty, but he knows music very well, and is passionately an admirer of Pacchierotti, which made me very glad of having him in my neighbourhood. A gentleman, too, of his acquaintance, who sat between us, was quite a vehement admirer of the sweet Pac's., yet I observed that neither of them gave him any applause,—so indolent people are even in their pleasures.

Mr. J——, though he talked to me very much, never did it while the Pac. was singing, or while anything else was going forward that was worth attention.

"Have you read," he said, "the new book that has had such a run in France, '*Les Liaisons Dangéreuses* ?'"

"No," answered I, not much pleased at the name, "I have not even heard of it."

"Indeed!—it has made so much noise in France I am quite surprised at that. It is not, indeed, a work that recommends very strict morality: but you, we all know, may look into any work without being hurt by it."

I felt hurt then, however, and very gravely answered,—

"I cannot give myself that praise, as I never look into any books that could hurt me."

He bowed, and smiled, and said, that was "very right," and added,—

"This book was written by an officer ; and he says, there are no characters nor situations in it that he has not himself seen."

"That, then," cried I, "will with me always be a reason to as little desire seeing the officer as his book."

He looked a little simple at this, but pretended to approve it very much. However, I fancy it will save him the trouble of inquiring into my readings any more. I was really provoked with him, however, and though he was most obsequiously civil to me, I only spoke to him in answer, after this little dialogue.

When the opera was over, he took leave of us to go into some better place, I fancy, for seeing a new dance, which was to follow. But I was very much surprised, when, while I was speaking to Mrs. Thrale, a voice said, "How do you do, Miss Burney?" and turning about, I saw Mr. J——'s place had been taken by Mr. George Cambridge. You may easily believe I was not sorry at the change. I like him, indeed, extremely. He is both elegant and sensible, and almost all the other folks I meet deserve, at best, but *one* of those epithets.

When the dance was over, he joined some other ladies, and we met with my father, and Harry Cotton, and proceeded to the coffee-room. It was, however, so crowded, we could not make way to the door.

Among the fine folks was Lady Archer, whom I had never before seen so near: and, notwithstanding all her most unnatural cake of white and red, her features were so perfect and so lovely, I could not help saying,—

"What pity so much beauty should be thrown away!"

"Beauty:" repeated H. Cotton, "if any there be, I must own it lies too deep for me to see it."

I went to-day to Lady H's., who has been here. She looks extremely ill, and *is* very ill; and Miss C. looked extremely ugly, and *is* very ugly; and the other Misses looked extremely affected and conceited, and *are* affected and conceited: so looks and facts were well suited.

I then called on Mrs. Fitzgerald, and had a hearty and robust halloo with her, comically in contrast with the languor I had just left, and then came home, where I stayed with my mother the rest of the day.

MONDAY, JAN. 13TH.—This proved, and unexpectedly, a very agreeable day to me. I went with my father to dine at Mrs. Walsingham's, where I only went so soon again because he wished it, but where I passed my time extremely well. The party was small,—Dr. Warton, Mr. T. Warton, Mr. Pepys, Mr. Montagu, Mr. Walker the lecturer,* and my dear Sir Joshua Reynolds, with my father, were all the men; and Mrs. Montagu was the only other female besides myself.

Dr. Warton made me a most obsequious bow; I had been introduced to him, by Sir Joshua, at Mrs. Cholmondeley's. He is what Dr. Johnson calls a rapturist, and I saw plainly he meant to pour forth much civility into my ears, by his looks, and watching for opportunities to speak to me: I so much, however, dread such attacks, that every time I met his eye, I turned another way, with so frigid a countenance, that he gave up his design. He is a very communicative, gay, and pleasant converser, and enlivened the whole day by his readiness upon all subjects.

Mr. Tom Warton, the poetry historiographer, looks unformed in his manners, and awkward in his gestures. He joined not one word in the general talk, and, but for my father, who was his neighbour at dinner, and entered into a *tête-à-tête* conversation with him, he would never have opened his mouth after the removal of the second course.

Mr. Montagu is Mrs. Montagu's nephew, and adopted son. He is young, and well enough looking, has an uncommon memory for all he has read, is extremely civil in his behaviour, and seems extremely well-formed in his mind, both with respect to literature, and to principle. He affects, however, talking French rather too much, and has a something finical in his manners, that, with me, much lessens their power of pleasing.

Mr. Walker, though modest in science, is vulgar in conversation. The rest I have nothing new to say about.

* Adam Walker was long known throughout England as a lecturer on astronomy, and as the inventor of the Eidouranon. In early life, he showed an extraordinary capacity for mechanics, but was of very eccentric habits, having, when quite a youth, built himself a hut in a thicket near his father's house, that he might pursue his studies uninterruptedly. He first commenced lecturing on astronomy in London in 1778.

I was placed at dinner between Sir Joshua and Mr. Montagu. I had a great deal of exceeding comfortable and easy chat with Sir Joshua, as I always have, which makes his very sight enliven me in all these places. I had intended not speaking at all with Mr. Montagu, as I thought him so fine; but he was so very civil, and so perpetually addressed me, that before dinner was over we seemed quite well acquainted.

When we left the gentlemen, Mrs. Montagu and Mrs. Walsingham began a conversation upon Lady Charlotte Finch's late excursion to Spain, and then talked upon foreign places and foreign people with much spirit and entertainment. When the gentlemen joined us, the same subject continued, and was extremely well treated. Mrs. Montagu was particularly cheerful, and said many very good things. Indeed, nothing was said that deserved not attention.

Once, however, I was a little startled: the conversation, by degrees, fell upon books, and everybody agreed that Sir Roger de Coverley was, perhaps, the first character ever drawn, for perfection of delineation.

"But I cannot help suspecting," said Dr. Warton, "it is taken from the life, as there are certain traits in it too excellent to have been merely invented: particularly that singularity, that wherever he visited he always talked to the servants the whole way he went upstairs."

Mr. Montagu here arose, and walking round to the back of my chair, said, in a whisper,—

"Miss Burney, pray how is this? must a character, to be excellent, be drawn from the life? I beg you would tell me?"

Malicious enough, this!

"Oh," answered I, as easily as I could, "unless we knew what characters *are*, and what are not, drawn from the life, 'tis impossible to decide."

TUESDAY.—I spent at Mrs. Thrale's all the afternoon, but had two engagements for the evening; one with Mrs. Ord, who had written me the finest of panegyrics from Soame Jenyns, who had charged her to contrive a meeting for him, and she begged to see me on Saturday. I had no heart for such an encounter,

and sent an excuse. She then insisted upon seeing me, and, when I went, declared I should fix my own day, and showed me Mr. Jenyns' notes upon the subject, all expressing his violent impatience for the interview. I was obliged to agree for Friday; but indeed with no good will, for I am not at all equal to such formal engagements. If I had met him accidentally I should have been much pleased; but arranging a meeting, professedly to hear his compliments, nothing in the world but an inability of resisting Mrs. Ord's importunity should have made me consent to.

Mrs. Carter was with her. I could not, however, stay, though so quiet a trio would much better have suited me.

We had a note to-day from Hetty, who is just returned from Farnham, with a request from the Bishop of Winchester and Mrs. North that they might come here to tea the next day. Mrs. North has long made advances to me of acquaintance: however, Hetty wrote me word from Farnham, that she said she saw I shirked her, but she was determined to conquer me, if human powers could do it.

My dear father was delighted, and readily agreed to their coming. He would have had nobody invited to meet them; but my mother, of her own accord, and without telling him, sent to invite Mr. George Cambridge, whose civility to her has won her heart, and most especially his bringing her the print of Mrs. Siddons.

They came very early, the Bishop, Mrs. North, Mr. Burney, and Hetty, who had dined with them. Mrs. North apologised, with an easy gaiety, to my mother, for the liberty she had taken, and then bid Hetty introduce her to Charlotte and me. She spoke to me at once with a freedom and facetiousness which she meant to inspire me with the same, and make me shake off the shyness she had heard belonged to me with strangers; but her flightiness, like that of Mrs. Cholmondeley, which it a good deal resembled, only served to make me feel foolish, and wish her to address somebody else. The Bishop was quiet and gentle, and talked only with my father.

I was sitting by myself upon the sofa, when Hetty, crossing over to me, said—

"Mrs. North declares she sees you are going into a lethargy, and she has sent me to rouse you."

Mrs. North then followed herself, and began a vehement charge to me not to be formal. She reproached me, with great good humour, for so long shirking her acquaintance; said she was sure I had conceived an aversion to her, but gave me her word I should like the Bishop of all things. Then calling him up to us, she said—

"Did not I tell you as we came along that I knew she would like you vastly, and me not at all?"

"I beg your pardon," cried I, "but perhaps I may be less afraid of the Bishop from expecting less of his notice."

"There now—that's abominable! She's afraid of me, and not of you."

"Because I," cried the Bishop, "am afraid of her, that's all."

My mother now summoned them to look at Mrs. Siddons' print, and I was glad of the opportunity to remove, as this rattling requires more intimacy and congeniality to make it to me pleasant.

Mrs. North, being satisfied with the print, again placed me next her on the sofa. She showed us all a very beautiful bouquet, half natural and half artificial, and then, taking it out of her bosom, she insisted upon fastening it in mine; and when I would have declined it, cried out,—

"Come, you little toad, don't be absurd. Let me fix it for you at once."

And afterwards, when I did not instantly understand some queer speech she made, and which might be taken many ways, she exclaimed—

"Come, now, don't be dull!"

When they were taking leave, Monday was fixed upon for all of us but my mother, who was allowed to excuse herself, to dine at the Bishop's. I was engaged in the evening to an assembly at Mrs. Thrale's.

THURSDAY.—This morning we had a visit from the elder Mr. Cambridge. I cannot, however, be at all easy with the father, though I admire him more and more, and think all that is formal

in him wears off upon acquaintance, and all that is pleasant grows more and more conspicuous. But he behaves to me with a kind of deference that kills me; he listens to what I say, as you would listen to Dr. Johnson, and leans forward with an air of respect that, from a man such as him, half petrifies me; for what upon earth could I find to say that would answer high-raised expectations from Mr. Cambridge? I feel with him as I did with Mr. Burke—an admiration that makes me delighted to hear him; but that makes me, at the same time, dread to hear myself. If they took less notice of me, I should do better.

He told us he had had great pleasure in seeing again his old acquaintance Mr. Crisp,—

“But for Mrs. Phillips,” he cried, “I am in love with her—I want to marry her—I never was so much charmed in so short a time before.”

I believe I did look a little more at my ease when he said this. His praise of my Susy is worth having; and he spoke it with a warmth and pleasure that made me almost long to embrace him. I think that would have put an end to this distance I complain of pretty completely.

FRIDAY.—Now for this grand interview with Soame Jenyns. I went with my dear father, who was quite enchanted at the affair. Dear soul, how he feeds upon all that brings fame to Cecilia! his eagerness upon this subject, and his pleasure in it, are truly enthusiastic, and, I think, rather increase by fulness than grow satiated.

We were late; there was a good deal of company, not in groups, nor yet in a circle, but seated square round the room, in order following,—Miss Ellerker, Mrs. Soame Jenyns, Mrs. Thrale, her daughter, Mrs. Buller, Mr. Cambridge, sen., Mr. Soame Jenyns, Mr. Selwyn, Mr. Cambridge, jun., Miss Burgoyne, a lady or two I knew not, and three or four men.

Mrs. Ord almost ran to the door to receive us, and every creature of this company, contrary to all present custom in large meetings, stood up.

“Why have you been so late?” cried Mrs. Ord; “we have been waiting for you this hour. I was afraid there was some mistake.”

“My father could not come sooner.”

“But why would you not let me send my coach for you? Mr. Soame Jenyns has been dying with impatience; some of us thought you would not come; others thought it only coquetry; but come, let us repair the time as we can, and introduce you to one another without further delay.”

You may believe how happy I felt at this “some thought,” and “others,” which instantly betrayed that everybody was apprised they were to see this famous rencounter; and lest I should mark it less, everybody still stood up.

Mr. Jenyns now, with all the speed in his power, hastened up to me, and began a long harangue of which I know hardly a word, upon the pleasure and favour, and honour, and what not, of meeting me, and upon the delight, and information, and amusement of reading “Cecilia.”

I made all possible reverences, and tried to get to a seat, but Mrs. Ord, when I turned from him, took my hand, and leading me to the top of the room, presented me to Mrs. Jenyns. Reverences were repeated here, in silence, however, so they did very well. I then hoped to escape to Mrs. Thrale, who held out her hand to me, pointing to a chair by her own, and saying,—

“Must I too, make interest to be introduced to Miss Burney?”

This, however, was not allowed; Mrs. Ord again took my hand, and parading me to the sofa, said—

“Come, Miss Burney, and let me place you by Mrs. Buller.”

I was glad, by this time, to be placed anywhere, for not till then did the company seat themselves.

Mr. Cambridge, sen., then came up to speak to me, but had hardly asked how I did, before Mrs. Ord brought Mr. Jenyns to me again, and made him my right-hand neighbour, saying—

“There! now I have put you fairly together, I have done with you.”

Mrs. Buller is tall and elegant in her person; she is a famous Greek scholar, a celebrated traveller upon the Continent, to see customs and manners; and a woman every way singular, for her knowledge and enterprising way of life.

Mr. Soame Jenyns, then, thus called upon—could he do less?

--began an eulogy unrivalled, I think, for extravagance of praise. All creation was open to me; no human being ever began that book, and had power to put it down; pathos, humour, interest, moral—O Heavens! I heard, however, but the leading words; though everybody else, the whole room being silent, doubtless heard how they hung together. Had I been carried to a theatre, to hear an oration upon my own performances, I could hardly have felt more confounded.

I bowed my head during the first two or three sentences, by way of marking that I thought them over; but over they were not the more. I then turned away, but I only met Mrs. Buller, who took up the panegyric where Mr. Jenyns stopped for breath.

In short, the things that were said, with the attention of the whole company, would have drawn blushes into the cheeks of Agujari or Garrick. I was almost upon the point of running away. I changed so often from hot to cold that I really felt myself in a fever and an ague. I never even attempted to speak to them, and I looked with all the frigidity I possibly could, in hopes they would tire of bestowing such honours on a subject so ungrateful.

One moment I had hopes that Mr. G. Cambridge, in Christian charity, was coming to offer some interruption; for, when these speeches were in their height, he came and sate down on a chair immediately opposite Miss Thrale, and equally near, in profile, to me; but he merely said, "I hope Dr. Burney has not wanted his pamphlet?" Even Mrs. Thrale would not come near me, and told me afterwards it had been such a settled thing, before my arrival, that I was to belong to Mr. Soame Jenyns, that she did not dare.

At length, however, the people, finding there was no chance of amusement from me, and naturally concluding Mr. Jenyns could say little more, began to entertain themselves in a more general way; and then Mr. Cambridge, sen., entered into an argument with Mrs. Buller upon foreign customs opposed to English, and upon the difficulty of getting good conversation, from the eternal intervention of politics or dissipation.

Mrs. Buller was clever and spirited, but bold and decisive ; Mr. Cambridge was entertaining and well bred, and had all the right, I thought, on his side. I had more relief, however, than pleasure in the conversation ; for my joy in being no longer the object of the company was such as not to leave me quite at liberty for attending to what was said.

The moment they were gone, " Well, Miss Burney," said Mrs. Ord, " have you and Mr. Jenyns had a great deal of conversation together ?"

" O yes, a great deal on my part !"

" Why, you don't look quite recovered from it yet—did not you like it ?"

" O yes, it was perfectly agreeable to me !"

" Did he oppress you ?" cried Mr. Cambridge, and then began a very warm praise of him for his talents, wit, and understanding, his knowledge, writings, and humour.

I should have been very ready to have joined with him, had I not feared he meant an implied reproach to me, for not being more grateful for the praise of a man such as he described. I am sorry he was present if that is the case ; but the truth is, the evening was not merely disagreeable but painful to me. It became now, however, quite the contrary ; Mr. Cambridge took the lead, and told some stories, that for humour and comicality I think unequalled.

When we all broke up upon Mrs. and Miss Thrale's going, Mr. George Cambridge very good-naturedly said to me—

" How sorry I have been for you to-night !"

" Oh, I shall take care how I come here again," answered I ; " I have often tied Mrs. Ord up to promise I should find her alone, and I don't much think I shall be in haste to come again without making the same agreement."

Mrs. Ord herself, then coming up to me, regretted that Mrs. Boscawen had been at the house ; but, though she came on purpose, could not stay my arrival, I was so late ! I wished to have remonstrated against her making this silly interview thus public, and inviting witnesses ; but I saw she meant me so much kindness, that I had not courage to tell her how very utterly she had

failed. I shall not, therefore, complain or scold, but only try to guard against any more such scenes in future.

Even my father himself, fond as he is of this ado about "Cecilia," was sorry for me to-night, and said I looked quite ill one time.

SATURDAY.—I felt so fagged with the preceding day's fuss, that I really wanted quieting and refitting. Mr. George Cambridge, in the morning, brought home my father's pamphlet, and asked me how I did after Mr. Soame Jenyns.

"Oh, pretty well, now!" cried I; "but I must own I most heartily wished myself at plain, quiet, sober Chesington the whole of the evening."

"Well!" said he, "you concealed your uneasiness extremely well, for my father never saw it. I saw it, and was very much concerned at it; but when I mentioned something of it to him this morning, he was quite astonished."

"I doubt not," said I; "he only thought I received a great deal of honour."

"No, no, it was not that; but he has no idea of those sort of things. I am sorry, however, you saw Soame Jenyns to such disadvantage, for he is worth your knowing. His conversation is not flowing nor regular, but nobody has more wit in occasional sallies."

"Well, all my comfort was from Mr. Cambridge; when he began that argument with Mrs. Buller I was in heaven!"

"My father hates argument, too," said he; "it was a mere accident that he would enter into one. For my own part, I was quite sorry not to hear Soame Jenyns talk more."

"Were you?" quoth I, shaking my head a little piteously.

"Not to you—I don't mean to you," cried he, laughing; "but I assure you you would find him extremely entertaining. However, was not Mrs. Ord herself, though she is a sweet woman, a little to blame? Nothing could be so natural as that Soame Jenyns, having himself so much humour, should have been charmed with 'Cecilia,' and should wish to know you; but if there had not been so many people, or if there had been as many,

and they had been set to conversing with one another, it might all have done very well."

While he was here Pacchierotti called—very grave, but very sweet. Mr. G. C. asked if he spoke English.

"Oh, very well!" cried I; "pray try him; he is very amiable, and I fancy you will like him."

Pacchierotti began with complaining of the variable weather.

"I cannot," he said, "be well such an inconsistent day."

We laughed at the word "inconsistent," and Mr. Cambridge said—

"It is curious to see what new modes all languages may take in the hands of foreigners. The natives dare not try such experiments; and, therefore, we all talk pretty much alike; but a foreigner is obliged to hazard new expressions, and very often he shows us a force and power in our words, by an unusual adaptation of them, that we were not ourselves aware they would admit."

And then, to draw Pacchierotti out, he began a dispute, of the different merits of Italy and England; defending his own country merely to make him abuse it; while Pacchierotti most eagerly took up the gauntlet on the part of Italy.

"This is a climate," said Pacchierotti, "never in the same case for half an hour at a time; it shall be fair, and wet, and dry, and humid forty times in a morning in the least. I am tired to be so played with, sir, by your climate."

"We have one thing, however, Mr. Pacchierotti," he answered, "which I hope you allow makes some amends, and that is our verdure; in Italy you cannot boast that."

"But it seem to me, sir, to be of no utility so much ever-green; is rather too much for my humble opinion."

"And then your insects, Mr. Pacchierotti; those alone are a most dreadful drawback upon the comfort of your fine climate."

"To Mr. Cambridge," cried I, meaning his father, "I am sure they would; for his aversion to insects is quite comical."

He wanted me to explain myself, but I dare not tell a story after Mr. Cambridge, especially to his son.

"I must own," said Pacchierotti, "Italy is rather disagreeable

for the insects ; but is not better, sir, than an atmosphere so bad as they cannot live in it ?”

“ Why, as I can't defend our atmosphere, I must shift my ground, and talk to you of our fires, which draw together society.”

“ Oh, indeed, good sir, your societies are not very invigorating ! Twenty people of your gentlemen and ladies to sit about a fire, and not to pronounce one word, is very dull !”

We laughed heartily at this retort courteous, and Mr. G. C. was so much pleased with it, that he kept up a sportive conversation with him the whole time he stayed, much to my satisfaction ; as most of the people the poor Pac. meets with here affect a superiority to conversing with him, though he has more intelligence, ay, and cultivation too, than half of them.

The entrance of young Mr. Hoole, and afterwards of Mrs. Meeke, interrupted them, and Pacchierotti took leave. I then made his *éloge* to Mr. G. C., who said—

“ I was very glad to meet with him ; I had heard he applied very much to our language, and there is a softness in his manner, and at the same time a spirit in his opinions, extremely engaging, as well as entertaining.”

SUNDAY, JAN. 19.—And now for Mrs. Delany. I spent one hour with Mrs. Thrale, and then called for Mrs. Chapone, and we proceeded together to St. James's Place.

Mrs. Delany was alone in her drawing-room, which is entirely hung round with pictures of her own painting, and ornaments of her own designing. She came to the door to receive us. She is still tall, though some of her height may be lost : not much, however, for she is remarkably upright. She has no remains of beauty in feature, but in countenance I never but once saw more, and that was in my sweet maternal grandmother. Benevolence, softness, piety, and gentleness are all resident in her face ; and the resemblance with which she struck me to my dear grandmother, in her first appearance, grew so much stronger from all that came from her mind, which seems to contain nothing but purity and native humility, that I almost longed to embrace her ; and I am sure if I had, the recollection of that saint-like woman

would have been so strong that I should never have refrained from crying over her.

Mrs. Chapone presented me to her, and taking my hand, she said,—

“You must pardon me if I give you an old-fashioned reception, for I know nothing new.”

And she saluted me. I did not, as with Mrs. Walsingham, retreat from her.

“Can you forgive, Miss Burney,” she continued, “this great liberty I have taken with you, of asking for your company to dinner? I wished so impatiently to see one from whom I have received such extraordinary pleasure, that, as I could not be alone this morning, I could not bear to put it off to another day; and, if you had been so good to come in the evening, I might, perhaps, have had company; and I hear so ill that I cannot, as I wish to do, attend to more than one at a time; for age makes me stupid even more than I am by nature; and how grieved and mortified I must have been to know I had Miss Burney in the room, and not to hear her!”

She then mentioned her regret that we could not stay and spend the evening with her, which had been told her in our card of accepting her invitation, as we were both engaged, which, for my part, I heartily regretted.

“I am particularly sorry,” she added, “on account of the Duchess Dowager of Portland, who is so good as to come to me in an evening, as she knows I am too infirm to wait upon her Grace myself: and she wished so much to see Miss Burney. But she said she would come as early as possible, and you won’t, I hope, want to go very soon?”

My time, I answered, was Mrs. Chapone’s, and Mrs. Chapone said she could not stay later than half-past seven.

“Fie, fie!” cried Mrs. Delany, smiling; “why Miss Larolles would not for the world go before eight. However, the Duchess will be here by seven, I dare say, for she said nothing should detain her.”

Mrs. Chapone then made me look at the paintings, which I greatly admired; particularly a copy of Saccharissa, from Van-

dyke. There was also a portrait of Madame de Sévigné, which struck me very much ; and, while I was noticing the gaiety of its countenance, Mrs. Delany, with an arch look, said,—

“ Yes, it is very *enjouée*, as *Captain Aresby* would say.”

And afterwards of some other, but I have forgot what, she said,—

“ I don't know how it is, Mrs. Chapone, but I can never look at that picture without thinking of poor *Belfield*. You must forgive us, Miss Burney ; it is not right to talk of these people ; but we don't know how to speak at all now without, they are so always in our minds !”

Soon after we went to dinner, which was plain, neat, well cooked, and elegantly served. When it was over, I began to speak ; and now, my Chesington auditors, look to yourselves !

“ Will you give me leave, ma'am, to ask if you remember anybody of the name of Crisp ?”

“ Crisp ?” cried she ; “ what ! Mrs. Ann Crisp ?”

“ Yes, ma'am.”

“ O surely ! extremely well ! a charming, an excellent woman she was ; we were very good friends once ; I visited her at Burford, and her sister Mrs. Gast.”

Then came my turn, and I talked of the brother ; but I won't write what I said.

Mrs. Delany said she knew him but very little ; and by no means so much as she should have liked. I reminded her of a letter he wrote her from abroad, which she immediately recollected ; and I told her that the account I had heard from him and from Mrs. Gast, of her former friendship for Mrs. Ann Crisp, had first given me a desire to be acquainted with her.

“ I am sure, then,” said she, “ I am very much obliged to them both ; but how Mr. Crisp can so long have remembered so insignificant a body I don't know. I beg, however, when you write to him, you will give my compliments and thanks to him, and also to Mrs. Gast, for being so good as to think of me.”

Mrs. Chapone then asked me a hundred questions about Mr. Crisp, and said,—

“ Pray, is he a *Doctor Lyster* ?”

"I don't know Dr. Lyster, ma'am," cried I, very simply, for the book was so wholly out of my head at the time, that I really thought she meant some living character. They both laughed very much, and assured me they should soon teach me to remember names better, if I lived with them.

This Chesingtonian talk lasted till we went upstairs, and then she showed me the new art which she has invented. It is staining paper of all possible colours, and then cutting it out, so finely and delicately, that when it is pasted on paper or vellum, it has all the appearance of being pencilled, except that, by being raised, it has still a richer and more natural look. The effect is extremely beautiful. She invented it at seventy-five! She told me she did four flowers the first year; sixteen the second; and the third, 160; and after that many more. They are all from nature, and consist of the most curious flowers, plants and weeds, that are to be found. She has been supplied with patterns from all the great gardens, and all the great florists in the kingdom. Her plan was to finish 1000; but, alas! her eyes now fail her, though she has only twenty undone of her task.

She has marked the places whence they all came, on the back, and where she did them, and the year; and she has put her cypher, M.D., at the corner of each, in different coloured letters for every different year—such as red, blue, green, &c.

"But," said she, "the last year, as I found my eyes grew very dim, and threatened to fail before my work was completed, I put my initials in white, for I seemed to myself already working in my winding sheet."

I could almost have cried at the mingled resignation and spirit with which she made this melancholy speech.

Mrs. Chapone asked her whether any cold had lately attacked her eyes?

"No," said she, smiling, "nothing but my reigning malady, old age! 'Tis, however, what we all wish to obtain; and, indeed, a very comfortable state I have found it. I have a little niece coming to me soon, who will see for me."

At about seven o'clock, the Duchess Dowager of Portland came. She is not near so old as Mrs. Delany, nor, to me, is her

face by any means so pleasing ; but yet there is sweetness, and dignity, and intelligence in it. Mrs. Delany received her with the same respectful ceremony as if it was her first visit, though she regularly goes to her every evening. But what she at first took as an honour and condescension, she has so much true humility of mind, that no use can make her see in any other light. She immediately presented me to her. Her Grace curtsied and smiled with the most flattering air of pleasure, and said she was particularly happy in meeting with me.

We then took our places, and Mrs. Delany said—

“Miss Burney, ma’am, is acquainted with Mr. Crisp, whom your Grace knew so well ; and she tells me he and his sister have been so good as to remember me, and to mention me to her.”

The Duchess instantly asked me a thousand questions about him—where he lived, how he had his health, and whether his fondness for the polite arts still continued. She said he was one of the most ingenious and agreeable men she had ever known, and regretted his having sequestered himself so much from the society of his former friends.

This conversation lasted a long while, for it was one upon which I could myself be voluble. I spared not for boasting of my dear daddy’s kindness to me ; and you can hardly imagine the pleasure, ease, and happiness, it was to me, to talk of him to so elegant a judge, who so well knew I said nothing that was not true. She told me, also, the story of the poor Birmingham boy, and of the sketches which Mr. Crisp, she said, had been so good as to give her.

In the course of this conversation I found her very charming, high-bred, courteous, sensible, and spirited ; not merely free from pride, but free from affability—its most mortifying deputy.

After this she asked me if I had seen Mrs. Siddons, and what I thought of her. I answered that I admired her very much.

“If Miss Burney approves her,” said the Duchess, “no approbation, I am sure, can do her so much credit ; for no one can so perfectly judge of characters or of human nature.”

“Ah, ma’am,” cried Mrs. Delany, archly, “and does your Grace remember protesting you would never read ‘Cecilia?’”

"Yes," said she, laughing; "I declared that five volumes could never be attacked; but since I began I have read it three times."

"O terrible!" cried I, "to make them out fifteen!"

"The reason," continued she, "I held out so long against reading them, was remembering the cry there was in favour of 'Clarissa' and 'Sir Charles Grandison' when they came out; and those I never could read. I was teased into trying both of them; but I was disgusted with their tediousness, and could not read eleven letters with all the effort I could make: so much about my sisters and my brothers, and all my uncles and my aunts!"

"But if your Grace had gone on with 'Clarissa,' said Mrs. Chapone, "the latter part must certainly have affected you and charmed you."

"O, I hate anything so dismal! Everybody that did read it had melancholy faces for a week. 'Cecilia' is as pathetic as I can bear, and more sometimes; yet, in the midst of the sorrow, there is a spirit in the writing, a fire in the whole composition, that keep off that heavy depression given by Richardson. Cry, to be sure, we did. O, Mrs. Delany, shall you ever forget how we cried? But, then, we had so much laughter to make us amends, we were never left to sink under our concern."

I am really ashamed to write on.

"For my part," said Mrs. Chapone, "when I first read it, I did not cry at all; I was in an agitation that half killed me, that shook all my nerves, and made me unable to sleep at nights from the suspense I was in; but I could not cry for excess of eagerness."

"I only wish," said the Duchess, "Miss Burney could have been in some corner, amusing herself with listening to us, when Lord Weymouth, and the Bishop of Exeter, and Mr. Lightfoot, and Mrs. Delany, and I, were all discussing the point of the name. So earnest we were, she must have been diverted with us. Nothing, the nearest our own hearts and interests, could have been debated more warmly. The Bishop was quite as eager as any of us; but what cooled us a little, at last, was Mr. Lightfoot's thinking we were seriously going to quarrel; and while

Mrs. Delany and I were disputing about Mrs. Delville, he very gravely said, "Why, ladies, this is only a matter of imagination; it is not a fact; don't be so earnest."

"Ah, ma'am," said Mrs. Delany, "how hard your Grace was upon Mrs. Delville; so elegant, so sensible, so judicious, so charming a woman."

"O, I hate her!" cried the Duchess, "resisting that sweet Cecilia; coaxing her, too, all the time, with such hypocritical flattery."

"I shall never forget," said Mrs. Delany, "your Grace's earnestness when we came to that part where Mrs. Delville bursts a blood-vessel. Down dropped the book, and just with the same energy as if your Grace had heard some real and important news, you called out, 'I'm glad of it with all my heart!'"

"What disputes, too," said Mrs. Chapone, "there are about Briggs. I was in a room some time ago where somebody said there could be no such character; and a poor little mean city man, who was there, started up and said, 'But there is though, for I've one myself!'"

"The Harrels!—O, then, the Harrels!" cried Mrs. Delany.

"If you speak of the Harrels, and of the morality of the book," cried the Duchess, with a solemn sort of voice, "we shall, indeed, never give Miss Burney her due—so striking, so pure, so genuine, so instructive."

"Yes," cried Mrs. Chapone, "let us complain how we will of the torture she has given our nerves, we must all join in saying she has bettered us by every line."

"No book," said Mrs. Delany, "ever was so useful as this, because none other that is so good was ever so much read."

I think I need now write no more. I could, indeed, hear no more; for this last so serious praise, from characters so respectable, so moral, and so aged, quite affected me; and though I had wished a thousand times during the discourse to run out of the room, when they gave me finally this solemn sanction to the meaning and intention of my writing, I found it not without difficulty that I could keep the tears out of my eyes; and when I told what had passed to our sweet father, his quite ran over.

Of all the scenes of this sort in which I have been engaged, this has been the least painful to me, from my high respect for the personages, from their own elegance, in looking only at one another while they talked, and from having no witnesses to either to watch me or to be wearied themselves: yet I still say only least painful; for pleasant nothing can make a conversation entirely addressed to one who has no means in the world of taking any share in it.

This meeting had so long been in agitation, and so much desired by myself, that I have not spared for being circumstantial.

The Duchess had the good sense and judgment to feel she had drawn up her panegyric to a climax, and therefore here she stopped; so, however, did not we, for our coach was ready.

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CHAPTER XVI.

An Assembly at Mrs. Thrale's—Owen Cambridge and Dr. Johnson—Mr. Bowles—His Enthusiasm about Johnson—An Evening Party—Pacchierotti and Bertoni—Mr. Twining—A Character—Dr. Johnson's carelessness of his Writings—Baretti's Dialogues—Mrs. Byron—Correspondence—Miss Burney to Mr. Crisp—Dr. Burney to Mr. Crisp—Illness and Death of Mr. Crisp—Dr. Burney to Miss Burney—Sorrow and Condolence—Diary resumed—Illness of Dr. Johnson—Affecting Anecdote of him—A Party at Mrs. Vesey's—Mrs. Garrick, Miss More, Horace Walpole—Miss Burney's Introduction to Horace Walpole—Another Party at Mrs. Vesey's—Walpole, Burke, Sir Joshua Reynolds—The Abbé Berquin—*L'Ami des Enfants*—A Day with Mrs. Delany—A Party at Dr. Burney's—Strange, the celebrated Engraver—Dr. Garthshore—Hoole, the translator of "Tasso"—A Party at the Bishop of Winchester's—A Day at Twickenham—Owen Cambridge—Thoughts on Dying—A Pleasant Tête-à-Tête—Anecdotes—Gibbon, the Historian—His Ducking in the Thames—Dinner at Lady Mary Duncan's—Mrs. Lock, of Norbury Park—A Musical Idol—Mrs. Delany—Letter from Dr. Johnson to Miss Burney—A Visit to Dr. Johnson—The Bas Bleus—Mrs. Thrale—A Little Mystery—A Party at Mrs. Vesey's—Chit-chat—Owen Cambridge—Mrs. Walsingham—Lady Spencer—Sir William Hamilton—Lord Lyttelton and Dr. Johnson—Johnson in a Passion—Singular Scene—Johnson and Mrs. Montagu—Anecdotes of Horace Walpole—Party at the Pepys's—Party at Mrs. Chapone's—Anecdote of Burke.

THURSDAY, FEB. 23RD.—How sorry I have been, my sweetest Susy, not to have had a moment for writing till to-day.

In our journey to town I was not very gay; though I had turned from my best-loved Susy without one chaste embrace to keep myself hardy. But the minute I had got into the coach, I felt provoked that I had done it, and I wished I had bid all things defiance for the pleasure which I had denied myself.

Mr. Cambridge talked a great deal, and as well, and with as much spirit, as any man could who had so much toil upon his

hands. Miss Cambridge, indeed, talked also ; but I found it out of my power to support my own part with any chance of dividing the labour.

He began talking of Dr. Johnson, and asking after his present health.

"He is very much recovered," I answered, "and out of town, at Mr. Langton's. And there I hope he will entertain him with enough of Greek."

"Yes," said Mr. Cambridge, "and make his son repeat the Hebrew alphabet to him."

"He means," said I, "to go, when he returns, to Mr. Bowles in Wiltshire. I told him I had heard that Mr. Bowles was very much delighted with the expectation of seeing him, and he answered me,—“He is so delighted, that it is shocking !—it is really shocking to see how high are his expectations.” I asked him why ; and he said,—“Why, if any man is expected to take a leap of twenty yards, and does actually take one of ten, everybody will be disappointed, though ten yards may be more than any other man ever leaped !”

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LONDON, APRIL 2ND.—I have much, very much to write to you already, my sweet Susy, though we parted so lately ; but nothing that I am more interested in than in what I want to hear of my beloved daddy. You will indulge me, I am sure, and therefore I will resume my journal,—in which there is a gap that will make my accounts, for some time at least, fully intelligible only to yourself ; but when and what you read to your coterie you must stop and explicate as well as you can. If I help to furnish you with matter of conversation, my little obscurities will be as useful and amusing as my copiousness. Tell them so.

The next day Mr. Cambridge and his son called. After some general conversation, Mr. C. said—

"I am perfectly satisfied with the reason you gave me that night at Mrs. Thrale's for Albany's rising madness. I have been reading that part all over again, and I find nothing can be better done. I like it more and more. But I was startled at the cha-

racter at first ; but George has got an account of exactly such a man. George shall tell it you."

"The man," said Mr. G. C., "is an old half-pay officer. His name, I think, is De la Port ; he almost lives in St. James's Park, where he wanders up and down, looking about him for any objects he thinks in distress. He then gives them all the money he can spare, and he begs for them of his friends. He once borrowed a sum of money of Mr. Langton from whom I had this account ; and, some time after, he paid him half, and said, 'I return you all I spent upon myself,—the rest you will be paid in another place!' He composes prayers for poor and sick people ; he wears a very shabby coat, that he may spend no more upon himself than is absolutely necessary ; and, in his benevolence and singularity, there is an undoubted mixture of insanity. Mrs. Langton, when she talked of him to me, said, 'the resemblance to the character of Albany was so very strong, that she thought it must certainly be meant for him,' and desired me to ask Miss Burney if she did not know him. I ventured, however, to immediately answer, I was sure she did not, merely from that circumstance, as I was certain she would not have put him in her book if she had known him."

"I am very much obliged to you," cried I, "for giving her that answer."

Mr. Cambridge continued :—

"That which makes the wonderful merit of your book—if you'll excuse my just mentioning it—is that you see with such exact discrimination all classes of characters, and let the individuals pass unnoticed."

Some time after we talked about Dr. Johnson, for Mr. G. C. is one of his warmest admirers. He has requested me to get him a list of his miscellaneous works, as he wishes to collect them : and I have promised I will as soon as I have a fair opportunity.

"Though, indeed," I added, "it will be very difficult, as I dare say he hardly knows himself what he has written ; for he has made numerous prefaces, dedications, odd chapters, and I know not what, for other authors, that he has never owned, and prob-

ably never will own. But I was sure, when I read it, that the preface to 'Baretti's Dialogues' was his; and that I made him confess."

"'Baretti's Dialogues?'—What are they about?"

"A thimble, and a spoon, and a knife, and a fork! They are the most absurd, and yet the most laughable things you ever saw. I would advise you to get them. They were written for Miss Thrale, and all the dialogues are between her and him, except, now and then, a shovel and a poker, or a goose and a chair, happen to step in."

We talked, Mr. Cambridge and I, next, upon the effect of manner, in a beginning acquaintance; and what power some people had, by that alone, of immediate captivation.

"What a charm," cried he, "is that in your sister, Mrs. Phillips!—what a peculiar felicity she has in her manner! She cannot even move—she cannot get up, nor sit down but there is something in her manner that is sure to give pleasure."

At this I flew into a great passion!

APRIL 6TH.—My dear Mrs. Thrale spent all the morning in my room with me; and Mr. Twining dined and stayed all the day with us. In the evening, you know, I had an engagement. My father sent me first, as he determined to stay till the last moment with Mr. Twining.

Mr. and Mrs. Pepys received me very civilly, and would have carried me to a seat near the fire: but I was glad, as I always am where I go alone, to catch at the first chair in my way, and take possession of it, merely to sink from notice. They disputed the matter with me some time, but I fastened upon a chair, and they then gave it over.

Not long after this, my dear Mrs. Thrale, with whom I had not had one word, said she must go to take leave of Mrs. Byron, and would then come back, and carry me to Argyll Street, where I had promised to spend an hour or two, as it was her last evening, for early on Monday morning she was to set out for Bath. This circumstance gave a melancholy cast to the whole evening, and nothing but the recollection of how narrowly I had escaped losing her for a longer time, and at a greater distance, could

have made me bear it with sufficient composure for observation. As it was, however, I took it cheerfully enough, from the contrast of the greater evil.

Mr. Pepys began an *éloge* of Mrs. Thrale ; but my heart was too full of more serious affection to give vent to it, just then, in praise : and soon after my father came. Mrs. Thrale still was the topic. And soon after that a note was brought me. It was from Mrs. Thrale, to beg I would join her at Mrs. Byron's, as she could not return to take a formal leave. Her note was a very affecting one. It was meant for the rest of the company, as well as myself ; but I felt that either to read or hear it would upset me, and I had no inclination for a tragedy scene before witnesses. I therefore only begged my father's leave to go to her.

Miss Burney to Mr. Crisp.

April 12, 1783.

MY DEAREST—DEAREST DADDY,

I am more grieved at the long and most disappointing continuation of your illness than I know how to tell you ; and though my last account, I thank Heaven, is better, I find you still suffer so much, that my congratulations in my letter to Susan, upon what I thought your recovery, must have appeared quite crazy, if you did not know me as well as you do, and were not sure what affliction the discovery of my mistake would bring to myself.

I think I never yet so much wished to be at Chesington, as at this time, that I might see how you go on, and not be kept in such painful suspense from post to post.

Why did you tell me of the Delanys, Portlands, Cambridges, &c., as if any of them came into competition with yourself ? When you are better, I shall send you a most fierce and sharp remonstrance upon this subject. At present I must be content with saying, I will undoubtedly accept your most kind invitation as soon as I possibly can. Meantime, if my letters will give you any amusement, I will write oftener than ever, and supply you with all the prog I get myself.

Susan, who is my reader, must be your writer, and let me know if such tittle-tattle as I can collect serves to divert some of those many moments of languor and weariness that creep between pain and ease, and that call more for mental food than for bodily medicine. Your love to your Fannikin, I well know, makes all trash interesting to you that seems to concern her; and I have no greater pleasure, when absent, than in letting you and my dear Susan be acquainted with my proceedings. I don't mean by this to exclude the rest of the dear Chesington set—far from it—but a sister and a daddy must come first.

God bless and restore you, my most dear daddy! You know not how kindly I take your thinking of me, and inquiring about me, in an illness that might so well make you forget us all: but Susan assures me your heart is as affectionate as ever to your ever and ever faithful and loving child,

F. B.

Dr. Burney to Mr. Crisp.

Saturday Night, 12th April, 1783.

(Written on the same sheet with the foregoing.)

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Though the incessant hurry I have for some time been in has exceeded that of former years, which I then thought impossible to be exceeded, yet I have hardly ever had your sufferings and situation a moment out of my mind; and the first question I have constantly asked at my coming jaded home of a night, has been,—“What news from Chesington?” I do hope most fervently that you will still weather this terrible attack, and that in a very few months I shall see you alive and happy in my favourite retreat, which has been always rendered so superior to all others by your presence.

Susy was desired to ask you if I had any kind of book that was likely to afford you any amusement, and it is with extreme pleasure that her answer is in favour of “*Mémoires de Petrar-*

que." I will not only send that with the greatest pleasure, but a cart-load of the choicest and best books in my collection, if you will but furnish a list.

Adieu, my ever dear and honoured friend! may your recovery be not only sure, but speedy! is the most hearty wish of him to whom your loss would be the most painful and severe amputation which misfortune could perform upon my affections.

My wife, as well as all around me, have been greatly alarmed for you, and entreat me to send their warmest and most affectionate wishes for your speedy recovery.

C. B.

[The illness of Mr. Crisp now became so alarming that Miss Burney hastened to Chesington, where she had been only a few days when her valued friend breathed his last. The annexed letter from Dr. Burney was in answer to her account of Mr. Crisp's increasing sufferings; that which follows it was intended to condole with her on his death, and at the same time to rouse her fortitude to bear the affliction with which she was overwhelmed.]

From Dr. Burney to Miss F. Burney.

Ah! my dear Fanny, your last letter has broke all our hearts! your former accounts kept off despair; but this brings it back in all its horrors. I wish, if it were possible, that you would let him know how much I loved him, and how heavily I shall feel his loss when all this hurry subsides, and lets me have time to brood over my sorrows. I have always thought that, in many particulars, his equal was not to be found. His wit, learning, taste, penetration, and, when well, his conviviality, pleasantry, and kindness of heart to me and mine, will ever be thought of with the most profound and desponding regret.

I know not what to say that will not add to your own affliction and all around you. What in the way of comfort can be said at present? or at least be believed and received? I can only wish you all possessed of fortitude sufficient to bear what now appears inevitable, and almost immediate. 'Tis terrible,

when no good can be done, to be in the way of such scenes, and yet we console ourselves with the belief of its being right.

C. B.

From Dr. Burney to Miss F. Burney.

I am much more afflicted than surprised at the violence and duration of your sorrow for the terrible scenes and events at Chesington, and not only pity you, but participate in all your feelings. Not an hour in the day has passed, as you will some time or other find, since the fatal catastrophe, in which I have not felt a pang for the irreparable loss I have sustained. However, as something is due to the living, there is, perhaps, a boundary at which it is right to endeavour to stop in lamenting the dead. It is very hard, as I have found it all my life, to exceed these bounds in our duty or attention, without its being at the expense of others. I have lost in my time persons so dear to me, as to throw me into the utmost affliction and despondency which can be suffered without insanity ; but I had claims on my life, my reason, and activity, which drew me from the pit of despair, and forced me, though with great difficulty, to rouse and exert every nerve and faculty in answering them. It has been very well said of mental wounds, that they must digest, like those of the body, before they can be healed. Necessity can alone, perhaps, in some cases, bring on this digestion ; but we should not prevent it by caustics or corrosion ; let the wound be open a due time, but not treated with violence. To quit all metaphor, we must, alas ! try to diminish our sorrow for one calamity, to enable us to support another ; as a national peace is but time to refit, a mental is no more. So far, however, am I from blaming your indulgence of sorrow on the present occasion, that I both love and honour you for it ; and therefore shall add no more on that melancholy subject.

* * * *

C. B.

[When the last mournful duties had been performed at Chesington, Miss Burney returned to her father's house in St. Martin's

Street ; but some time elapsed ere she recovered composure sufficient to resume her journal.

The next entry relates to an alarming paralytic seizure of Dr. Johnson.]

Journal Resumed.

THURSDAY, JUNE 19TH.—We heard to-day that Dr. Johnson had been taken ill, in a way that gave a dreadful shock to himself, and a most anxious alarm to his friends. Mr. Seward brought the news here, and my father and I instantly went to his house. He had earnestly desired me, when we lived so much together at Streatham, to see him frequently if he should be ill. He saw my father, but he had medical people with him, and could not admit me upstairs, but he sent me down a most kind message, that he thanked me for calling, and when he was better should hope to see me often. I had the satisfaction to hear from Mrs. Williams that the physicians had pronounced him to be in no danger, and expected a speedy recovery.

The stroke was confined to his tongue. Mrs. Williams told me a most striking and touching circumstance that attended the attack. It was at about four o'clock in the morning : he found himself with a paralytic affection ; he rose, and composed in his own mind a Latin prayer to the Almighty, " that whatever were the sufferings for which he must prepare himself, it would please Him, through the grace and mediation of our blessed Saviour, to spare his intellects, and let them all fall upon his body." When he had composed this, internally, he endeavoured to speak it aloud, but found his voice was gone.

I went to Mrs. Vesey's in the evening, for I had promised to meet at her house Mrs. Garrick, who came to town that day from Hampton. I found her and Miss More, and Lady Claremont, and Horace Walpole, Mr. Pepys, Miss Hamilton, and Miss Garrick ; no one else.

Mrs. Garrick was very kind to me, and invited me much to Hampton. Mrs. Vesey would make me sit by Horace Walpole ; he was very entertaining. I never heard him talk much before ;

but I was seized with a panic upon finding he had an inclination to talk with me, and as soon as I could I changed my place. He was too well-bred to force himself upon me, and finding I shied, he left me alone. I was very sociable, however, with Mrs. Garrick.

Lady Claremont, Mr. Pepys, and I, outstayed the rest near an hour. Mrs. Vesey would not permit me to go; but when the others were gone she exclaimed,—

“Mr. Walpole is sadly vexed that Miss Burney won’t talk with him!”

“If she had anything to say,” cried I, “she would be very proud that he would give her hearing.”

“Why, dear ma’am,” said Mr. Pepys, good-naturedly, “who can talk, so called upon? I, who am one of the greatest chatters in the world, if set upon in that manner, why, I could not say a word.”

“What, then,” cried she, alarmed, “is it, do you think, my fault that Miss Burney does not talk?”

FRIDAY, JUNE 20TH.—I went in the morning to Dr. Johnson, and heard a good account of him. Dr. Rose, Dr. Dunbar, and Sam Rose, the Doctor’s son, dined with us. We expected the rest of our party early; though the absence of Dr. Johnson, whom they were all invited to meet, took off the spirit of the evening.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 1ST.—I was again at Mrs. Vesey’s, where again I met Mr. Walpole, Mr. Pepys, Miss Elliott, Mr. Burke, his wife and son, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and some others.

Mr. Burke was extremely kind to me, but not at all in spirits. He is tormented by the political state of affairs; and loses, I really believe, all the comfort of his life, at the very time he is risen to the station his ambition has long pointed out to him.

I had the satisfaction to hear from Sir Joshua that Dr. Johnson had dined with him at the Club. I look upon him, therefore, now, as quite recovered. I called the next morning to congratulate him, and found him very gay and very good-humoured.

SATURDAY, JULY 5TH.—My father and I went to dinner at Winchester House, Chelsea. Mrs. North was rather cold at first,

and reproached me with my long absence, but soon made up, and almost forced from me a promise to go to Farnham, as the only condition of her forgiveness. She is clever, bright, pleasing, eccentric, and amusingly whimsical; and she is also beautiful: but her manner has something in it alarming, that seems always upon the *qui vive*.

SUNDAY, JULY 6TH.—We have now a new man who is always at our house, M. Berquin, a French author* who came here a week or two since to present to “Mlle. Berni,” his work, which is called, *L’Ami des Enfants*. We had a droll interview enough, but I cannot give the time for writing it: but he desired my mother to deliver me the books, with a thousand fine speeches, and never once suspected I was the Mlle., though I was in the room all the time. I have since made some acquaintance with him; but his rapture when I talk to him is too great to be excited often, therefore I am chary of my words. O you would laugh to see how *enchanté* he thinks fit to appear. His book, however, is extremely pretty, and admirably adapted to its purpose,—that of instructing not only in French, and in reading,—but in morals, all the children who meet this their true *ami*.

JULY 7TH.—I spent the whole day with sweet Mrs. Delany, whom I love most tenderly. I always long to ask for her blessing. We had no company but Mrs. Sandford, an old lady who was formerly her *élève*, and who seems well worthy that honour. In the evening, came in Mr. Walpole, gay, though caustic; polite, though sneering; and entertainingly epigrammatical. I like and admire, but I could not love, nor trust him.

I have always forgot to mention to you a Poem, by young Hoole, called “*Aurelia, or the Contest*.”† He sent it me, and I soon found the reason. His “*Aurelia*” runs through the hackneyed round of folly and dissipation, and then appears suddenly to her, in a vision,

“The guardian power, whose secret sway
The wiser females of the world obey.”

This guardian power tells her what he has done for his favourites,—that he gave to Dudley’s wife

* Arnauld de Berquin, born at Bordeaux, 1749, and died at Paris, 1791.

† By the Rev. Samuel Hoole, son of John Hoole, the translator of Tasso

"A nobler fortitude than heroes reach,
And virtue greater than the sages teach."

Then, skipping suddenly to modern times, that he instructed

"Streatfield, the learn'd, the gay, in blooming years,"

to assist the poor, to attend the sick, and watch over her dying
old tutor, Dr. Collier. Then, that he directed

"Carter's piercing eyes
To roll inquisitive through starry skies."

That he

"To Chapone th' important task assigned
To smoothe the temper and improve the mind."

That he told More

"To guide unthinking youth," &c.!

And then he says—

"I stood, a favouring muse, at Burney's side,
To lash unfeeling Wealth and stubborn Pride,
Soft Affectation, insolently vain,
And wild Extravagance, with all her sweeping train ;
Led her that modern Hydra to engage,
And paint a Harrel to a maddening age ;
Then bade the moralist, admired and praised,
Fly from the loud applause her talent raised."

And then the coterie concludes with Mrs. Montagu. What
think you of this our guardian genius ?

SATURDAY, JULY 12TH.—My father and Charlotte and I went
again to spend the day at Winchester House. We met Dr. and
Mrs. Warren, and two of their sons, and Mr. Sayre, an agreeable
young man.

In the evening my father, Hetty, Charlotte, and I, went to Le
Tessier's. To-night he charmed me more than ever by "*Le Roi
à la Chasse*." His talents are truly wonderful, and I have never,
but from Garrick and Pacchierotti, received equal pleasure in
public.

JULY 15TH.—To-day my father, my mother, and I, went by
appointment to dine and spend the day at Twickenham with the
Cambridges. Soon after our arrival Mr. C. asked if we would
like to walk, to which we most readily agreed.

We had not strolled far before we were followed by Mr. George. No sooner did his father perceive him, than, hastily coming up to my side, he began a separate conversation with me; and leaving his son the charge of all the rest, he made me walk off with him from them all. It was really a droll manœuvre, but he seemed to enjoy it highly, and though he said not a word of his design, I am sure it reminded me of his own old trick to his son, when listening to a dull story, in saying to the relator—"Tell the rest of that to George." And if George was in as good-humour with his party as his father was with his *tête-à-tête*, why, all were well pleased. As soon as we had fairly got away from them, Mr. Cambridge, with the kindest smiles of satisfaction, said—"I give you my word I never was more pleased at anything in my life than I am now at having you here to-day."

I told him that I had felt so glad at seeing him again, after so long an absence, that I had really half a mind to have made up to him myself, and shook hands.

"You cannot imagine," said he, "how you flatter me; and there is nothing, I do assure you, of which I am prouder, than seeing you have got the better of your fear of me, and feeling that I am not afraid of you."

"Of me, sir?—but how should you be?"

"Nay, I give you my word, if I was not conscious of the greatest purity of mind, I should more fear you than anybody in the world."

Which had the greatest compliment, Susy—he or me?

"You know everything, everybody," he continued, "so wonderfully well!"

Afterwards, when we were speaking of illness and of dying, he assured me that, however pleasant his life was just now, he should feel nothing in giving it up; for he could not tell what misery he might be saved by death, nor what sin. And when this led me on to say I had never an illness in my life, without thinking, "probably I had better die now," he joined in it with such Christian reasoning as almost surprised as much as it edified me.

We then, I know not how, fell into discussing the characters

of forward and flippant women; and I told him it was my fortune to be, in general, a very great favourite with them, though I felt so little gratitude for that honour, that the smallest discernment would show them it was all thrown away.

"Why, it is very difficult," said he, "for a woman to get rid of those forward characters without making them her enemies. But with a man it is different. Now I have a very peculiar happiness which I will tell you. I never took very much to a very amiable woman but I found she took also to me, and I have the good fortune to be in the perfect confidence of some of the first women in this kingdom; but, then, there are a great many women that I dislike, and think very impertinent and foolish, and, do you know, they all dislike me too!—they absolutely cannot bear me! Now, I don't know, of those two things, which is the greatest happiness."

How characteristic this!—do you not hear him saying it?

We now renewed our conversation upon various of our acquaintances, particularly Mr. Pepys, Mr. Langton, and Mrs. Montagu. We stayed in this field, sitting and sauntering, near an hour. We then went to a stile, just by the river side, where the prospect is very beautiful, and there we again seated ourselves. Nothing could be more pleasant, though the wind was so high I was almost blown into the water.

He now traced to me great part of his life and conduct in former times, and told me a thousand excellent anecdotes of himself and his associates. He summed them all up in a way that gave me equal esteem and regard for him, in saying he found society the only thing for lasting happiness; that, if he had not met a woman he could permanently love, he must, with every other advantage, have been miserable; but that such was his good fortune, that "to and at this moment," he said, "there is no sight so pleasing to me as seeing Mrs. Cambridge enter a room; and that after having been married to her for forty years. And the next most pleasing sight to me is an amiable woman."

He then assured me that almost all the felicity of his life both had consisted, and did still consist, in female society. It was, indeed, he said, very rare, but there was nothing like it.

"And if agreeable women," cried I, "are rare, much more so, I think, are agreeable men; at least, among my acquaintance they are very few, indeed, that are highly agreeable."

"Yes, and when they are so," said he, "it is difficult for you to have their society with any intimacy or comfort; there are always so many reasons why you cannot know them."

He very kindly regretted seeing so little of me, and said—

"This is nothing—such a visit as this. If you could come now, and spend a month with us, that is what I want. If you could but come for a month."

We continued chatting till we came to the end of the meadow, and there we stopped, and again were joined by the company.

Mr. Cambridge now proposed the water, to which I eagerly agreed.

We had an exceeding pleasant excursion. We went up the river beyond the Duke of Montagu's, and the water was smooth and delightful. Methinks I should much like to sail from the very source to the mouth of the Thames.

* * * * *

Mr. Cambridge told an absurd story of Dr. Monso, a strange, gross man, who, at Mr. Garrick's table, called out to a very timid young woman to help him to some greens. She did her office slow and awkwardly, and he called out again, in a loud voice: "You trollop, some greens, I say!" The man, it seems, was a humourist. Oh, from such humourists Heaven shield us! I would rather live with the dullest of the dull.

After dinner we again repaired to the lawn in a general body; but we had scarce moved ten paces, before Mr. Cambridge again walked off with me, to a seat that had a very fine view of Petersham wood, and there we renewed our confabulation.

He now showed me a note from Mr. Gibbon, sent to engage himself to Twickenham on the unfortunate day he got his ducking. It is the most affected little piece of writing I ever saw. He shall attend him, he says, at Twickenham, and upon the water, as soon as the weather is propitious, and the Thames, that amiable creature, is ready to receive him.

Nothing, to be sure, could be so apt as such a reception as that "amiable creature" happened to give him! Mr. Cambridge said it was "God's revenge against conceit."

THURSDAY, JULY 17TH.—I went with my dear father to-day to dine and spend the evening at Lady Mary Duncan's. How vexatious never to have made this visit till it was necessarily the last in which I could see Pacchierotti there! He was in good humour, and more tolerable spirits than I have lately seen him in. Lady Shaub, mother to Mrs. Locke, and Miss Shaub, her sister, and Sir John Elliot, made all the dinner party. The two Miss Bulls came in the evening.

Pacchierotti did not sing one song accompanied, but he sang several little airs and ballads, English, Scotch, French, and Italian, most deliciously. I had a very agreeable day, and I saw he was quite delighted that I made one of the party, and that added to my delight almost its sum total,—though add is a little Irish there. Oh how the Miss Bulls do idolise him! They profess thinking him quite angelic, and declared they should even look upon it as a favour to be beat by him! I laughed violently at this extravagance, and vowed I would tell him. They desired no better. We called him to us; but I was really ashamed myself when I found they were not. He leaned down his head very patiently for an explanation.

"Do tell him!" cried they, both together.

"What?" cried he; "what does the sweet Miss Burney say?"

"Oh, oh!" cried one;—"Oh dear!" cried the other; "how he speaks to Miss Burney!"

"Miss Burney," cried he, quite warmly and undauntedly, "is a treasure!"

"Oh dear!—only hear him, Lady Mary!" exclaimed Miss Catherine Bull; "he says Miss Burney is a treasure!"

"Well, and is it not true?" said she, graciously.

"Oh, yes!" answered she, half laughing, yet in a repining voice; "but I don't like to hear him say so."

This was our sort of chat almost all the evening, with various imitations, and light summer singing, from Pacchierotti. Miss Bulls made me make many promises about our future acquaintance, and Lady Mary was all graciousness and intimacy.

FRIDAY, JULY 18TH.—I called in the morning upon my dear Mrs. Delany, who received me with the utmost kindness, and whom I really love even more than I admire. I appointed to spend Tuesday with her. And so I would any other day she had named, or even any week. It is sweet, it is consolatory to me to be honoured with so much of her favour as to see her always eager to fix a time for our next and next meeting. I feel no cares with her. I think myself with the true image and representative of my loved grandmother, and I seem as if I could never do wrong while I keep her in my mind, and as if to suffer it were immaterial, if only in worldly considerations.

These thoughts, and this composure, alas! will not last long; but it is pleasant to feel it even if for a few hours. I wish you knew her. I would not give up my knowledge of her for the universe. Nothing has so truly calmed my mind since its late many disturbances, as her society: the religious turn which kindness and wisdom from old age gives to all commerce with it, brings us out of anxiety and misery, a thousand times more successfully than gaiety or dissipation have power to do.

SATURDAY, JULY 19TH.—This morning a letter was brought into my room, and the maid said it came from Mr. Cambridge, but that the messenger was gone. I opened, and will copy it. The lines were suggested by my father's portrait in Barry's great painting.

“When Chloe's picture was to Venus shown,
Surprised, the goddess took it for her own.”—PRIOR.

“When Burney's picture was to Gibbon shown,
The pleased historian took it for his own;
‘For who, with shoulders dry, and powder'd locks,
E'er bathed, but I?’ he said, and rapp'd his box.”

Barry replied—

“My lasting colours show
What gifts the painter's pencil can bestow,
With nymphs of Thames, those amiable creatures,
I placed the charming minstrel's smiling features:
And let not, then, his *bonne fortune* concern ye,
For there are nymphs enough for you and Burney.”

Pacchierotti is gone; and I most provokingly missed seeing him at his leave-taking visit; which has vexed me exceedingly.

Miss Burney to Mrs. Phillips.

October 3rd, 1783.

Ah, my Susy, how I miss you already!—how I want you by my side! I have been repeating internally, all day long, these heartfelt lines—

“I prized ev’ry hour that pass’d by
Beyond all that had pleased me before.
But now they are gone!—and I sigh
And I grieve that I prized them no more.”

For I seem dissatisfied with myself, and as if I had not made the most of being with you. Yet I am sure I cannot tell how I could have made more. Were I but certain of meeting you again in any decent time—but I have a thousand fears that something will interfere and prevent that happiness; and there is nothing like being with you, my Susy—to me, nothing in the world.

That kind Kitty!—I found a basket filled with all sort of good things from her. I believe she has determined I never shall be ill again, or at least have no illness for which she has not prepared a remedy. Really, between her medicines, and the dear Capitano’s cosmetics, I shall expect to become stout and beautiful. I don’t know which will happen first, and I am determined not to ask which is most probable.

My father and I began first upon Berquin, to drive you all a little out of our heads; and then, when we were a little soothed by his feeling and elegant writing, we had recourse to Pasquin, to put us in better spirits. And so we laughed. But I must own I too frequently meet with disgust in all Fielding’s dramatic works, to laugh with a good heart even at his wit, excellent as it is; and I should never myself think it worth wading through so much dirt to get at. Where any of his best strokes are picked out for me, or separately quoted, I am always highly pleased, and can grin most cordially; but where I hear the bad with the good, it preponderates too heavily to suffer my mind to give the good fair play.

F. B.

Journal Resumed.

THURSDAY, OCT. 29TH.—This morning, at breakfast, Mr. Hoole called. I wanted to call upon Dr. Johnson, and it is so disagreeable to me to go to him alone, now poor Mrs. Williams is dead, on account of the quantity of men always visiting him, that I most gladly accepted, and almost asked, his 'squireship.

We went together. The dear Doctor received me with open arms.

"Ah, dearest of all dear ladies!" he cried, and made me sit in his best chair.

He had not breakfasted.

"Do you forgive my coming so soon?" said I.

"I cannot forgive your not coming sooner," he answered.

I asked if I should make his breakfast, which I have not done since we left Streatham; he readily consented.

"But sir," quoth I, "I am in the wrong chair." For I was away from the table.

"It is so difficult," said he, "for anything to be wrong that belongs to you, that it can only be I am in the wrong chair, to keep you from the right one."

And then we changed.

You will see by this how good were his spirits and his health.

I stayed with him two hours, and could hardly get away; he wanted me to dine with him, and said he would send home to excuse me; but I could not possibly do that. Yet I left him with real regret.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 19TH. I received a letter from Dr. Johnson, which I have not by me, but will try to recollect.

"To Miss Burney.

"Madam,—You have now been at home this long time, and yet I have neither seen nor heard from you. Have we quarrelled?"

"I have met with a volume of the 'Philosophical Transactions,' which I imagine to belong to Dr. Burney. Miss Charlotte will please to examine.

"Pray send me a direction where Mrs. Chapone lives; and

pray, some time, let me have the honour of telling you how much I am, madam, your most humble servant,

SAM. JOHNSON.

"Bolt Court, Nov. 19th, 1783."

Now if ever you read anything more dry, tell me. I was shocked to see him undoubtedly angry, but took courage, and resolved to make a serious defence; therefore thus I answered,—

"To Dr. Johnson.

"DEAR SIR,—May I not say dear? for quarrelled I am sure we have not. The bad weather alone has kept me from waiting upon you; but now you have condescended to give me a summons, no lion shall stand in the way of my making your tea this afternoon, unless I receive a prohibition from yourself, and then I must submit; for what, as you said of a certain great lady, signifies the barking of a lap-dog, if once the lion puts out his paw?

"The book was very right. Mrs. Chapone lives at either No. 7 or 8 in Dean Street, Soho.

"I beg you, sir, to forgive a delay for which I can only 'tax the elements with unkindness,' and to receive, with your usual goodness and indulgence, your ever most obliged and most faithful humble servant,

"F. BURNEY.

"St. Martin's Street, Nov. 19th, 1783.

My dear father spared me the coach, and to Bolt Court therefore I went, and with open arms was I received. Nobody was there but Charles and Mr. Sastres, and Dr. Johnson was, if possible, more instructive, entertaining, good-humoured, and exquisitely fertile, than ever. He thanked me repeatedly for coming, and was so kind I could hardly ever leave him.

* * * * *

In the evening I accompanied Mrs. Ord to Mrs. Pepys. There we met Dr. Pepys, and Lady Rothes, and Mr. Hawkins Browne,* and had a very sociable evening.

* Hawkins Browne, son of Isaac Hawkins Browne, author of an elegant Latin poem entitled "De Animi Immortalitate," which was translated by Soame Jenyns.

Mr. Pepys read to us Miss More's "Bas Bleu" again. I longed to ask for a copy, but did not dare, to send to Twickenham.

Dr. Pepys had a long private conference with me concerning Mrs. Thrale, with whose real state of health he is better acquainted than anybody; and sad, indeed, was all that he said.

There are some new lines added to the "Bas Bleu," upon wit and attention; and Mr. Pepys chose to insist upon it I had sat to Miss More for the portrait of Attention, which is very admirably drawn; but the compliment is preposterous, because the description is the most flattering.

SATURDAY, NOV. 22ND.—I passed in nothing but sorrow—exquisite sorrow, for my dear unhappy friend, who sent me one letter, that came early by the Bath Diligence, and another by the post. But of these things no more.

I am sorry not to be more explicit, but I should not give you more pleasure if I were. I can only now tell you that I love Mrs. Thrale with a never-to-cease affection, and pity her more than ever I pitied any human being; and, if I did not blame her, I could, I should, I believe, almost die for her!

I am extremely sorry, my dearest Susy, that in the late distress of my mind about poor Mrs. Thrale, I mentioned anything that has so much interested you to know more. It is too true that many know all,—but none from me. I am bound, and should be miserable not to say, if called upon, and not to know, if not called upon, that no creature, not even you to whom I communicate everything else, nor the trusty Charlotte with whom I live, and who sees my frequent distress upon the subject, has tempted me to an explanation. General rumour I have no means to prevent spreading.

* * * *

I am still as much bent as ever to go to her, if I can obtain leave; but I will mention no more of the matter, since the difficulties under which I labour not to offend or afflict that beloved friend, and yet to do nothing wrong, are by no means new, though of late they have grown doubly painful. I will only say further, that though her failings are unaccountable and

most unhappy, her virtues and good qualities, the generosity and feeling of her heart, the liberality and sweetness of her disposition, would counterbalance a thousand more.

This I say, lest you should think something worse than the truth—something stranger you cannot. I am very sorry not to satisfy you more; but when you weigh what I have said, you will be sensible I have reasons to preserve silence; though to myself, believe me, 'tis by far most painful, and has long been most cruel.

TUESDAY, NOV. 25TH.—I went this morning to Lady Mary Duncan, whose visit my father grew angry that I did not return. She admitted me, and kept me full two hours. She is really entertaining, very entertaining, though not very respectably always, as everything she says has some mixture of absurdity in the manner, even when the idea is faultless. She much invited me to frequent visits, and was excessively civil and courteous. Our talk was all of her late Sir William and Pacchierotti. She runs from one to the other with a most ludicrous facility, as if well content they should share her favour, divide her thoughts, and keep the use of her tongue wholly to themselves.

TUESDAY, DEC. 9.—This evening I went to Mrs. Vesey's at last. I was obliged to go alone, as my father would not be earlier than nine o'clock; an hour too fine-ladyish for me to choose visiting at. But as I cannot bear entering a room full of company *sola*, I went soon after seven.

I found, as I wished, no creature but Mrs. Vesey and Mrs. Hancock, who lives with her. I soon made my peace, for several delays and excuses I have sent her, as she is excessively good-natured, and then we had near an hour to ourselves. And then, the first person who came,—who do you think it was?—Mr. Cambridge, senr. I leave you to guess whether or not I felt glad; and I leave you, also, to share in my surprise upon finding he was uninvited and unexpected; for Mrs. Vesey looked at him with open surprise.

As soon as the salutations were over, Mrs. Vesey, with her usual odd simplicity, asked him what had put him upon calling?

"The desire," cried he, "to see you. But what! are there only you three?—nothing but women?"

"Some more are coming," answered she, "and some of your friends ; so you are in luck."

"They are men, I hope," cried he, laughing ; "for I can't bear being with only women!"

"Poor Mr. Cambridge," cried I, "what will become of him ? I know not, indeed, if the three women now present overpower him."

"To be sure they do," cried he, "for I like nothing in the world but men ! So if you have not some men coming, I declare off."

Mrs. Vesey and Mrs. Hancock stared, and I laughed ; but neither of us could discover what he was aiming at, though he continued this raillery some time, till he exclaimed,—

"Well, I am sure of one friend, however, to stick by me, for one has promised me to come."

"And who is that ?" said Mrs. Vesey, staring more.

"Why, a Christian-maker!"

"A Christian-maker !—who's that ?"

"Why, one who is gone to-night to make two Christians, and when they are made, will come to see if he can make any more here."

"Who is it ?"

"My son."

"Oh !—well, I am always glad to see him."

Mr. Cambridge then ran on with other such speeches ; but Mrs. Vesey sat gravely pondering, and then called out—

"Pray, how did your son know I should be at home ?"

"Why, he does not know it," answered Mr. Cambridge ; "but he intends coming to try."

She said no more, but I saw she looked extremely perplexed.

Soon after Miss E—— entered. She is a sort of yea and nay young gentlewoman, to me very wearisome. Mr. Cambridge during the reception, came up to me, and whispered with a laugh—

"I called upon your friend, Mrs. Ord, this morning, and she told me you would be here to-night."

I laughed, too, but thanked him, and we were going on with

our own chat when Mrs. Vesey, as if from a sudden thought came up to us, and patting Mr. Cambridge on the arm, said—

“I dare say you came to meet Miss Burney?”

“Me?—no,” cried he, “I came to meet Miss E——;” and, immediately quitting me, he went to talk with her.

This was rather a home stroke to be sure, yet I really believe accidental.

Soon after came Mrs. Walsingham, and insisted upon sitting next me, to whom she is most marvellous civil.

Then came Mr. Vesey, with Sir Joshua Reynolds and Mr. Richard Burke, from dinner. I was very glad to see Sir Joshua, who came up to shake hands with me; while Mr. Richard Burke called out aloud from the other end of the room, in his Irish facetious way—

“Oho! I shall go round to speak with Miss Burney!”

I so hate these public addresses, that I received him with the most chilling gravity; and, after he had leant over my chair a minute or two, with inquiries about my health and my father, he quietly went away, and liked his reception too little to return.

The next were Mrs. Burke and her son. I should have liked much to have sat by the former, who spoke to me with the greatest politeness; but I was hemmed in between Mrs. Walsingham and Miss E——.

Lady Spencer brought with her a collection of silver ears, to serve instead of trumpets, to help deafness. They had belonged to the late Lord, and she presented them to Mrs. Vesey, who, with great *naïveté*, began trying them on before us all; and a more ludicrous sight you cannot imagine.

Sir William Hamilton* followed; and then a coterie was formed at the other side the room, by all the men but young Burke, who would not quit my elbow.

Miss E—— then came next to me again, and worried me with

* Sir William Hamilton, K.B., was Ambassador at Naples for thirty-six years. His mother was nurse to George III., who, on coming to the throne, made young Hamilton his equerry. He was a person of excellent taste, which he chiefly directed to antiquarian researches connected with the classical vicinity in which he so long resided. His collection of antique vases (which after his death was purchased by government for the British Museum) was, and still remains, unrivalled. He died in 1803.

most uninteresting prosing, never allowing me to listen for two minutes following to either Sir William Hamilton or my dear Mr. Cambridge, though they were both relating anecdotes the most entertaining.

During this came Mr. George Cambridge. The sight of Mrs. Vesey, rising to receive him with one of her silver ears on, and the recollection of several accounts given me of her wearing them, made me unable to keep my countenance.

Mrs. Vesey offered him a chair next to Miss E——; but while she was moving to make way for him, down dropped her ear.

Mr. G. C. was going to speak, when Mrs. Vesey interrupted him, by saying—

“Did you know Mr. Wallace, Mr. Cambridge?”

“No, ma’am.”

“It’s a very disagreeable thing, I think,” said she, “when one has just made acquaintance with anybody, and likes them, to have them die.”

This speech set me grinning so irresistibly that I was forced to begin filliping off the crumbs of the macaroon cake from my muff, for an excuse for looking down.

Just then my father came in: and then Mr. G. C. came, and took the chair half beside me.

I told him of some new members for Dr. Johnson’s club.

“I think,” said he, “it sounds more like some club that one reads of in the ‘Spectator,’ than like a real club in these times; for the forfeits of a whole year will not amount to those of a single night in other clubs. Does Pepys belong to it?”

“Oh, no! he is quite of another party! He is head man on the side of the defenders of Lord Lyttelton. Besides, he has had enough of Dr. Johnson; for they had a grand battle upon the Life of Lyttelton, at Streatham.”

“And had they really a serious quarrel? I never imagined it had amounted to that.”

“Oh, yes, serious enough, I assure you. I never saw Dr. Johnson really in a passion but then: and dreadful, indeed, it

was to see. I wished myself away a thousand times. It was a frightful scene. He so red, poor Mr. Pepys so pale !”

“But how did it begin ? What did he say ?”

“Oh, Dr. Johnson came to the point without much ceremony. He called out aloud, before a large company, at dinner, ‘What have you to say, sir, to me or of me ? Come forth, man ! I hear you object to my ‘Life of Lord Lyttelton.’ What are your objections ? If you have anything to say, let’s hear it. Come forth, man, when I call you !”*

“What a call, indeed ! Why, then, he fairly bullied him into a quarrel !”

“Yes. And I was the more sorry, because Mr. Pepys had begged of me, before they met, not to let Lord Lyttelton be mentioned. Now, I had no more power to prevent it than this macaroon cake in my hand.”

“It was behaving ill to Mrs. Thrale, certainly, to quarrel in her house.”

“Yes ; but he never repeated it ; though he wished of all things to have gone through just such another scene with Mrs. Montagu, and to refrain was an act of heroic forbearance.”

“Why, I rather wonder he did not ; for she was the head of the set of Lytteltonians.”

“Oh, he knows that ; he calls Mr. Pepys only her prime minister.”

“And what does he call her ?”

“‘Queen,’ to be sure ! ‘Queen of the Blues !’ She came to Streatham one morning, and I saw he was dying to attack her. But he had made a promise to Mrs. Thrale to have no more quarrels in her house, and so he forced himself to forbear. Indeed he was very much concerned, when it was over, for what had passed ; and very candid and generous in acknowledging it. He is too noble to adhere to wrong.”

“And how did Mrs. Montagu herself behave ?”

“Very stately, indeed, at first. She turned from him very stiffly, and with a most distant air, and without even curtsying to him, and with a firm intention to keep to what she had publicly declared—that she would never speak to him more ;

* *Vide supra*, p. 354—355.

However, he went up to her himself, longing to begin ! and very roughly said, 'Well, madam, what's become of your fine new house ? I hear no more of it.' "

"But how did she bear this ?"

"Why she was obliged to answer him ; and she soon grew so frightened—as everybody does—that she was as civil as ever."

He laughed heartily at this account. But I told him Dr. Johnson was now much softened. He had acquainted me, when I saw him last, that he had written to her upon the death of Mrs. Williams, because she had allowed her something yearly, which now ceased.

"'And I had a very kind answer from her,' said he.

"'Well then, sir,' cried I, 'I hope peace now will be again proclaimed.'

"'Why, I am now,' said he, 'come to that time when I wish all bitterness and animosity to be at an end. I have never done her any serious harm—nor would I ; though I could give her a bite !—but she must provoke me much first. In volatile talk, indeed, I may have spoken of her not much to her mind ; for in the tumult of conversation malice is apt to grow sprightly ; and there, I hope, I am not yet decrepid !' "

He quite laughed aloud at this characteristic speech.

"I most readily assured the Doctor that I had never yet seen him limp !"

Mr. G. C. told me next a characteristic stroke of Mr. Walpole's. It is the custom, you know, among the Macaronies, to wear two watches, which, it is always observed, never go together : "So I suppose," says he, in his finical way, "one is to tell us what o'clock *it is*, and the other what o'clock *it is not*."

Another Walpolian Mr. G. C. told me, upon the Duc de Bouillon, who tries to pass for an Englishman, and calls himself Mr. Godfrey. "But I think," says Mr. Walpole, "he might better take an English title, and call himself the *Duke of Mutton Broth*."

TUESDAY.—I spent the afternoon with Dr. Johnson, who indeed is very ill, and whom I could hardly tell how to leave. But he is rather better since, though still in a most alarming

way. Indeed, I am very much afraid for him! He was very, very kind!—Oh, what a cruel, heavy loss will he be!

You have heard the whole story of Mr. Burke, the Chelsea Hospital, and his most charming letter? To-day he called, and, as my father was out, inquired for me. He made a thousand apologies for breaking in upon me, but said the business was finally settled at the Treasury. Nothing could be more delicate, more elegant than his manner of doing this kindness. I don't know whether he was most polite or most friendly in his whole behaviour to me. I could almost have cried when he said, "This is my last act in office:!"* he said it with so manly a cheerfulness, in the midst of undisguised regret. What a man he is!

FRIDAY, DEC. 19TH.—This morning Mr. Cambridge, sen. came again, and I had a charming *tête-à-tête* with him. He most comically congratulated himself upon finding me alone: "for now," says he, "you will talk to me." He then repeatedly hoped he did not disturb me, which I assured him he could never do, and then we began our usual conversation upon every sort of thing that came uppermost.

Some time after he said,—

"Gay as you may think me, I am always upon the watch for evil: only I do not look for it, like the croakers, to be miserable, but to prevent it. And, for this purpose, I am constantly turning about in my own mind every possible evil that can happen, and then I make it my whole business to guard against it."

I went afterwards, by long appointment, to Mr. Burrows's to meet Mr. and Mrs. Barbauld. Mrs. Chapone carried me.

Mrs. Chapone herself is the most superiorly unaffected creature you can conceive, and full of *agréments* from good sense, talents, and conversational powers, in defiance of age, infirmities, and uncommon ugliness. I really love as well as admire and esteem her.

* This alludes to Dr. Burney's appointment to the office of organist to the chapel of Chelsea Hospital.

DEC. 27TH.—We went at night, according to appointment, to the Pepys. We found only Lady Rothes, Sir Lucas Pepys, for Dr. Pepys has just been made a baronet, Lord Leslie, a youth of about eighteen, son of Lady Rothes, Mr. Montagu, Mr. Wraxall,* and the master and mistress. Mrs. Walsingham and Miss Boyle went to one side of the room, and I was placed next Lady Rothes on the other.

All the Pepys were in good humour and good spirits; their new dignity has elated without making them impertinent.

TUESDAY, DEC. 30TH.—I went to Dr. Johnson, and spent the evening with him. He was very indifferent, indeed. There were some very disagreeable people with him; and he once affected me very much, by turning suddenly to me, and grasping my hand, and saying,—

“The blister I have tried for my breath has betrayed some very bad tokens; but I will not terrify myself by talking of them
ah, *priez Dieu pour moi!*”

You may believe I promised that I would!—Good and excellent as he is, how can he so fear death?—Alas, my Susy, how awful is that idea!—He was quite touchingly affectionate to me. How earnestly I hope for his recovery!

* Nathaniel William Wraxall was a voluminous writer of travels, historical works, memoirs, &c. He was the son of a Bristol merchant, and passed the early part of his life in India, in the civil service of the Company. In 1813 he was created a baronet, and died in 1831.

CHAPTER XVII.

1784.

Mrs. Delany—A Visit to Her—Kindness of Queen Charlotte—Mrs. Carter—The Duchess of Portland—Miss Twining—Letter from Mrs. Thrale—R. Owen Cambridge—A *Conversazione* at Mrs. Vesey's—Mr. Jerningham—Literary Ladies—Mrs. Montagu and Mrs. Carter—Sir W. Hamilton—The Hamilton Vase—Party at Mr. Pepys's—Letter from Mrs. Thrale—Bath Society—Dinner at Mrs. Fitzgerald's—Mrs. Montagu, Mrs. Garrick, the Bishop of St. Asaph—Visit to Dr. Johnson—Sir Philip Clerke—R. Owen Cambridge—The Dulness of Set Parties—Mrs. Lock—Party at Mrs. Thrale's—Mrs. Montagu, Mrs. Garrick, Hannah More, Mrs. Chapone—A Day with Mrs. Delany—Her Correspondence with Swift and Young—The Loss of Friends—Age and Youth—Lady Andover—A Literary Breakfast—Flying Visits—Dinner at the Bishop of Winchester's—Evening Party at Sir Joshua Reynolds's—Letter from Mrs. Thrale—More Dinner Parties—Resignation—Sad Anticipations—Marriage of Mrs. Thrale—Visit to Mrs. Lock at Norbury Park—Madame de Genlis—Happy News—Boulogne Sixty Years Ago—Life at Norbury Park—Madame de Sévigné—Domestic Adventures—Moravians—Defence of Mrs. Piozzi—Illness of Dr. Johnson—Anecdote—Johnson's Opinion of Mrs. Piozzi's Marriage—The Bristol Milk-woman—Johnson's Definition of Genins—Visit to Norbury Park—Letters from Miss Burney to Dr. Burney and Mrs. Lock—Lord George Gordon—The Duchess of Devonshire, and Blanchard the Aeronaut—Dr. Johnson's last Illness—Anecdotes of his Last Days—His Death.

TUESDAY, JAN. 6TH.—I spent the afternoon with Dr. Johnson, and had the great satisfaction of finding him better.

THURSDAY, JAN. 8TH.—I dined with Mrs. Delany.* The vener-

* This lady, who was born in 1700, was daughter of John Granville, Esq., and niece of Pope's Lansdowne—"of every muse the friend." She became, in 1743, the second wife of Dr. Patrick Delany, the intimate friend of Dean Swift, and of whom, after his death, he wrote a work, entitled, "*Observations on Swift*." Her husband was himself promoted to an Irish deanery (that of Down) the year after their marriage, in

able and excellent old lady received me with open arms, and we kissed one another as if she had been my sweet grandmother, whom she always reminds me of. She looks as well as ever, only rather thinner; but she is as lively, gay, pleasant, good-humoured, and animated, as at eighteen. She sees, she says, much worse; "but I am thankful," she added, cheerfully, "I can see at all at my age. My greatest loss is the countenance of my friends; however, to see even the light is a great blessing."

She showed me a most elegant and ingenious loom, which the Queen made her a present of last summer at Windsor, for making fringe; and a gold knitting needle given her by the King. And she told me the whole history of their manner of presenting them, with a sort of grateful simplicity that was quite affecting. Did I ever tell you of the letter the Queen wrote her, when she gave her a beautiful case of instruments for her curious works? She signed it her "affectionate Queen." I quite reverence the Queen for her sense of Mrs. Delany's merit.

We had, however, but half an hour alone, and it seemed to me much shorter. Mrs. Carter and Miss Hamilton came to dinner.

Mrs. Carter is a charming woman; I never liked her so much before; but I never before saw so much of her to like. Miss Hamilton I have nothing new to say about; I had no opportunity to ask her for the *Bas Bleu*, as I had never been near her, and was much reproached, and had peace to make for myself.

In the evening the Duchess of Portland came, and was very gracious and very agreeable. Lady Dartmouth, also, who seems a very plain, unaffected, worthy woman; Mrs. Levison, one of Mrs. Boscawen's daughters, and Miss G——, a maid of honour, whom I have been invited three days following to meet at Mrs. Walsingham's. She has had, it seems, a man's education; yet she is young, pretty, and, at times, very engaging. She seems unequal, and, I am told, can be very saucy and supercilious.

1744. Mrs. Delany was left a widow in 1768, and was 83 years of age when she is first mentioned in the Diary. Lord Orford speaks of her skill in painting, and in imitating flowers in cut and coloured paper. For further references to this venerable and interesting lady, see Sir Walter Scott's "Life of Swift."

The evening did very well, but the first half hour was worth the whole day.

Mrs. Thrale to Miss F. Burney.

Bath, January 15, 1784.

Well, my dearest Burney—now Mrs. Byron is ill, and all my tenderness returns. Do send her the inclosed, and let me know whether she is bad or no. Poor soul! she loves me dearly in her way, and if I do not like her method, 'tis no reason for rejecting her regard.

I have got a world of franks, and shall torment you accordingly.

Sir Lucas Pepys received a letter from me the other day, all about my health; perhaps he'll answer it; and Seward hears all the particulars as if he were an old nurse.

As for being well in this weather, it were as rational to bid me calm the heats of Parliament as my own agitated nerves: but, as the man in "The Rambler" says, "perhaps I shall mend in the spring."

Air balloons go no faster than post-horses at last! I caught my death almost by looking at one the other day, which went to Bristol in an hour from hence. I dare say Sir John Lade's phaeton would have beaten our Icarus out of sight.

Adieu, my love, and may God bless you but as is wished and prayed for by your own

H. L. T.

Diary Resumed.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 15TH.—My Bath journey, my dear Susy, I know not what to say about; could I go for one fortnight nothing could so much rejoice me; for I even languish, I pine to see again my beloved and very—oh, very unhappy Mrs. Thrale! I know well the meeting, as things are at present situated, would half kill her with joy, and me with a thousand feelings I keep off as well as I can; but I cannot tell how to arrange matters

for this purpose. The expense of such an expedition, for so short a time, I know not how even to name to my father, who has a thousand reasons against my going, all founded on arguments unanswerable.

I had a very long conference with dear Mr. Cambridge, who returned to town with undiminished kindness for me, as he showed in a manner that will amaze you. Charlotte was with us at first, but soon retired; and we had then an hour or two by ourselves.

He began by talking of the preceding evening at Mrs. Ord's, and its heaviness. I was half ready to laugh—there was something so *naïf* in the complaint.

“But I must tell you,” said he, “how I made George laugh, though not intending it, after we got into Mortimer Street last night. ‘Why, George,’ says I, ‘what an evening we have had here! Why, there’s neither been mirth nor instruction!’”

“Mrs. Ord,” cried I, “is a very friendly woman, and very sensible; and, indeed, I go to see her because I have a real regard for her, and she has the warmest regard for me; but I don’t go expecting entertainment from her brilliancy.”

“Oh, it is quite right for you, and quite another thing for you; but for me, who come seldom to town, it does not answer; for I always want either to hear something that is new, or something that is pleasant. But it is very well for you who live in town and I would have you go.”

We had then a little further talk about the evening, after which, in a very serious tone, Mr. Cambridge said—

“And now I have something very interesting to say to you. I hardly know how to tell it you; but you must bear it as well as you can, and not suffer it to prey upon your spirits.”

And then, while I listened aghast, he told me that the sweet Kitty was in so dangerous a way he could not but look forward to the most fatal conclusion of her malady.

I was truly concerned—concerned at my very heart to hear such sounds from him; but when he proceeded to comfort me,—to beg me to bear up,—I was really obliged to go and poke at the fire with all my might to hide from him the effect of such

generosity of sentiment. I cannot write you the particulars of what he said, because, things being since a little mended, I hope there is less occasion to think over such sad admonitions: but he charged me to bear up against this misfortune as *he* did.

"You," said he, "must remind me hereafter, should you see me sinking at last in sorrow when all is over, of what I say to you now, and of all her sufferings, which now I think worse than all."

Again he charged me to be cheerful myself, and said he had given the same charge to Sally Baker.

"You two," added he, "and my two girls, have among you all four but one fault,—and that is too much feeling. You must repress that, therefore, as much as you can."

And when he had repeated these injunctions, he said,—

"And now we will talk of it no more. I have prepared you for what may happen; so now think of it as little as you can, and forgive me for giving you so much pain; and the less we say upon this subject in future the better."

I went alone to Mrs. Vesey's, which was very disagreeable to me. There was a very full meeting too, and most of the company were already arrived; and, to add to the pleasure of my *entrée*, Mrs. Vesey was in an inner room: so my name was spoke aloud at the door, and then nobody was ready to receive me. I stood so awkward; till at last Sir Joshua Reynolds smilingly called out,—

"Miss Burney, you had better come and sit by me, for here's no Mrs. Vesey."

I instantly obeyed the droll summons.

"Why don't Dr. Burney come with you?" cried he, good-naturedly; "you should make him, for it is very distressing to you to come in alone."

I never will go alone again unless I can go much earlier.

I now soon saw folks enough that I knew. Mr. Jerningham first came up to me, and offered to fetch Mrs. Vesey, which though I declined, he would do. She received me most kindly and told me I had a little party of friends in the boudoir who

desired I would join them; but I had had enough of exhibiting myself, and begged leave to sit still.

"But you can't think, my dear ma'am," cried she, "how happy you will make me, if you will be quite at your ease here, and run about just as you like."

How well she sees what would make me happy!—to run about in rooms full of company!

As soon as she was called off, Mr. Jerningham took her place, civilly declaring he would not give it up, come who might.

Soon after came Mr. Montagu with another message from the boudoir; but I was now by the Burrows and Mrs. Pepys, and did not like parading away. They sent a bad messenger, however; for he got a chair in our circle, and took back no answer. Afterwards Miss Hamilton herself came, and, taking my hand, insisted upon carrying me back with her.

The boudoir party was Mrs. Carter, Miss Gregory, Miss Hamilton, Lady Wake, Miss Ann Clarke, and Mr. Montagu.* I was introduced by Miss Hamilton to the two ladies whose names are new to you. I stayed with this party all the evening.

Mrs. Carter talked more than any body ever heard her talk before; and Mr. Montagu declared he was sure it was for me. I should desire nothing more than such influence, were it so; for her talk was all instruction. Were I to see much of her, I really think we should be exceeding good friends. Mrs. Vesey, Dr. Warton, and Mr. Jerningham, joined us occasionally. In the other rooms were Mrs. Montagu, Mrs. Buller, Sir William Hamilton, and crowds more, with dear, amiable, unaffected Sir Joshua.

Mr. Cambridge came very late, and ventured not into our closet, which seemed a band exclusive.

There was a world of regret in the boudoir, about my not going to see the Hamilton Vase next day; for most of that set were to form the party.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 17TH.—To-day, by long invitation, I was to spend the evening at the Pepys's.

We kept up, among our own group, a general conversation, but not a very lively one; for Miss G. whispered me she wished Miss O. away, she could say so little: and Mr. M. told me in

another whisper, he could not bear looking at Miss H., there was something so disagreeably languishing in her eyes! The two ladies had no opportunity, as I was seated, to whisper a return of these compliments; but I found that none of them desired the affinity of the others.

The evening rubbed on and rubbed off till it began to break up. Mrs. Montagu was the first who rose to take leave, and, in passing by to go out, suddenly perceived me, and eagerly advancing, put both her hands upon my shoulders, and good-humouredly exclaimed, "Oh, have I found you out at last?" And then she said many very obliging things, which she finished with an invitation for the next Wednesday evening with my father.

Mrs. Thrale to Miss F. Burney.

Bath, Wednesday, February 18, 1784.

Thanks, thanks, a thousand, my prettiest, dearest Burney! This charming letter makes amends for all. And you remember last winter, do you? and remember it with tenderness? What then must have passed in my mind, on the dreadful anniversary of a day which, instead of killing me, as it ought to have done, gave to two innocent, unfortunate people, a cruel and lingering death,—like the arrows tipped with African poison, which, slowly and gradually retarding the vital powers, at length (in about three years, I think) wholly put a stop to their exertion!

You are vastly good-natured about the little Dobbina, who is my fond and humble adorer; though somewhat jealous of her husband's being (as he truly is) a greater favourite with me than her. The means she takes to supplant him are truly comical, and would make you laugh most heartily; but so might twenty undescribable situations if you were on the spot,—the only clean, and warm, and wholesome spot in England at this time. Oh, I would not quit dear Bath just now for any place in King George's dominions!

Pray, is Baretti sick or in distress? The Italians think him dead; but I suppose all is well with him, a'n't it?

Johnson is in a sad way, doubtless; yet he may still with care

last another twelvemonth, and every week's existence is gain to him, who, like good Hezekiah, wearies Heaven with entreaties for life. I wrote him a very serious letter the other day.

The Methodists do certainly reconcile one to death, by rendering all temporal enjoyments obtuse, or representing them as illicit. Whoever considers this world as a place of constant mortification and incessant torment, will be well enough contented to leave it; but I can scarcely think our Saviour, who professed his yoke to be easy and his burden to be light, will have peculiar pleasure in their manner of serving Him. My principles are never convinced by their arguments, though my imagination is always fluttered by their vehemence. We must do the best we can at last, and as King David says, "Let us fall into the hands of God, and not into the hands of men; for they are severe and cruel judges of each other."

Apròpos—Mr. Seward's disapprobation is merely external, and by no means like yours, the growth of his heart; but the coarseness of his expressions he has to himself, and I cannot guess how I have deserved them. Sir Lucas Pepys writes very tenderly to me. Live or die, he shall not find me ungrateful.

Why do you catch these horrible fevers, dear Burney? They will demolish you some day before you are aware.

Well, you have lost some of the old treason plotters, to be sure, by whom you were and are dearly loved and valued; but when friends are once parted in this wide world, 'tis so strange if they ever meet again, that no one ought to wonder should they see each other no more. There is a place, however, where we shall meet those we love, and enjoy their society in peace and comfort. To such as have fully experienced the agonies of absence, sure that will be heaven enough.

Adieu, my precious friend, and don't forget one on whose heart time and distance have no other effect than to engrave affection and affliction the deeper. Adieu! I am really almost drawn together from emptiness and sinking. Love me, however, while I am your

H. L. T.

Mrs. Thrale to Miss Burney.

Bath, Tuesday, 23rd March, 1784.

You were a dear creature, to write so soon and so sweetly; but we shall never meet. I see that clearly, and have seen it long. My going to London would be a dreadful expense, and bring on a thousand inquiries and inconveniences—visits to Johnson and from Cator: and where must I live for the time, too? Oh, I have desired nothing else since you wrote; but all is impossibility. Why would you ever flatter me that you might, maybe, come to Bath? I saw the unlikelihood even then, and my retired life will not induce your friends to permit your coming hither now. I fancy even my own young ladies will leave me, and I sincerely think they will be perfectly right so to do, as the world they wish to shine in is quite excluded by my style of living.

Bath flash they properly enough despise, and London flash I cannot attend them in. More chapters of the Bible, or more volumes of the Roman and English histories, would fatigue their ears—for their lungs have not yet suffered. I have, however, read to them the Bible from beginning to end, the Roman and English histories, Milton, Shakespeare, Pope, and Young's works from head to heel; Warton and Johnson's criticisms on the Poets; besides a complete system of dramatic writing; and classical—I mean English classics—they are most perfectly acquainted with. Such works of Voltaire, too, as were not dangerous, we have worked at; "Rollin des Belles Lettres," and a hundred more.

But my best powers are past, and I think I must look them a lady to supply my deficiency, to attend them if they should like a jaunt next summer or so; for I will not quit Bath. The waters and physicians of this place are all my comfort, and I often think I never shall again leave the spot.

Ah, Burney! you little know the suffering, and, I will add, the patient suffering of your

H. L. T.*

* The above letter is indorsed as follows in the handwriting of Madame d'Arblay:—

Journal Resumed.

SATURDAY, APRIL 17TH.—The sight of your paw any way, my dearest Susy, my heart's ever dearest friend, would be well worth all the pence I have in the world, could I see it on no other condition. Indeed I have not been really in spirits, nor had one natural laugh, since I lost you; there seems such an insipidity, such a vacuity in all that passes. I know not, in truth, whether I most miss you when happy or when sad. That I wish for you most when happy is certain; but that nothing upon earth can do me so much good, when sad, as your society, is certain too. Constantly to hear from you, and to write to you, is the next best thing; so now, with as little murmuring as I am able, I return to our paper conversations.

Your note by the postilion was truly welcome; and I thank you most warmly for writing it. I am grieved you had so bad a journey, which I fear you could never bear so well as you imposingly pretend. As to me, I have had, I confess, a slight headache ever since you went; but I believe it to be owing to stagnation of blood from stupidity, nothing of an enlivening nature having passed to give me a *fillip* for the Philip I have lost. There! could Charlotte do more? However, I solemnly assure you I am only heavyish, not ill; and I intend to shake that off by the first opportunity.

Your letter to my father, and account of the sweet little girl, delighted us all. He will very soon answer it himself. I am rejoiced on your account as much as hers that she can now walk so well. So now to my proceedings.

MONDAY, APRIL 19TH.—I went in the evening to see dear

"Many letters of a subsequent date to this letter, of 14th March, 1784, I have utterly, for cogent reasons (cogent and conscientious,) destroyed. Following, with this so long dearest friend, the simple, but unrivalled, golden rule, I would only preserve such as evince her conflicts, her misery, and her sufferings, mental and corporeal, to exonerate her from the banal reproach of yielding unresisting to her passions. Her fault and grievous misfortune was, not combating them in their origin; not flying even from their menace. How have I loved her! with what affection, what gratitude, what admiration, and what affliction!

"12th February, 1825."

Dr. Johnson. He received me with open arms, scolded me with the most flattering expressions for my absence, but would not let me come away without making me promise to dine with him next day, on a salmon from Mrs. Thrale. This I did not dare refuse, as he was urgent, and I had played truant so long; but, to be sure, I had rather have dined first, on account of poor Blacky. He is amazingly recovered, and perfectly good-humoured and comfortable, and smilingly alive to idle chat.

APRIL 20TH.—At Dr. Johnson's we had Mr. and Mrs. Hoole and their son, and Mrs. Hall, a very good Methodist, and sister of John Wesley. The day was tolerable; but Dr. Johnson is never his best when there is nobody to draw him out; but he was much pleased with my coming, and very kind indeed.

APRIL 22ND.—Sweet and delectable to me was my dearest Susy's letter. I am so glad of seeing your sentiments, when I cannot hear them, that your letters are only less valuable to me than yourself: and, indeed, no letters were ever so very near conversation as ours; they have but this fault—the longest never says half there is to say.

I will not answer one word to what you say of our dear, lost Chesington; if I do, I shall start no other subject. But I am truly delighted by all you say of the sweet little girl, and most thankful to Heaven for the comfort she affords you. I am well, my dear Susy, I assure you, though not "all alive and jolly;" yet by no means melancholic neither; a little still in the stagnating order; but it will wear away, I hope, and I spare not for continual employment, by way of forwarding its departure.

I did not receive your letter, my dear Susy, till Tuesday. I have lately spent a great deal of time at home, for I have now a little broke my father into permitting my sending excuses; and, indeed, I was most heartily tired of visiting, though the people visited have been among the first for talents in the kingdom. I can go nowhere with pleasure or spirit, if I meet not somebody who interests my heart as well as my head, and I miss Mrs. Thrale most woefully in both particulars.

FRIDAY, APRIL 23RD.—The sweet and most bewitching Mrs. Locke called upon me in the evening, with her son George. I

let her in, and did so rejoice I had not gone to Mrs. Vesey's. But I rejoiced for only a short time; she came but to take leave, for she was going to Norbury the very next morning. I was quite heavy all the evening. She does truly interest both head and heart. I love her already. And she was so kind, so caressing, so soft; pressed me so much to fix a time for going to Norbury; said such sweet things of Mrs. Phillips, and kissed me so affectionately in quitting me, that I was quite melted by her. .

What a charm has London lost for me by her departure! sweet creature that she is; born and bred to dispense pleasure and delight to all who see or know her! She, Mrs. Thrale, and Mrs. Delany, in their several ways all excellent, possess the joint powers of winning the affections, while they delight the intellects to the highest summit I can even conceive of human attraction. The heart-fascination of Mrs. Thrale, indeed, few know; but those few must confess, and must feel, her sweetness to them is as captivating as her wit is brilliant to all.

SATURDAY, APRIL 24TH.—My father and I went very late to the Borough: early enough, however, for me, as I was not in cue for a mixed party of praters. I respect and esteem them; but they require an exertion to which I am not always inclined. The company was Mrs. Montagu, Mrs. Garrick, Miss More, Mr. and Mrs. Pepys, Mrs. Chapone, and two or three less eminent.

I had many flattering reproaches for my late truancy from these parties; but all that I received any pleasure in was about a quarter of an hour's separate talk with Mrs. Garrick, who was so unaffected, cheerful, and rational, that I was very glad of the chat.

MONDAY, APRIL 26TH.—I spent with my dear Mrs. Delany, and more pleasantly than I have spent any day since my Susy left town. She gave me her letters to rummage, from Swift and Young; and she told me all the anecdotes that occurred to her of her acquaintance with them. How I grieve that her sight visibly continues to decay! all her other senses and faculties are perfect, though she says not.

"My friends," said she once when we were alone, "will last, I believe, as long as I last, because they are very good; but the

pleasure of our friendship is now all to be received by me, for I have lost all power of returning any."

If she often spoke such untruths, I should not revere her as I do. She has been in great affliction lately for Lady Mansfield, a very old friend, just dead.

"The Duchess of Portland and I," said she, "have shut ourselves up together, and seen nobody; and some people said we did mischief to ourselves by it, for the Duchess lamented Lady Mansfield still more than I did. However, our sympathy has only done good to both. But to-day I wanted a cordial, and that made me wish for you."

How kind and how sweet! We were quite alone till evening, except for lovely Miss P——, whom I like very much; and I entreated Mrs. Delany always to let me dine with her alone; and I believe she will comply, for we grow more and more sociable and unreserved.

"I was told," said she once, "that when I grew older, I should feel less; but I do not find it so; I am sooner, I think, hurt than ever. I suppose it is with very old age as with extreme youth, the effect of weakness; neither of those stages of life have firmness for bearing misfortunes.

In the evening we had Lady Andover and Mrs. Walsingham.

MAY 6TH.—I breakfasted at Mrs. Ord's, to meet Mr. and Mrs. Smelt, Mrs. Garrick, and Miss More, and we had a very pleasant morning, of rational and elegant conversation. Mr. Smelt has the same taste in the fine arts and in literature that Mr. Locke has. He is a most polished and high-bred man; but I could make no acquaintance with him, though Mrs. Ord and himself were both earnest that I should; for never once did he open his mouth but to make me some compliment allusive to "Cecilia;" and though always with delicacy, even to refinement, it always was compliment, and kept me in that sort of acknowledging restraint, that put it out of my power to say anything in reply. He asked me where I should spend the summer? I told him at Chesington; and, for some part of it, at Mr. Locke's.

"Ah!" cried he, "you are acquainted, then, with that divine family?"

No wonder he, who has so much in common with Mr. Locke, should passionately admire both him and his.

MAY 7TH.—My father and I dined at the Bishop of Winchester's; this being my first sight of Mrs. North this year. She reproached me, however, very gently, pressing me to come to Chelsea, and assuring me she would never forgive it if I did not visit her at Farnham in the summer. The Bishop is charming, and the children are very interesting.

In the evening we went to Sir Joshua Reynolds'. Here we met Mr. Burke; not well, however, nor in high spirits, but very good-humoured and pleasant; and so kind as to seat himself next me all the evening. His son was there too, and, as he came a full half-hour before his father, had kept that seat himself, as usual, till his arrival. I am quite amazed at him and young Montagu, for their noble perseverance in working so resolutely at so much dryness and coldness as I treat them with. They are both very pleasing and well-bred young men; and I can hardly tell myself why I am not more sociable with them! but it is so that I am not; and I feel obliged to them in vain.

Young B.'s uncle, Mr. R. Burke, was there also, and, as he ever does, instantly distinguished me in a public manner; but though I am much entertained sometimes with his strong humour, there is a boldness in his manners that always excites in mine a chilliness that distances him. How unlike his brother!

Mrs. Thrale to Miss F. Burney.

Mortimer Street, Cavendish Square,
Tuesday Night, May, 1784.

I am come, dearest Burney. It is neither dream nor fiction; though I love you dearly, or I would not have come. Absence and distance do nothing towards wearing out real affection; so you shall always find it in your true and tender

H. L. T.

I am somewhat shaken bodily, but 'tis the mental shocks that have made me unable to bear the corporeal ones. 'Tis past ten

o'clock, and I must lay myself down with the sweet expectation of seeing my charming friend in the morning to breakfast. I love Dr. Burney too well to fear him, and he loves me too well to say a word which should make me love him less.

Journal Resumed.

MAY 17.—Let me now, my Susy, acquaint you a little more connectedly than I have done of late how I have gone on. The rest of that week I devoted almost wholly to sweet Mrs. Thrale, whose society was truly the most delightful of cordials to me, however, at times, mixed with bitters the least palatable.

One day I dined with Mrs. Garrick to meet Dr. Johnson, Mrs. Carter, Miss Hamilton, and Dr. and Miss Cadogan; and one evening I went to Mrs. Vesey, to meet almost everybody,—the Bishop of St. Asaph, and all the Shipleys, Bishop Chester and Mrs. Porteus, Mrs. and Miss Ord, Sir Joshua Reynolds and Miss Palmer, Mrs. Buller, all the Burrows, Mr. Walpole, Mrs. Boscawen, Mrs. Garrick, and Miss More, and some others. But all the rest of my time I gave wholly to dear Mrs. Thrale, who lodged in Mortimer Street, and who saw nobody else. Were I not sensible of her goodness, and full of incurable affection for her, should I not be a monster?

I parted most reluctantly with my dear Mrs. Thrale, whom, when or how, I shall see again, Heaven only knows! but in sorrow we parted—on *my* side in real affliction.

The next morning, while ruminating in much sadness upon my late interviews with Mrs. Thrale, how great was the relief of my mind,—the delight, indeed, to be summoned to my dear Mr. Cambridge. I flew to him—I gave him my hand, for I could not help it, from the great satisfaction I felt in again seeing him. “But why, sir,” I cried, “have you been such a stranger?—I hope nothing is worse at Twickenham?”

The grave and fixed countenance that now met my eyes, though the first look had been kindly smiling, told me instantly how all our fair, lately raised hopes were blasted. He was

silent a moment, and then slowly answered,—“Yes; we must not talk of that.”

Shocked and disappointed at this relapse, I could not forbear expressing my concern. He then more explicitly told me how ill everything went; and that now all hope was finally over. Sir John Elliot had been with them the morning before, and told them to expect the worst! “You must now, therefore,” said he, “only pray to have her released.”

Something then, but in a hurrying manner, as if willing to get rid of the subject, he said of disappointment about my going to Twickenham, or seeing his beloved Kitty any more; and concluded it with,—“I can now only hope to see you a consolation to Charlotte.”

O that I might be so! but who on earth can console that noble-minded creature? He told me how greatly she behaved, and said that but the day before she had declared she could not, for the sake of one quarter of an hour's smiles from her darling sister, any longer wish her to endure twenty-four hours' misery!

The old complaints still continue, and new ones appear: he had stayed with them only to watch by the poor sufferer, who bore her accumulated torments like an angel. He came up now in order to dine with Dr. Heberden and Sir John Elliot; but gave me to understand this was the last visit he purposed making to town till all suspense was over.

[At this period the health of Mrs. Phillips failed so much that, after some deliberation, she and Captain Phillips decided on removing to Boulogne for change of air. The following letter was written by Miss Burney to her sister, when this plan was first in agitation.]

JUNE 13.—My dearest, dearest Susy, I have read your final letter with much more composure than I did your leading one. I saw what was coming, and was therefore prepared for it; but do not grieve so, my darling Susy,—my own ever, ever most dear of friends and sisters! Grieve not for me, in taking measures to preserve the life and health most valuable to my own. Such being the motive of your removal, I can bear it

without a murmur, and I will do all in my power to assist it, by taking upon me the whole management of it with my father whenever you please.

But must it be to the Continent? the division by sea—how could I cross it were you ill? Who would take me? and could I bear that Phillips should leave you to fetch me in such a case? The remotest part of England were better to me. But if he or you think your abode there will be pleasanter, oh, dearest Susy! that, indeed, will be a pull upon my heart-strings!—but of this when we meet. You certainly have been well in various parts of England: Ipswich, Twickenham, Norbury,—all show the nation is not against you, only the clay soil. However, when we meet is time enough; I will do nothing to plague you out of a scheme, if it is formed.

You will, probably, have heard how they are relieved at Twickenham, and how angelically the whole family bear what has befallen them. O my Susy!—let me but preserve you, and all other evils now seem trifling. I would not oppose Captain P. in his plan for the world. I adore him for it—if it be for your health.

[Towards the end of July in this year, Mrs. Thrale's second marriage took place with Mr. Piozzi, and Miss Burney went the same time to Norbury Park, where she passed some weeks, with Mr. and Mrs. Locke. The following "sketch" of a letter, and memorandum of what had recently passed between Mrs. Piozzi and herself, is taken from the journal of that period.]

Miss F. Burney to Mrs. Piozzi.

Norbury Park, Aug. 10, 1784.

When my wondering eyes first looked over the letter I received last night, my mind instantly dictated a high-spirited vindication of the consistency, integrity, and faithfulness of the friendship thus abruptly reproached and cast away. But a sleepless night gave me leisure to recollect that you were ever as generous as precipitate, and that your own heart would do justice to mine, in the cooler judgment of future reflection.

Committing myself, therefore, to that period, I determined simply to assure you, that if my last letter hurt either you or Mr. Piozzi, I am no less sorry than surprised; and that if it offended you, I sincerely beg your pardon.

Not to that time, however, can I wait to acknowledge the pain an accusation so unexpected has caused me, nor the heartfelt satisfaction with which I shall receive, when you are able to write it, a softer renewal of regard.

May Heaven direct and bless you!

F. B.

[N.B. This is the sketch of the answer which F. Burney most painfully wrote to the unmerited reproach of not sending *cordial congratulations* upon a marriage which she had uniformly, openly, and with deep and avowed affliction, thought wrong.]

Mrs. Piozzi to Miss Burney.

Welbeck Street, No. 33, Cavendish Square,
Friday, Aug. 13, 1784.

Give yourself no serious concern, sweetest Burney. All is well, and I am too happy myself to make a friend otherwise; quiet your kind heart immediately, and love my husband if you love his and your

H. L. PIOZZI.

[N.B. To this kind note, F. B. wrote the warmest and most affectionate and heartfelt reply; but never received another word! And here and thus stopped a correspondence of six years of almost unequalled partiality and fondness on her side; and affection, gratitude, admiration, and sincerity on that of F. B., who could only conjecture the cessation to be caused by the resentment of Piozzi, when informed of her constant opposition to the union.]

Diary Resumed.

Addressed to Mrs. Phillips.

FRIDAY, OCT. 8TH.—I set off with my dear father to Chesington, where we passed five days very comfortably; my father was all

good humour, all himself,—such as you and I mean by that word. The next day we had the blessing of your Dover letter, and on Thursday, Oct. 14, I arrived at dear Norbury Park, at about seven o'clock, after a pleasant ride in the dark. Mr. Locke most kindly and cordially welcomed me; he came out upon the steps to receive me, and his beloved Fredy waited for me in the vestibule. Oh, with what tenderness did she take me to her bosom! I felt melted with her kindness, but I could not express a joy like hers, for my heart was very full—full of my dearest Susan, whose image seemed before me upon the spot where we had so lately been together. They told me that Madame de la Fite, her daughter, and Mr. Hinde, were in the house; but as I am now, I hope, come for a long time, I did not vex at hearing this. Their first inquiries were if I had not heard from Boulogne.

SATURDAY.—I fully expected a letter, but none came; but SUNDAY I depended upon one. The post, however, did not arrive before we went to church. Madame de la Fite, seeing my sorrowful looks, good-naturedly asked Mrs. Locke what could be set about to divert a little *la pauvre Mademoiselle Beurney*? and proposed reading a drama of Madame de Genlis. I approved it much, preferring it greatly to conversation; and, accordingly, she and her daughter, each taking characters to themselves, read "*La Rosière de Salency*." It is a very interesting and touchingly simple little drama. I was so much pleased that they afterwards regularly read one every evening while they stayed.

Next morning I went upstairs as usual, to treat myself with a solo of impatience for the post, and at about twelve o'clock I heard Mrs. Locke stepping along the passage. I was sure of good news, for I knew, if there was bad, poor Mr. Locke would have brought it. She came in, with three letters in her hand, and three thousand dimples in her cheeks and chin! Oh, my dear Susy, what a sight to me was your hand! I hardly cared for the letter; I hardly desired to open it; the direction alone almost satisfied me sufficiently. How did Mrs. Locke embrace me! I half kissed her to death. Then came dear Mr. Locke, his eyes brighter than ever—"Well, how does she do?"

This question forced me to open my letter; all was just as I

could wish, except that I regretted the having written the day before such a lamentation. I was so congratulated! I shook hands with Mr. Locke; the two dear little girls came jumping to wish me joy; and Mrs. Locke ordered a fiddler, that they might have a dance in the evening, which had been promised them from the time of Mademoiselle de la Fite's arrival, but postponed from day to day, by general desire, on account of my uneasiness.

MONDAY, OCT. 25TH.—Mr. Hinde and Madame and Mademoiselle de la Fite all left us. They were all so good humoured and so happy, there was no being glad; though how to be sorry at remaining alone with this family, I really know not. Both the De la Fites went away in tears. I love them for it.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 3RD.—This day has brought me another sweet letter from my Susy. What a set of broken-fortuned, broken-charactered people of fashion are about you at Boulogne! * The accounts are at once curious and melancholy to me.

Nothing can be more truly pleasant than our present lives. I bury all disquietudes in immediate enjoyment; an enjoyment more fitted to my secret mind than any I had ever hoped to attain. We are so perfectly tranquil, that not a particle of our whole frames seems ruffled or discomposed. Mr. Locke is gayer and more sportive than I ever have seen him; his Fredy seems made up of happiness; and the two dear little girls are in spirits almost ecstatic; and all from that internal contentment which Norbury Park seems to have gathered from all corners of the world into its own sphere.

Our mornings, if fine, are to ourselves, as Mr. Locke rides out; if bad, we assemble in the picture room. We have two books in public reading, Madame de Sévigné's Letters, and Cook's last Voyage. Mrs. Locke reads the French, myself the English.

Our conversations, too, are such as I could almost wish to last for ever. Mr. Locke has been all himself,—all instruction, information, and intelligence,—since we have been left alone; and

* [Mrs. Phillips returned in less than a twelvemonth from Boulogne, much recovered in health, and settled with her husband and family in a house at Mickleham, at the foot of Norbury Park.]

the invariable sweetness, as well as judgment, of all he says, leaves, indeed, nothing to wish.

They will not let me go while I can stay, and I am now most willing to stay till I *must* go. The serenity of a life like this smooths the whole internal surface of the mind. My own, I assure you, begins to feel quite glossy. To see Mrs. Locke so entirely restored to total health, and to see her adoring husband lose all his torturing solicitude, while he retains his unparalleled tenderness—these are sights to anticipate a taste of paradise, if paradise has any felicity consonant to our *now* ideas.

I am most amazingly well and hearty. Since your letter arrived, I have not had an unpleasant thought that I have not driven away pellmell, as if it was a wasp near an open window.

TUESDAY, NOV, 9TH.—This is Mr. William Locke's birth-day ; he is now seventeen : he came home, with his brothers, to keep it, three days ago. May they all be as long-lived and as happy as they are now sweet and amiable ! This sweet place is beautiful even yet, though no longer of a beauty young and blooming, such as you left it ; but the character of the prospect is so grand, that winter cannot annihilate its charms, though it greatly diminishes them. The variety of the grounds, and the striking form of the hills, always afford something new to observe, and retain something lasting to admire. Were I, however, in a desert, people such as these would make it gay and cheery.

I am quite enchanted with Madame de Sévigné ; I think her almost all that can be wished to form female perfection. Her softness, her fond affection, her wit, spirit, and drollery, the right turn of her understanding, the gay entertainment of her abilities, but, more than all, the exquisite refinement of her quick sensibility, attach me to her as if she were alive, and even now in my room, and permitting me to run into her arms.

We go on but slowly with Captain Cook, for this siren seduces me from all other reading ; but nothing can be so delightful as any reading in such society, and such reading as Madame de Sévigné has written would be delightful in any.

From Miss F. Burney to Mrs. Locke.

St. Martin's Street, Nov. 14th.

"On gracious errand bent," indeed! Dear Mr. Locke! what a day for his benevolent excursion! But he never thinks of himself, where others may be benefited by self-forgetfulness. May his success but make him recal those melancholy words I had once the pain to hear him utter—'That, though he had tried to do good,—from twenty shillings to some thousands,—he had never answered his own expectations.'

I was happy at the time, to hear you recollect for him some instances in which he had prospered,—and another instance, I hope, will pay his exertion of to-day.

And now let me give my beloved Mrs. Locke a little history of my (no) adventures.

I found at home my dear father, my mother, Charlotte, and Sarah, with two Mr. La Trobes, sons of a Moravian bishop, two tall thin, black, very good sort of young men, whom I had never seen before, but who stayed all the afternoon and evening,—probably to take off the strangeness of a new acquaintance.

On Sunday Mr. Seward called; and he stayed till dinner—not for the same reason that kept the Moravians, but because he was dying with impatience to talk over a transaction which I grieve even to think of; and I had the satisfaction of hearing all the merits and demerits of the cause fully discussed. I sate very uneasily, and spoke as little as I could: but how did I congratulate myself in being spared this cruel subject at the time I should have felt it the most, by my fortunate residence in the sweetly forbearing family at Norbury! Had I then been in town, while my whole heart was filled with sorrow and disturbance, I hardly know how I could have endured the perpetual canvassing in which I must have been made a party. To hear just blame cast upon those who are dear to us,—and to be checked both by truth and opinion from defending them,—is, at least, one of the most irksome situations in the world; especially where, as here, the person censured possessed a thousand good

qualities which her censors never could boast. Those, however, were known to few: her defects were seen by all. Could I tell how to direct, I think I should write to her again; for her heart must be strangely changed if this breach of all intercourse gives her no concern. I begin to fancy my last letter to her mis-carried.

I had a very unpleasant morning after I left you. When the coach and I had waited upon my father, I made the visit I mentioned to you. O what a visit!—all that I pre-supposed of attack, inquiry, and acrimony, was nothing to what passed. Rage more intemperate I have not often seen; and the shrill voice of feeble old age, screaming with unavailing passion, is horrible. She had long looked upon Mrs. T. as a kind of protégée, whom she had fondled when a child, and whose fame, as she grew into notice, she was always proud to hear of, and help to exalt. She is a woman (I can well attest!) of most furious passions herself, however at liberty she thinks she may be to show no sort of mercy to those of another.

Once, had I been less disturbed, I could have laughed; for she declared with great vehemence, that if she had suspected “the wretch of any intention to marry the man, she would have ordered her own postchaise, and followed her to prevent it!”

Alas, poor Lady F.!

She then called upon me, to hear my story; which, most painfully to myself, I related. She expressed herself very sorry for me, till I came to an avowal of my letter after the marriage; she then flew out into new choler. “I am amazed you would write to her, Miss Burney! I wonder you could think of it any more!”

I told her, I had thought myself so much indebted to her patience with my opposition to all her views and wishes, for the whole time of her long conflict, that, although I was the first to acknowledge her last action indefensible, I should be the last to forget all that had made me love her before it was committed.

This by no means satisfied her, and she poured forth again a torrent of unrelenting abuse. Some company, at last, came in, and I hastily took my leave. She called after me to fix some day for a longer visit; but I pretended not to hear, and ran down-

stairs, heartily resolving that necessity alone should ever force me into her presence again.

One lady had come in before; but as it was in the height of our conference, her stately violence gave her courage to beg she would walk into another room with Miss B——e, as she was particularly engaged: and the poor lady looked as little gratified at being sent away as I did at being detained.

When I came home—before I could get upstairs,—I was summoned to Miss Streatfield, whom I met with as little pleasure as Lady F., since I had never seen her, nor indeed anybody, from the time this cruel transaction has been published. Not that I dreaded *her* violence, for she is as gentle as a lamb; but, there were causes enough for dread of another nature. However, fortunately and unexpectedly, she never named the subject, but prattled away upon nothing but her own affairs; and so, methinks, have I done too, and just as if I knew you wished to hear them. Do you?—I ask only for decency's sake.

Diary Resumed.

NORBURY PARK, SUNDAY, NOV. 28TH.—How will my Susan smile at sight of this date! Let me tell her how it has all happened. Last Thursday, Nov. 25th, my father set me down at Bolt-court, while he went on upon business. I was anxious to again see poor Dr. Johnson, who has had terrible health since his return from Lichfield. He let me in, though very ill. He was alone, which I much rejoiced at: for I had a longer and more satisfactory conversation with him than I have had for many months. He was in rather better spirits, too, than I have lately seen him; but he told me he was going to try what sleeping out of town might do for him.

"I remember," said he, "that my wife, when she was near her end, poor woman, was also advised to sleep out of town; and when she was carried to the lodgings that had been prepared for her, she complained that the staircase was in very bad condition—for the plaster was beaten off the walls in many places

‘Oh,’ said the man of the house, “that’s nothing but by the knocks against it of the coffins of the poor souls that have died in the lodgings !”

He laughed, though not without apparent secret anguish, in telling me this. I felt extremely shocked, but, willing to confine my words at least to the literal story, I only exclaimed against the unfeeling absurdity of such a confession.

“Such a confession,” cried he, “to a person then coming to try his lodging for her health, contains, indeed, more absurdity than we can well lay our account for.”

I had seen Miss T. the day before.

“So,” said he, “did I.”

I then said,—“Do you ever, sir, hear from her mother ?”

“No,” cried he, “nor write to her. I drive her quite from my mind. If I meet with one of her letters, I burn it instantly. I have burnt all I can find. I never speak of her, and I desire never to hear of her more. I drive her, as I said, wholly from my mind.”

Yet, wholly to change this discourse, I gave him a history of the Bristol milk-woman,* and told him the tales I had heard of her writing so wonderfully, though she had read nothing but Young and Milton ; “though those,” I continued, “could never possibly, I should think, be the first authors with anybody. Would children understand them ? and grown people who have not read are children in literature.”

“Doubtless,” said he ; “but there is nothing so little comprehended among mankind as what is genius. They give to it all, when it can be but a part. Genius is nothing more than knowing the use of tools ; but there must be tools for it to use : a man who has spent all his life in this room will give a very poor account of what is contained in the next.”

“Certainly, sir ; yet there is such a thing as invention ? Shakespeare could never have seen a Caliban.”

“No ; but he had seen a man, and knew, therefore, how to vary him to a monster. A man who would draw a monstrous cow, must first know what a cow commonly is ; or how can he tell

* Ann Yearsley.

that to give her an ass's head or an elephant's tusk will make her monstrous? Suppose you show me a man who is a very expert carpenter; another will say he was born to be a carpenter—but what if he had never seen any wood? Let two men, one with genius, the other with none, look at an overturned waggon:—he who has no genius, will think of the waggon only as he sees it, overturned, and walk on; he who has genius, will paint it to himself before it was overturned,—standing still, and moving on, and heavy loaded, and empty; but both must see the waggon, to think of it at all.”

How just and true all this, my dear Susy! He then animated, and talked on, upon this milk-woman, upon a once as famous shoemaker, and upon our immortal Shakespeare, with as much fire, spirit, wit, and truth of criticism and judgment, as ever yet I have heard him. How delightfully bright are his faculties, though the poor and infirm machine that contains them seems alarmingly giving way.

Yet, all brilliant as he was, I saw him growing worse, and offered to go, which, for the first time I ever remember, he did not oppose; but, most kindly pressing both my hands—

“Be not,” he said, in a voice of even tenderness, “be not longer in coming again for my letting you go now.”

I assured him I would be the sooner, and was running off, but he called me back, in a solemn voice, and, in a manner the most energetic, said—

“Remember me in your prayers!”

I longed to ask him to remember me, but did not dare. I gave him my promise, and, very heavily indeed, I left him. Great, good, and excellent that he is, how short a time will he be our boast! Ah, my dear Susy, I see he is going! This winter will never conduct him to a more genial season here! Elsewhere, who shall hope a fairer? I wish I had bid him pray for me; but it seemed to me presumptuous, though this repetition of so kind a condescension might, I think, have encouraged me. Mrs. Locke, however, I know does it daily; my Susan's best prayers I know are always mine; and where can I find two more innocent pleaders? So God bless you both!

Miss Burney to Dr. Burney.

Norbury Park, Nov. 29th, 1784.

MY DEAREST SIR,

I don't write because I have got anything to say, nor, indeed, because I have got nothing to say; for that were a most woeful reason for you, who are to read that nothing; but I write because—because—because—because—because—because—and if that should not be reason adequate, confess I have none more forcible!

Oh, yes, I have! Mrs. Locke is your most devoted. She will adhere, she says, most religiously to her proposed conditions; you shall have the best-selected, the sweetest-smelling, the most picturesque-formed nosegays she can procure you, made up by her own fair hand, and elected by her own discriminating nose: you shall have as long, and as broad, and as short, and as narrow a ribbon to tie them up as you shall decide yourself, and she will love you not only dearly by promise, but *tout de bon*, and without chicanery.

The housewife has not been mentioned again; but I know you may command the whole fair. This sweet place is just as I best like it, occupied only by its proper inhabitants. Winter here does not sweep away all beauty, though it deducts much from its character of smiling gaiety; but the bold and majestic form of the surrounding hills, and the thick mass of the noble, though leafless wood, still, and throughout the whole varying year, afford objects sufficiently diversified to engage, though not fully delight attention. A flat country is utterly desolate when all its trees are stripped, and its uninteresting extent is laid open to the disappointed eye, which wants some occasional check to stimulate curiosity, and give some play to fancy; and this, in summer, is done by every luxuriant branch. Here the irregularity of the ground supplies a constant variety, however variety may elsewhere regard change as its very essence; but every new gleam of light from every fresh breaking or passing cloud, so changes the point of view, and so metamorphoses the principal object, from the hill to the vale, and the wood to the plain, that much as summer is everywhere to be regretted, winter, here, has a thousand claims to being admired.

I shall come home faithfully to my time, Saturday. Mrs. Locke says she is ambitious you should know she may be trusted.

Mr. Locke has been himself to Mickleham, to give orders for the planting some trees before our captain's cottage, to shelter it from the dust, and from the staring of the road.

I wish Charlotte would have the kindness to give me a letter. I always want intolerably to hear something from home, by the time I have left it two days. I am preparing a noble folio sheet for our Susan. The weather is, I suppose, too bad for any intercourse with dear Etty.

Adieu, dearest sir. Mr. Locke desires me to give his compliments to you; for Mrs. Locke I think I have said enough. I beg my duty to my mother, and love to Charlotte, Dick, and Sarah, and am, dearest sir, yours most dutifully and affectionately.

F. B.

I suppose to-night is the first muster of the Blue forces. I want to know how they perform their exercises, who are their new recruits, and if there is ever a deserter to keep me in countenance.

Miss F. Burney to Mrs. Locke.

St. Martin's Street, Dec. 7, 1784.

Why, poor Norbury and I are now in greater disgrace than ever. To have known nothing of the Emperor and the Dutch, was indeed rather rustic; to have heard nothing of Lord George Gordon and his cockades, was, I acknowledge, somewhat defective:—but a new ignorance was discovered just now, more ignominious than all that preceded it; I was informed that the Duchess of Devonshire had cut the string of Mr. Blanchard's balloon! I had vegetated upon a spot, unconscious that Mrs. Crewe had sent up a glove in it! Oh, unaspiring Norbury! ignorant of wars, bloodshed, and rumours of war! Oh, clownish Norbury! stranger to the vagaries of the *ton*!

THURSDAY MORNING.—I was called away in the midst of my rhodomontade, and have lost all zest for pursuing it. I have been a second time to see poor Dr. Johnson, and both times he

was too ill to admit me. I know how very much worse he must be, for when I saw him last, which was the morning before I went to Norbury, he repeatedly and even earnestly begged me to come to him again, and to see him both as soon and as often as I could. I am told by Mr. Hoole that he inquired of Dr. Brocklesby if he thought it likely he might live six weeks? and the Doctor's hesitation saying—No—he has been more deeply depressed than ever. Fearing death as he does, no one can wonder. Why he should fear it, all may wonder.

He sent me down yesterday, by a clergyman who was with him, the kindest of messages, and I hardly know whether I ought to go to him again or not; though I know still less why I say so, for go again I both must and shall. One thing, his extreme dejection of mind considered, has both surprised and pleased me; he has now constantly an amanuensis with him, and dictates to him such compositions, particularly Latin and Greek, as he has formerly made, but repeated to his friends without ever committing to paper. This, I hope, will not only gratify his survivors, but serve to divert him.

The good Mr. Hoole and equally good Mr. Sastres attend him, rather as nurses than friends, for they sit whole hours by him, without even speaking to him. He will not, it seems, be talked to—at least very rarely. At times, indeed, he re-animates; but it is soon over, and he says of himself, “I am now like Macbeth, —question enrages me.”

My father saw him once while I was away, and carried Mr. Burke with him, who was desirous of paying his respects to him once more in person. He rallied a little while they were there; and Mr. Burke, when they left him, said to my father—“His work is almost done; and well has he done it!”

How cheering, in the midst of these sad scenes and accounts of poor Dr. Johnson, are your words about your dear self and many selves!

One of the Moravians was here again the other evening, and was really entertaining enough, by the singular simplicity of his conversation. He was brought up in Germany, and spent the greater part of his early youth in roving about from place to

place, and country to country; for though he had his education in Germany, he is a native of Ireland, and his father and mother reside chiefly in England.

"Not being used," said he, "to a family when I was a boy, I always hated it; they seemed to me only so many wasps; for one told me I was too silent, and another wished I would not speak so much, and all of them found some fault or other. But now that I am come home to live, and am constrained to be with them, I enjoy it very much."

What must be the sect, and where the travelling, that shall un-Irish an Irishman?

Another of his confessions was this:—

"Luckily for me," said he, "I have no occasion to speak till about two o'clock, when we dine, for that keeps me fresh. If I were to begin earlier, I should only be like skimmed milk the rest of the day."

As he came in between five and six o'clock, we were still at dinner. My father asked him if he would join, and do what we were doing? "No, sir," answered he, very composedly, "I have done my tea this hour."

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F. B.

Diary Resumed.

ST. MARTIN'S STREET, WEDNESDAY, DEC. 10th.—I went in the evening to poor Dr. Johnson. Frank told me he was very ill, but let me in. He would have taken me upstairs, but I would not see him without his direct permission. I desired Frank to tell him I called to pay my respects to him, but not to disturb him if he was not well enough to see me. Mr. Strahan, a clergyman, he said, was with him alone.

In a few minutes, this Mr. Strahan came to me himself. He told me Dr. Johnson was very ill, very much obliged to me for coming, but so weak and bad he hoped I would excuse his not seeing me.

I had promised to call for Charlotte at Mr. Hoole's; and there

I went in to tea, sure of a good reception, though too much out of spirits to be worth one. They were all at home, and their good humour and happiness were pleasant to behold, after such an unexpected blow.

Dear, dear, and much-reverenced Dr. Johnson! how ill or how low must he be, to decline seeing a creature he has so constantly, so fondly, called about him! If I do not see him again I shall be truly afflicted. And I fear, I almost know, I cannot!

At night my father brought us the most dismal tidings of dear Dr. Johnson. Dr. Warren had seen him, and told him to take what opium he pleased! He had thanked and taken leave of all his physicians. Alas!—I shall lose him, and he will take no leave of me! My father was deeply depressed; he has himself tried in vain for admission this week. Yet some people see him—the Hooles, Mr. Sastres, Mr. Langton;—but then they must be in the house, watching for one moment, whole hours. I hear from every one he is now perfectly resigned to his approaching fate, and no longer in terror of death. I am thankfully happy in hearing that he speaks himself now of the change his mind has undergone, from its dark horror, and says—“He feels the irradiation of hope!” Good, and pious, and excellent Christian—who shall feel it if not he?

DEC. 11th.—We had a party to dinner, by long appointment, for which, indeed, none of us were well disposed, the apprehension of hearing news only of death being hard upon us all. The party was, Dr. Rose, Dr. Gillies,* Dr. Garthshore,† and Charles.

The day could not be well—but mark the night.

My father, in the morning, saw this first of men! I had not

* Dr. Gillies. The learned author of the “History of Ancient Greece till the Division of the Macedonian Empire,” and several other historical works. He was appointed by George III. Historiographer-Royal for Scotland. Dr. Gillies was born in Fortarshire (Scotland) in 1750, and died in 1824.

† Dr. Garthshore. An eminent physician, son of the minister of Kirkcudbright, in Scotland, where he was born. He came to London in 1763, and practised there the various branches of his profession, till his death, in 1812. He was the writer of many valuable medical and physiological papers in the Transactions of the Royal Society, &c.

his account till bedtime; he feared over-exciting me. He would not, he said, but have seen him for worlds! He happened to be better, and admitted him. He was up, and very composed. He took his hand very kindly, asked after all his family, and then, in particular, how Fanny did?

"I hope," he said, "Fanny did not take it amiss that I did not see her? I was very bad!"

Amiss!—what a word! Oh that I had been present to have answered it! My father stayed, I suppose, half an hour, and then was coming away. He again took his hand, and encouraged him to come again to him; and when he was taking leave, said—"Tell Fanny to pray for me!"

Ah! dear Dr. Johnson! might I but have *your* prayers! After which, still grasping his hand, he made a prayer for himself,—the most fervent, pious, humble, eloquent, and touching, my father says, that ever was composed. Oh, would I had heard it! He ended it with Amen! in which my father joined, and was echoed by all present. And again, when my father was leaving him, he brightened up, something of his arch look returned, and he said—"I think I shall throw the ball at Fanny yet!"

Little more passed ere my father came away, decided, most tenderly, not to tell me this till our party was gone.

This most earnestly increased my desire to see him; this kind and frequent mention of me melted me into double sorrow and regret. I would give the world I had but gone to him that day! It was, however, impossible, and the day was over before I knew he had said what I look upon as a call to me. This morning, after church time, I went. Frank said he was very ill, and saw nobody; I told him I had understood by my father the day before that he meant to see me. He then let me in. I went into his room upstairs; he was in his bedroom. I saw it crowded, and ran hastily down. Frank told me his master had refused seeing even Mr. Langton. I told him merely to say I had called, but by no means to press my admission. His own feelings were all that should be consulted; his tenderness, I knew, would be equal, whether he was able to see me or not.

I went into the parlour, preferring being alone in the cold to any company with a fire. Here I waited long, here and upon the stairs, which I ascended and descended to meet again with Frank, and make inquiries; but I met him not. At last, upon Dr. Johnson's ringing his bell, I saw Frank enter his room, and Mr. Langton follow. "Who's that?" I heard him say; they answered, "Mr. Langton," and I found he did not return.

Soon after, all the rest went away but a Mrs. Davis, a good sort of woman, whom this truly charitable soul had sent for to take a dinner at his house. I then went and waited with her by the fire: it was, however, between three and four o'clock before I got any answer. Mr. Langton then came himself. He could not look at me, and I turned away from him. Mrs. Davis asked how the Doctor was? "Going on to death very fast!" was his mournful answer. "Has he taken," said she, "anything?" "Nothing at all! We carried him some bread and milk—he refused it, and said, '*The less the better.*'" She asked more questions, by which I found his faculties were perfect, his mind composed, and his dissolution was quick drawing on.

I could not immediately go on, and it is now long since I have written at all; but I will go back to this afflicting theme, which I can now better bear.

Mr. Langton was, I believe, a quarter of an hour in the room before I suspected he meant to speak to me, never looking near me. At last he said—

"This poor man, I understand, ma'am, desired yesterday to see you."

"My understanding that, sir, brought me to-day."

"Poor man! it is pity he did not know himself better, and that you should have had this trouble."

"Trouble!" cried I; "I would come a hundred times to see him the hundredth and first!"

"He hopes, now, you will excuse him; he is very sorry not to see you; but he desired me to come and speak to you myself, and tell you he hopes you will excuse him, for he feels himself too weak for such an interview."

I hastily got up, left him my most affectionate respects, and every good wish I could half utter, and ran back to the coach. Ah, my Susy! I have never been to Bolt-court since! I then drove to poor Miss Strange, to make inquiries of the maid; but Andrew ran out to the coach door, and told me all hope was at an end. In short, the next day was fatal to both!—the same day!

* * * * *

DEC. 20TH.—This day was the ever-honoured, ever-lamented Dr. Johnson committed to the earth. Oh, how sad a day to me! My father attended, and so did Charles. I could not keep my eyes dry all day! nor can I now in the recollecting it; but let me pass over what to mourn is now so vain!

I had the good fortune at night of a sweet letter from my dearest Susy; that, and another from my Fredy, were alone able to draw me from this mournful day's business.

* * * * *

THURSDAY, DEC. 30TH.—As I was engaged for this evening at Mrs. Chapone's, I found it necessary to call upon two or three people in the morning, lest my going thither, after so long a secession, should give offence. I went first to Lady Mary Duncan, who is but lately come from Bath. She was very gracious, and, as usual, very diverting. I then went to Lady F. B., and had another painful conference. Then I went to Mrs. Vesey, with whom I spent an hour very sociably, and she gave me great pleasure by showing me a letter from Mrs. Allison, late Miss Gregory, who is married very happily, though not richly, and with the world's approbation, though against Mrs. Montagu's. She would have kept me to dinner, very kindly; but I could not stay. I then left a card for Sophy Streatfield, and came home.

In the evening I went to Mrs. Chapone. I was late, on account of the coach, and all her party was assembled. Mrs. Boscawen, Mrs. Levison, her daughter, Mrs. Burrows, Mrs. Amy Burrows, Mr. and Mrs. Pepys, Lady Rothes, Sir Lucas Pepys, young Burrows, Mr. Sandford, a young sea-officer, Mrs. Ord, and Miss Ord, her cousin.

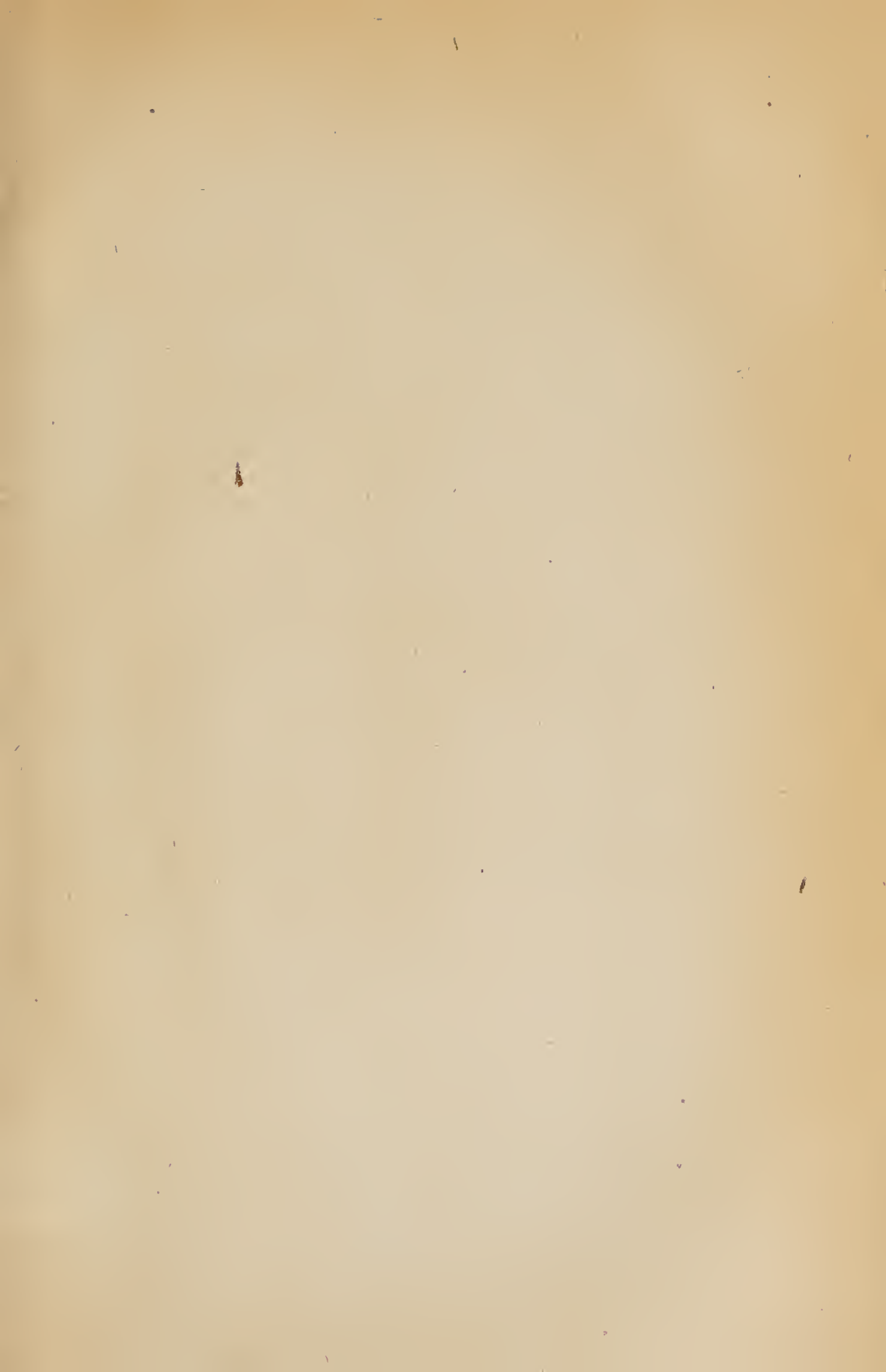
This was the first time I had seen any of them, except Mrs.

Ord, since last spring. I was received with the utmost kindness by them all, but chiefly by Mrs. Chapone herself, who has really, I believe, a sincere regard for me. I had talk with all of them, except Mrs. Levison, with whom I have merely a curtseying acquaintance. But I was very sad within; the loss of dear Dr. Johnson—the flight of Mrs. Thrale—the death of poor Miss Kitty Cambridge, and of poor, good Miss Strange,—all these home and bosom strokes, which had all struck me since my last meeting this society, were revolving in my mind the whole time I stayed.

Sir Lucas Pepys talked to me a great deal of Mrs. Thrale, and read me a letter from her, which seems to shew her gay and happy. I hope it shows not false colours. No one else named her; but poor Dr. Johnson was discussed repeatedly. How melancholy will all these circumstances render these once so pleasant meetings.

DEC. 31ST.—I called early upon my dear Mrs. Delany, who was just come to town, as Mrs. Boscawen told me the night before; but she was not up, and I could not see her. And where did I spend the rest of the day? With the sweet Lockes, in Upper Brook-street. I went to wait their arrival, with their dear little girls, and I stayed with them till bedtime. Dear, charming people! how did they soothe my troubled mind! I had felt nothing so like peace since I left them; and this real pleasure, with an exerted suppression of sadness, gave us all, I believe, an equally pleasant day. You may think how I must be guarded there—there, where I can show no sorrow that will not instantly spread to themselves.

END OF VOL. I.



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